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CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER.

Vol. V. (1843.) No. III.

PAGE

ART. I.—The Empire of the Czar; or, Observations on the Social, Political, and Religious State and Prospects of Russia. By the Marquis De Custine. 3 vols. 1

II.—Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other Parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers. By James D. Forbes. 11

III.—Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Arabia Petræa, to the Holy Land. By E. Joy Morris. . . 21

IV.—Correspondence of John Fourth Duke of Bedford. With an Introduction by Lord John Russell. Vol. II. . . 33

V.—1. The Smiths. By the Author of "The Maid's Husband," &c. 2. Oakleigh; or, the Minor of Great Expectations. By W. H. M. Holmes, Esq. 3. Ben Bradshawe; or, the Man without a Head. 4. The Barnabys in America. By Mrs. Trollope 42

VI.—Railway Reform; its Expediency and Practicability considered. 59

VII.—Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years 1836—39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. 76

VIII.—Rome as it was under Paganism and as it became under the Popes. 2 vols. 85

IX.—Strafford. A Tragedy. By John Sterling. . . . 90

X.—Events of a Military Life. By Walter Henry. Second Edition. 2 vols. 100

XI.—The Hand-Book of Taste; or, How to Observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues. By Fabius Pictor. 105

XII.—Shiloh's Sceptre; or, the Signs of the Times, in connexion with the Pre-Millenial Reign of Christ. By the Rev. Th. Watson, M.A. 111

XIII.—Australia and the East. By John Hood, of Stoneridge, Berwickshire. 115

PAGE.

XIV.—Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VI. 211

XV.—Scriptural Communion with God; or, the Holy Bible arranged in Historical and Chronological Order. By the Rev. G. Townsend, M.A. Part I. 124

XVI.—The New Punctiuncula Stenographic System of Embossing. By G. A. Hughes. 126

XVII.—Felix Summerly's Day's Excursion to Erith, Rochester, and Cobham in Kent. 127

XVIII.—Notices of the Castle and Priory of Castleacre. By the Rev. J. H. Bloom, M.A. 128

XIX.—The Flower Girl, and other Poems. By Rhoda Maria Willan. 130

XX.—The Storm, and other Poems. By Francis Bennoch. . 130

XXI.—British and Foreign Traveller's Guide. 130

XXII.—A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary. Alphabetically arranged. By Frederic Lawrence, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office. 131

XXIII.—Inaugural Lecture, written for the Opening of the British and Foreign Institute. By J. S. Buckingham. 131

XXIV.—Aunt Martha, or the Spinster. 132

XXV.—Rambles in the Isle of Wight, during the Summers of 1841 and 1842; with Miscellaneous Additions. By John Gwilliam. 132

XXVI.—Monomania. By Dry Nurse. 132

XXVII.—The Earl of Leicester. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Samuel Heath. 133

XXVIII.—Westminster Abbey and Life. By Owen Howell. . . 133

XXIX.—A Treatise on Astronomy. By E. Henderson, LL.D., &c. 133

XXX.—Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature. 133

XXXI.—The Act for the Registration of Voters, &c., (6 Vic. cap. 18.) By David Power. 134

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

Vol. III. (1843.) No. II.

PAGE

ART. I.—Austria, Vienna, Prague, Hungary, Bohemia, and the Danube; Gallicia, Styria, &c. By J. G. Kohl. . . 135

II.—King Henry the Second, An Historical Drama. . . 145

III.—The History of Etruria, Part I.—Tarchun and his Times. From the Foundation of Tarquinia to the Foundation of Rome. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. 152

IV.—On Feigned and Factitious Diseases, &c. By H. Gavin, M.D. 157

V.—Essays on Partial Derangement of the Mind in supposed connection with Religion. By the late J. Cheyne, M.D., F. R. S. E., M. R. I. A., with a Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. 167

VI.—1. A Week at Killarney. By Mr. and Mrs. Hall. 2. Ireland; its Scenery and Character. By the same. . 171

VII.—The Works of Montaigne. Edited by W. Hazlitt. . . 176

VIII.—Mary Stuart, a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Schiller. 182

IX.—The Local Historian's Table Book. By M.A. Richardson. . 199

X.—Travels in Egypt, Arabia Patræa, and the Holy Land. By the Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D. 2 vols. . . . 206

XI.—The Despatches of Hernando Cortes &c. Translated into English from the Original Spanish. By G. Folgom. . 210

PAGE.

XIII.—A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S., Inventor of the Power Loom, &c. 214

XIV.—1. Wyandotté, or the Hutted Knoll. By J. Fennimore Cooper. 2. The President's Daughters: including Nina. By Frederika Bremer. 3. The Burgomaster of Berlin. Translated from the German of W. Alexis. 4. The Scottish Heiress. 244

XV.—Excursions, Adventures, and Field Sports in Ceylon. By Lieut. Col. James Campbell. 2 vols. . . . 243

XVI.—A Practical Treatise on Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver: Illustrated by Cases. By Frederick J. Mosgrove 250

XVII.—The History of the Origin, Progress, and Termination of the American War. By Charles Stedman. A new edition, edited by W. K. Francis, Esq. 256

XVIII.—Notes on the Western States; containing Descriptive Sketches of the Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery. By Jas. Hall. . . . . .

XIX.—Studies of the New Testament. By a Layman. 2 vols. . 267

XX.—Life in the Ranks. By Sergeant-Major Taylor. . . 273

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

VOL. III. (1843) NO. III.

PAGE

ART. I.—Ancient Egypt. Her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History, and Archæology; and other objects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature. By George R. Gliddon. . . 257

II.—Reminiscences of Syria, and Fragments of a Journal and Letters from the Holy Land. By Lieut.-Col. E. Napier. 289

III.—Views of the Statistics of the Human Chest, Animal Heat, and Determination of Blood to the Head. By Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S. 294

IV.—Letters from New York. By Maria Child. . . . 300

V.—The Vital Statistics of Sheffield. By G. Calvert Holland, Esq., M.D. 306

VI.—William Shakspere; a Biography. By Charles Knight. . 314

VII.—Extracts from the Presbytery Book of Strathbogie; A.D. 1631-1654. Printed for the Spalding Club. . . . 323

VIII.—The English Universities. From the German of V. A. Huber, Professor of Western Literature at Marburg. An abridged Translation edited by F. W. Newman. 3 vols. 329

IX.—1. Suggestions for the Improvement of our Towns and Houses. By T. J. Maslen, Esq. 2. The Corporation of London and Municipal Reform. 340

X.—Memoirs and Recollections of the late Abraham Raimbach, Esq., Engraver. Edited by M. T. S. Raimbach, M.A. 348

PAGE.

ART. X.—The History of Egypt under the Romans. By Samuel Sharpe. 358

XI.—Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829. Part the First . . . 365

XII.—Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its Relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture. By Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited by John Gardner, M.D. 376

XIII.—1. The Banker's Wife; or Court and City. By Mrs. Gore. 2. Sir Cosmo Digby; a Tale of the Monmouthshire Riots. By J. A. St. John. 3. Friend or Foe? By Miss Ellen Pickering. 382

XIV.—Proportion; or the Geometric Principle of Beauty, Analysed By D. R. Hay, Decorative Painter to the Queen. . 390

XV.—Statistics of Bethlem Hospital, with Remarks on Insanity. By John Webster, M.D. 395

XVI.—The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century; with an Introduction and Text. By Henry Gally Knight, Esq., F.R.S., and F.S.A. 399

XVII.—Tales of Glendevon, and other Poems. By Catharine M. Williams. 410

XVIII.—A Course of Lectures, suitable to the Times, on the Contents of the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. Frederick Dusautoy, A.M. Part I. Vol. I. . . . 411

XIX.—Chapman's Weekly Magazine; a Miscellany of Romance, Literature, and Art. Edited by J. K. Chapman. . 411

XX.—The Book of Scottish Song. 412

XXI.—The Works of Burns, with Notes and Illustrations. Part 7. 412

XXII.—Animal Physiology. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. . . 413

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR DECEMBER.

VOL. III. (1843) NO. IV.

ART. I.—The History of the Conquest of Mexico; with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of Hernando Cortés. By W. H. Prescott. 3 vols. 415

II.—A Bouquet of Wild Flowers. By Elizabeth Snow. 427

III.—Jamaica: Its Past and Present State. By J. M. Phillippo. 432

IV.—Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham . . 441

Hints and Reflections for Railway Travellers and others; or a Journey to the Phalanx. By Minor Hugo. In three volumes. 452

V.—1. Diary of a March through Sinde and Affghanistan, with the Troops under the Command of General Sir William Nott, &c. By the Rev. I. N. Allen, B.A. 2. Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India. By C. J. C. Davidson, Esq., late Lieut.-Col. of Engineers, Bengal. 459

VI.—1. Treatise on the Management and Cultivation of Forest Trees. By John Smith, Gardener and Forester to the Marquis of Bute. 2. Plants of Other Lands, which are Useful to Man. 3. Ruins and Old Trees. By Mary Roberts. 468

VII.—Solar and Lunar Lessons; or, Rhymes for the Grave and the Gay. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. . . 479

VIII.—1. The Belle of the Family; or the Jointure. 2. Strife and Peace; a Tale. From the Swedish of Frederika Bremer. The H—— Family. From the Same. 3. The Young Student, or Ralph and Victor. By Madame Guizot; from the French, by Samuel Jackson. 4. Lord Dacre of Gilsland. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. . . . 484

IX.—Religion in the United States of America. By the Rev. Robert Baird 502

PAGE

X.—The Choral Service of the United Church of England and Ireland; being an enquiry into the Liturgical System of the Cathedral and Collegiate Foundations of the Anglican Communion. By the Rev. John Jebb, M.A. . 513

XI.—The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Present Time. By Thomas Stephen. Vol. I. . 519

XII.—Xenophon. An Essay. 527

XIII.—Paris and its People. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," &c. 2 vols. . 538

XIV.—Life of Gerald Griffin, Esq. By his Brother: . . . 540

XV.—Ned Myers; or, A Life before the Mast. Edited by J. F. Cooper. 2 vols. 550

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

ART. I.—*The Empire of the Czar; or Observations on the Social, Political, and Religious State, and Prospects of Russia, made during a Journey through that Empire.* By the Marquis DE CUSTINE. Translated from the French. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

THE Marquis De Custine's life, during its earlier years, is not devoid of romantic interest, such as indeed that of any member of the old noblesse of France who breathed the breath of life during the great revolution is almost sure to present. He first saw the light when that political and social convulsion was shaking the whole of Europe; and within the limits of his own family real tragedies were enacted. Both the father and the grandfather of our author perished on the scaffold. This was during the Reign of Terror. His mother too must have been in hourly uncertainty whether a similar destiny awaited her; for she endured months of imprisonment while Robespierre was deluging France with blood; and was not restored to liberty even for some time after the death of that monster. The Marquis himself was not without his share of vicissitude in the course of the sanguinary hurricane, for it was by the strategy and care of an old nurse of the family that he seems to have escaped destruction. It is reasonable then from these circumstances to expect that he should entertain political sentiments of a particular cast, and also that when he visited Russia, or reports the results of his observations while travelling or sojourning in the Empire of the Czar, that we should have from him views strongly coloured by the peculiar condition and character of the writer.

The feelings and principles of the Marquis are still (or at least *were* when he first set foot in Russia) those of a staunch aristocrat of the *ancien régime* school. This was most natural from the circumstances already mentioned; nor did the Revolution of the Three Days, or the politics and parties which since that time have characterized the French people and French affairs, fail to rivet his opinions and strengthen his prejudices. Democracy he looked upon with a perfect hatred, and the doctrines of constitutionalism disgusted him; for the

infusion and influence of popular power, whether more or less limited, he regarded as being always hazardous, if not necessarily pernicious, —preferring the principle of absolutism, and even the tyranny of a despot to all that he had ever heard or witnessed of liberalism. Such *were*, we say, the sentiments, (*sentiments* rather than solid convictions, for it was with the halo more than the substance of things that the Marquis was taken,) which he cherished when he started on his journey. A change however came over him, slowly to be sure, and with reluctant acquiescence; but gradually it appears, and, we have no doubt, with wholesome results; for he confesses towards the conclusion of his work, that although while in France he had imagined himself in accord with the rigorous disciplinarians who call a hard tyranny "respect for unity" and "love of order," yet that "since I have lived under a despotism which imposes military rule upon the population of an entire empire, I admit that I prefer a little of the disorder which announces vigour, to the perfect order which destroys it."

It requires some reflection and a certain degree of consideration for the peculiar circumstances and character of the Marquis, to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conception of the principles cherished by him, or a reconciliation of his facts; while as respects the doctrines and conclusions to be deduced, the reader must exercise his own judgment with more distinctness and precision than we find has been done for him by the author. His vague sentimentality pleases the fancy, but leaves us, when a point is desired, without any definite idea; his brilliancies are at times mere paradoxes, and when one imagines that he has him at a fixed, broad, and profound standing, or directly tending to such a firm result, in a few pages distant he may be caught not only straying from the position, and taking surveys from opposite footings, but involving himself in direct contradiction, and his reader in annoying perplexity. We are referring particularly to the confusion of his views with regard to the actual state of things and the estimate of living character, as well as to the want of decision and clear foresightedness in respect of the future.

At one time we find him in such ecstasies about the Emperor, as no sane and honest man can feel for a fellow-creature, and dealing in revolting adulation and gross worship. This folly, to be sure, characterizes the Marquis when he is giving reports of personal interviews with Nicholas, when speaking of the outside of things, and under the influence of the artful allurements that seem to have been contrived for dazzling the traveller. On such occasions our author is the most extravagant of flatterers. For example, when the subject of discourse between the Marquis and the Czar happened to be that period in the history of the Russian army, when a portentous movement was contrived, the day being that on which Nicholas ascended the throne, and the achievement the crushing of the revolt, we have the following characteristic report:

Obliged to avoid all allusion to the great political interests of the day, I wished to lead the conversation towards a subject which interested me quite as much; I added, therefore, "Each time that I am permitted to approach your majesty, I recognise the power which caused your enemies to fall at your feet on the day that your majesty ascended the throne."

"In your country there are prejudices entertained against us, which are more difficult to triumph over than the passions of a revolted army."

"Sire, you are seen from too great a distance; if your majesty were better known you would be better appreciated, and would find among us, as well as here, abundance of admirers. The commencement of your majesty's reign has already called forth just praises; it was equally, or even yet more highly lauded at the time of the cholera; for in this second insurrection your majesty displayed the same authority, but tempered with the most generous devotion to the cause of humanity. Energy has never failed you, sire, in times of danger."

"The moments of which you recal the recollection have been, doubtless, the best in my life; nevertheless, they have appeared to me as the most frightful."

"I can well understand that, sire; to subdue nature in ourselves and in others, requires an effort——"

"An effort which is terrible," interrupted the Emperor, with an energy which startled me, "and one that is felt long after."

"Yes; but there is the consolation of having acted heroically."

"I have not acted heroically. I only performed my part; in such circumstances none can tell what he will say. We run into the danger without previously inquiring how we are to get out of it."

"It was God who inspired you, sire; and if two so dissimilar things as poetry and government may be compared, I should say that you acted in the same way that poets sing, in listening to the voice from above."

The Christianity of the God-inspired autocrat melted the Marquis to tears. Said the Monarch, "It is not easy to render one's self worthy of governing such a people." "Your majesty has already done much for Russia." "I fear sometimes that I have not done all that might have been effected." "This Christian speech came from the depths of the heart, and affected me even to tears."

Then, there was a wondrous congruity of sentiment between the Czar and the Marquis on the subject of absolute authority, and dislike of popular power. "Representative government," said the latter, "is a truce signed between democracy and monarchy, under the auspices of two very mean tyrants, fear and interest; and is prolonged by that pride of intellect which takes pleasure in talking, and that popular vanity which satisfies itself on words. In short it is the aristocracy of oratory, substituted for the aristocracy of birth; it is the government of the lawyers." This speech of vague opinion and expression was melody to the ears of the emperor, and was echoed, no doubt, with the utmost tension of tone and majesty of thought; for Nicholas actually pressed the rhetorician's hand, de-

he is more and better: he is clever, he is an artist in regard to literary skill, and has a heart to feel, as well as high aristocratical principles to justify by practice and habitual training, we have little doubt, as well as by profession. No wonder that his book when it first appeared in Paris caused a strong sensation. But the English reader need not envy the excitement and delight which our French neighbours might be supposed to forestall; for in the translation, we believe, all the essential characteristics of the original predominate, with certain softenings which must operate as improvements both in respect of the estimation formed of the writer, and of the complacency of the reader.

Having said so much in the *general*, it must now be a duty to justify some of our statements and opinions by adducing the *particular*. Now, it cannot be amiss to begin with the *God-inspired* man himself, who with all his alleged christianity and heavenly-begotten power, is represented by M. De Custine to be the most unenviable and detestable of rulers, even were all the Russias to be his, on like terms as those of the present, throughout eternity. Behold the portrait of Nicholas.

The predominant expression of his countenance is that of a restless severity, which strikes the beholder at the first glance; and in spite of the regularity of his features, conveys by no means a pleasant impression. Physiognomists pretend, with much reason, that the hardness of the heart injures the beauty of the countenance. Nevertheless, this expression in the Emperor Nicholas appears to be the result of experience rather than the work of nature. * * * An unlucky fly, buzzing in the imperial palace during a ceremony, mortifies the Emperor; the independence of nature appears to him a bad example; everything which he cannot subject to his arbitrary laws becomes in his eyes as a soldier, who in the heat of battle revolts against his officers. The Emperor of Russia is a military chief, and every day with him is a day of battle. Nevertheless, at times, some gleams of softness temper the imperious looks of this monarch, and then the expression of affability reveals all the native beauty of his classic features. * * * The Emperor is above the usual height by half a head; his figure is noble, although a little stiff: he has practised from his youth the Russian custom of girding the body above the loins to such a degree as to push up the stomach into the chest, which produces an unnatural swelling or extension about the ribs, that is as injurious to the health as it is ungraceful in appearance.

This voluntary deformity destroys all freedom of movement, impairs the elegance of the shape, and imparts an air of constraint to the whole person. They say that when the Emperor loosens his dress, the viscera, suddenly giving way, are disturbed for a moment in their equilibrium, which produces an extraordinary prostration of strength. The bowels may be displaced—they cannot be got rid of.

The Emperor has a Grecian profile—the forehead high, but receding; the nose straight, and perfectly formed; the mouth very finely cut; the face,

which in shape is rather a long oval, is noble; the whole air military, and rather German than Slavonic. His carriage and attitudes are naturally imposing. He expects always to be gazed at, and never for a moment forgets that he is so. It may even be said that he likes this homage of the eyes.

He passes the greater part of his existence in the open air, at reviews, or in rapid journeys. During summer the shade of his military hat draws across his forehead an oblique line, which marks the action of the sun upon the skin. This line produces a singular effect, but it is not disagreeable, as the cause is at once perceived.

In examining attentively the fine person of this individual on whose will hangs the fate of so many others, I have remarked, with involuntary pity, that he cannot smile at the same time with the eyes and the mouth, a want of harmony which denotes perpetual constraint.

So much for the person and the pastime of the autocrat. Take him now in the capacity of emperor.

It is easy to perceive that the Emperor cannot for a single instant forget what he is, nor the constant attention which he excites; he studies attitude incessantly,—from whence it results that he is never natural, nor even when he is sincere. He has three expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual appears to be that of severity. Another, though rarer expression, suits perhaps better his fine face—it is that of solemnity; a third is that of politeness, in which are mixed some shades of gentleness and grace, that serve to temper the chill produced by the two former. But notwithstanding this grace, there is still something which injures the moral influence of the man: it is, that each expression is assumed or cast off at will, without the least trace of one remaining to modify the one next adopted. For such change we are not prepared, and it therefore appears like a mask, that can be put on or off at pleasure. Let not my meaning of the word mask be misunderstood; I employ it according to its strict etymology. In Greek, *hypocrite* means an actor; the hypocrite was a man who masked himself to perform a play. I would only say, then, that the Emperor is always engaged in acting his part.

Hypocrite or actor are ill-sounding words, especially in the mouth of one who professes to be impartial and respectful. But it appears to me that, to intelligent readers, (and it is only such that I address,) words are nothing in themselves; their importance depends upon the sense that is given to them. I do not say that the physiognomy of this prince lacks candour, but it lacks natural expression. Thus, the chief evil under which Russia suffers, the absence of liberty, is depicted even on the countenance of its sovereign: he has many masks, but no face. Seek for the man, and you still always find the Emperor.

And what of the Empress?

The figure of the Empress is very elegant; and, though she is extremely thin, I find an indefinable grace about her whole person. Her mien, far from being haughty, as I had been informed, is expressive of an habitual resignation. On entering the chapel she was much affected, and I thought

master so scrupulously rectifying each little fault of religious discipline or of court ceremonial; but in this singular country the absence of liberty is seen everywhere—it is found even at the foot of the altar.

After all, who is it that appears in these volumes to be the tidiest and most sensible personage in Russia? Listen.

On first entering the city of Moscow, I forgot poetry, and even history: I thought only of what I saw; which was not very striking, for I found myself in streets similar to those in the outskirts of all great cities. I crossed a boulevard which resembled other boulevards, and then, after driving down a gentle descent, found myself among straight and handsome lines of houses, built of stone. At last I reached the Dmitriskoi Street; where a handsome and comfortable chamber had been engaged for me in an excellent English hotel. I had, at Petersburgh, been commended to Madame Howard, who without this introduction would not have received me into her house. I took care not to reproach her for being so scrupulous, for it is owing to this precaution that one can sleep comfortably in her establishment. The means by which she has succeeded in maintaining in it a cleanliness rarely seen anywhere, and which is an absolute miracle in Russia, is the having had erected, in her court-yard, a separate building, in which the Russian servants are obliged to sleep. These men never enter the principal edifice except to wait upon their masters. In her judicious precautions Madame Howard goes yet further; she will scarcely admit any Russian guest.

Lion-seeking folks in Russia and their restraints:—

Nothing can be seen here without ceremony and preparation. Russian hospitality is so edged round with formalities as to render life unpleasant to the most favoured strangers. It is a civil pretext for restraining the movements of the traveller, and for limiting the freedom of his observation. Owing to the fastidious politeness exercised in doing the honours of the land, the observer can inspect nothing without a guide; never being alone, he has the greater difficulty in forming his judgment upon his own spontaneous impressions; and this is what is desired. To enter Russia, you must, with your passport, deposit also your right of opinion on the frontier. Would you see the curiosities of a palace, they give you a chamberlain, with whom you are obliged to view everything, and indiscriminately to admire all that he admires; would you survey a camp, an officer, sometimes a general officer, accompanies you; if it be an hospital, the head-surgeon escorts you; a fortress, the governor, in person, shows it, or rather politely conceals it from you; a school, or any other public institution, the director or the inspector must be previously apprised of your visit, and you find him under arms, prepared to brave your examination; if an edifice, the architect himself leads you over the whole building, and explains to you all that you do not care to know, in order to avoid informing you on points which you would take interest in knowing.

All this Oriental ceremony leads people to renounce seeing many things, were it only to avoid the trouble of soliciting admissions: this is the first advantage gained. But if curiosity is hardy enough to persist in importuning official personages, it is at least so carefully watched in its perquisitions that

they end in nothing. You must communicate officially with the heads of the so-called public establishments; and you obtain no other permission than that of expressing before the legitimate athorities the admiration which politeness, prudence, and a gratitude of which the Russians are very jealous, demand. They refuse you nothing, but they accompany you everywhere: politeness becomes a pretext for maintaining a watch over you.

Then to the roads, if you be in search of prospects, or curious about paths, the aspects of villages, rural life, and so forth,—and tell us which you prefer on these scores,—Old England or imperial Russia?

If we are to believe the Russians, all their roads are good during the summer-season, even those that are not the great high-ways. I find them all bad. A road full of inequalities, sometimes as broad as a field, sometimes extremely narrow, passes through beds of sand, in which the horses plunge above their knees, lose their wind, break their traces, and refuse to draw at every twenty yards: if these are passed, you soon plunge into pools of mud, which conceal large stones and enormous stumps of trees, that are very destructive to the carriages. Such are the roads of this country, except during seasons when they become absolutely impassable; when the extreme of cold renders travelling dangerous; when storms of snow bury the country; or when floods, produced by the thaw, transform, for about three months in the year, the low plains into lakes—namely, for about six weeks after summer, and for as many after the winter-season; the rest of the year they continue marshes. The landscape remains the same. The villages still present the same double line of small wood houses, more or less ornamented with painted carvings, with their gable always facing the street, and flanked with a kind of enclosed court, or large shed open on one side. The country still continues the same monotonous though undulating plain, sometimes marshy, sometimes sandy; a few fields, wide pasture-ranges bounded by forests of fir, now at a distance, now close upon the road, sometimes well grown, more frequently scattered and stunted: such is the aspect of all those vast regions. Here and there is to be seen a country-house, or large and mansion-like farm, to which an avenue of birch-trees forms the approach. These are the manor-houses or residences of the proprietors of the land; and the traveller welcomes them on the road as he would an oasis in the desert.

ART. II.—*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other Parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By JAMES D. FORBES. Edinburgh. Black.

WHEN a traveller has one main object in view; when his studies and habits render him competent to pursue that object with judgment and skill; and when he is fully accomplished for the purpose of laying clearly and attractively before the world the results of his pursuit, the reader may rest assured that his book will reward careful perusal, and be regarded as a valuable contribution to literature, art, or science. No matter what may be the region traversed, penetrated,

or explored; no matter though the country have been visited and written about by hundreds of summer-day tourists; a traveller of the Professor's calibre, enterprise, and acquirements, you may depend upon it, will extract novelties, moot curious questions, and solve problems, where all was an every-day sort of affair with ordinary tourists. What thought or thing that is new about Alp and Glacier can any man mention or determine in this age of restlessness and writers, it may be asked? or, again, the scoffer may say, if a learned professor should choose to ride his hobby so mercilessly as to bring all his science and theoretic knowledge to bear upon the phenomena of the most magnificent and awe-inspiring scenes in nature, who but a few disciples, or a stray student here or there, will interest themselves about his speculations and reports?

A very short time, however, will satisfy even the popular reader, that although the Professor's main object in visiting the Alps of Savoy was scientific, and that although he urged the pursuit of that object with great zeal, yet that the book is one which is calculated to engage the attention of the ordinary reader, and to yield an ample recompense even to such, for the time spent in reiterated perusals of its pages. It is not alone that manly entertainment abounds in many parts; but that this entertainment often blends with the information and the speculation that belong to the lofty department of physical philosophy; nay, that the mind is arrested, engrossed, and filled with a sense of benefit—of being engaged with themes that open wider and higher fields of beauty and wonder the longer you strive to reach their exalted summits, this enviable state of mind being further awakened by the luminous power of the author.

Professor Forbes, in his travels through the Alps of Savoy, was eager to ascertain the physical geography of these regions, but chiefly to satisfy himself with regard to the theories that have been received relative to the phenomena of glaciers. We do not pretend, however, to do more than to present, without any attempt at scientific criticism, some passages more immediately bearing upon these phenomena, from which the Professor's theory may in a measure be understood; to be followed up by a few examples of his enterprise as a traveller, his graphic power as a scene-painter, and his skill as a story-teller. These latter examples will create a very favourable opinion of him as a tourist in the widest accepted meaning of the term.

The Professor differs widely from the modern race of travellers, not merely in respect of the main objects which he aims at, but the time he spends in the particular pursuits, and the limited extent of ground he treads. The Alps engaged him for six summers: he crossed the principal chain twenty-seven times, and by nearly as many different passes; while numerous were his scientific observations and experiments, conducted principally at spots which he considered most favourable for his purpose, and which a map serves to

represent. We proceed to quote the account of the form, nature and vicissitudes of a glacier.

The common form of a glacier is a river of ice filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into other valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen ocean, but a frozen torrent. Its origin or fountain is in the ramification of the higher valleys and gorges, which descend amongst the mountains perpetually snow-clad. But what gives to a glacier its most peculiar characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy region already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer, as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the prolongation or outlet of the winter world above; its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm and pine-clad slopes and greensward, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice, and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice. Thus much, then, is plain, that the existence of the glacier in comparatively warm and sheltered situations, exposed to every influence which can insure and accelerate its liquefaction, can only be accounted for by supposing that the ice is pressed onwards by some secret spring, that its daily waste is renewed by its daily descent, and that the termination of the glacier, which presents a seeming barrier or crystal wall immovable, and having usually the same appearance and position, is, in fact, perpetually changing—a stationary form, of which the substance wastes—a thing permanent in the act of dissolution. The result of the heat of the valley in thawing the ice, is a stream of ice-cold turbid water, which issues from beneath its extremity, and which by gradually undermining, works out a lofty cavern, from beneath which it rolls. This water is derived from various sources: in the first place, from the natural springs which, it may be conceived, rise from the earth beneath the ice, just as they would do in any other valley. This source remains, in a great measure, even in winter, when the glacier stream, though diminished, does not vanish. Secondly, from the heat of the earth in contact with the ice, which probably melts annually a very small thickness of its mass. This, too, will not depend upon the season. Thirdly, the fall of rain upon the whole area which the glacier valley drains—which acts, in the first place, by melting the superficial ice and snow; and the rain water being thus reduced to the freezing point, washes through the cracks and fissures of the ice by innumerable streamlets, which unite beneath its mass, and swell the general stream. Fourthly, the waste of the glacier itself, due to the action both of sun and rain—a most important item, and which constitutes the main volume of most glacier streams, except in the depth of winter. It is on this account that the Rhine and other great rivers, derived from Alpine sources, have their greatest floods in July, and not in spring or autumn, as would be the case if they were alimented by rain water only. On the same account, the mountain torrents may be seen to swell visibly, and roar more loudly, as the hotter part of the day advances, to diminish towards evening, and in the morning to be smallest.

We next quote an account of what in French are called moraines, phenomena which have puzzled observers:

Winter is a long night amongst the glaciers. The sun's rays have scarcely power to melt a little of the snowy coating which defends the proper surface of the ice; the superficial waste is next to nothing; and the glacier torrent is reduced to its narrowest dimensions. The glacier in this part of its course is more or less covered with blocks of stone which move along with it, or rather are borne down upon its surface. The motion of the glacier we have already inferred from the subsistence of the ice in valleys where the daily waste is immense, and where yet the glacier maintains its position; but its progress is also well marked by the displacement of great blocks of stone upon its surface, which, from their size or figure, cannot be mistaken, and which may be watched from year to year descending the icy stream, whose deliberate speed they mark, as a floating leaf does that of a current of water. These detached rocks fall from the cliffs which usually bound both sides of a glacier in its middle portion, and from which the alternate effects of frost and thaw rapidly and surely separate them. They may be seen to fall almost every summer's day, in consequence of the loosening of the icy bands which hold together fragments previously wrenched assunder by the irresistible expansion of freezing water. A single promontory may yield a great stream of those blocks in the course of a year; were the ice stationary, they would accumulate on its surface at the base of the promontory, but as the ice advances, its charge is carried along with it, and the glacier becomes burdened on both sides with a band of blocks, which, by their geological character bear the impress of their origin, and thus not unfrequently bring down to the reach of the mineralogist specimens which otherwise would be quite unattainable, and whose native place may be surely inferred by observing the direction of the ice stream which is charged with them. Such, for instance, are fragments of the *Gabbro* of Saas, which has not yet been found *in situ*, but which is discharged by the glacier of Alalein, in the Vallais near Monte Rosa. What a curious internal historical evidence, then, does a glacier bear to the progress of events which have modified its surface! It is an endless scroll, a stream of time, upon whose stainless ground is engraven the succession of events, whose dates far transcend the memory of living man. Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier to be twenty miles, and its annual progression 500 feet, the block which is now discharged from its surface on the terminal moraine, may have started from its rocky origin in the reign of Charles I.! The glacier history of two hundred years is revealed in the interval, and a block larger than the greatest of the Egyptian Obelisks, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage too be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors. The stony borders now described are called *Moraines* in French, *Gufer* or *Gufferlinien* in German. The glacier retains a portion of them on its own surface, and throws up a part upon the bank or shore which confines it. If the shore be precipitous, it will be conceived that the blocks cannot be stranded, and therefore either remain on the surface of the ice, or fall into the occasional vacuities left between the ice and its wall, and there are ground

and chafed, acting, of course, in a notable manner upon the rock, and producing rounded surfaces, the angles being worn off, and grooves and scratches parallel to the direction of motion of the ice. All this is an immediate and necessary consequence of the fact of the glacier moving and heaving blocks along its edges. When the rocky slope or shore of the glacier is less steep, since, owing to the heat reflected and communicated from the ground, the ice almost invariably sinks towards the sides, a portion of the load of blocks falls over, and is accumulated in a ridge as from an over-filled waggon. But the more striking cause of this accumulation is the oscillation of dimension of the glacier at different seasons, and in different years. If the glacier from any cause whatever becomes enlarged, and, like a swollen torrent, occupies its bed to an unusual depth, the *Moraines* are uplifted with it, and when the return of summer or warmer seasons reduces the ice to its former bulk, the blocks are deposited at the higher level. Such moraines are to be seen in the neighbourhood of most modern glaciers, and they are important to be observed, because the existence of similar mounds in places remote from existing glaciers, has been inferred to demonstrate their former presence.

Glacier ice is thus described:

The ice of which the glacier is composed, is unlike that produced by freezing still water in a lake or pond. Although remarkably pure and free from all intermixture of earthy matter, and even the smallest fragments of rock (except very near where it touches the soil) it is far from homogeneous, or uniformly transparent. It has been described as composed of layers of perfect ice and of frozen snow intermixed, but this does not express the fact as observed in the middle and lower glacier. The ice is indeed porous and full of air bubbles, and it is very probable that these bubbles result from the freezing of snow imbibed with water; but as it exists in the glacier it is not granular. Lamin*æ*, or thin plates of compact transparent blue ice, alternate in most parts of every glacier, with laminæ of ice not less hard and perfect, but filled with countless air bubbles, which give it a frothy semi-opaque look. This peculiar structure, which gives to glacier ice its extreme brittleness, (which makes the formation of steps with a common hatchet a very easy task compared to what it would be in common ice,) may be compared to what geologists call the *slaty cleavage* of many rocks, rather than to stratification, properly so called. The distinction is important, and amounts to this, that strata are deposited in succession, and owe their form and separation to that circumstance only; whereas, slaty cleavage, or structural planes, occur in rocks, and in many bodies, wholly irrespective of stratification or deposition, and may be communicated to a mass after complete or partial consolidation.

The following belongs to the Professor's theory of a glacier:

A glacier is an imperfect fluid, or a viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts. The sort of consistency to which we refer may be illustrated by that of moderately thick mortar, or of the contents of a tar-barrel, poured into a sloping channel. Either of these substances, without actually assuming a level surface, will *tend* to do so. They will descend with different degrees of velocity,

depending on the *pressure* to which they are respectively subjected,—the *friction* occasioned by the nature of the channel or surface over which they move,—and the *viscosity*, or mutual adhesiveness, of the particles of the semifluid, which prevents each from taking its own course, but subjects all to a mutual constraint. To determine completely the motion of such a semifluid is a most arduous, or rather, in our present state of knowledge, an impracticable investigation. Instead, therefore, of aiming at a cumbrous mathematical precision, where the first data required for calculation are themselves unknown with any kind of numerical exactness, I shall endeavour to keep generally in view such plain mechanical principles as are, for the most part, sufficient to enable us to judge of the comparability of the facts of glacier motion with the conditions of viscous or semifluid substances.

We now glean a few passages of a more popular character, and taken from parts of the volume which deal in descriptions of adventurous rambles, exciting incidents, and tremendous scenery. The Professor himself seems to have been endowed with great courage for climbing fearful acclivities, and making excursions over the vast wastes of ice and snow which characterize the Pennine Alps; and his long experience must have disciplined him to such daring expeditions, so as to equip him for being a guide to novices. Still, he appears to have provided himself with native and trained hands when undertaking the longer and more hazardous excursions; and even with these, appalling dangers and difficulties may beset the traveller. For instance, when on a visit to the Col du Gérant, the following perplexities and alarms were encountered:

We continued to descend with precaution, though without any inconvenience, excepting from the sun, which was now high and brilliant, and its light reflected with more intensity than I had ever felt it from the *facettes* of the highly crystallised and fresh snow by which we were surrounded. I began to think that the passage was to be effected without any difficulty worth mentioning, until we arrived at the part of the valley where the three tributary glaciers already mentioned begin to unite, and are together squeezed through the comparatively narrow passage between the Aiguille Noire on the right, and the rock which I have marked *Petit Rognon* on the left. It is difficult to say, whether the ascent or descent of such a glacier is more arduous; but in descending, one is at least more taken by surprise; the eye wanders over the wilds of ice sloping forwards, and in which the most terrific chasm and rents are hidden like the ditch in a *ha-ha* fence. The crevasses of the glacier gradually widened; the uniting streams from different quarters met and justled, sometimes tossing high their icy waves, at others leaving yawning vacuities. The slope, at first gradual, and covered continually with snow, became steeper, and as we risked less from hidden rents, the multitude and length of the open ones caused us to make considerable circuits. But the slope ended at last almost in a precipice. At the point where the glacier is narrowest it is also steepest, and the descending ice is torn piecemeal in its effort to extricate itself from the strait. Almost in a moment we found ourselves amidst toppling crags and vertical preci-

pices of ice, and divided from the Mer de Glace beneath by a chaos of fissures of seemingly impassable depth and width, and without order or number. Our embarrassment was still farther increased by the very small distance to which it was possible to command by the eye the details of the labyrinth through which we must pass. The most promising tract might end in inextricable difficulties, and the most difficult might chance ultimately to be the only safe one. The spectacle gave us pause. We had made for the north-western side of the glacier, near the foot of the Petit Rognon, hoping to get down near the side of the rocks, although not upon them. But when we neared this part of the glacier, even Couttet shook his head, and proposed rather to attempt the old passage by the foot of the Aiguille Noire, where De Saussure left his ladder,—a passage avoided by the guides on account of the steep icy slopes it presents, and the great danger which is run from the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged, and roll down from the rocks above. These stones are amongst the most dangerous accidents of glacier travels. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses, or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it. And seldom do they come alone. Like an avalanche, they gain others during their descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbours—are split perhaps into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass; which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. I have sometimes been exposed to these dry avalanches; they are amongst the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man. Their course is marked on the rocks, and they are most studiously avoided by every prudent guide.

Another pass was essayed:

But there, barriers still more insurmountable appeared. One prodigious chasm stretched *quite across the glacier;* and the width of this chasm was not less than 500 feet. It terminated opposite to the precipices of the Aiguille Noire in one vast *enfoncement* of ice bounded on the hither side by precipices not less terrible. A glance convinced every one that here, at least, there was not a chance of passing, unprovided as we were with long ropes or ladders. Nothing remained but to resume the track we had at first abandoned; for the whole centre of the glacier was completely cut off from the lower world by this stupendous cleft. Here the experience of Couttet stood us in good stead, and his presence of mind inspired me with perfect confidence, so that we soon set about ascertaining, by a method of trial and error, whether any passage could be forced amongst the labyrinth of smaller crevasses on the northern side of the glacier. A chamois, whose track we had followed earlier, seemed here to have been as much baffled as ourselves, for he had made so many crossings back and forward upon the glacier, and had been so often forced to return upon his steps, that we lost the track for a time. This animal is exceedingly timorous upon a glacier covered with

snow, since the form of the foot prevents it from offering almost any resistance when hidden rents are to be crossed. We had accordingly passed earlier in many places where the chamois had not ventured; but the case was now different on the hard ice. He took leaps upon which we dared not venture; and as we were never sure of not being obliged to retrace every step we made, we took good care never to make a descending leap which might cut off our retreat. Many a time we were obliged to return, and many a weary circuit was to be made in order to recommence again; but we seldom failed ultimately to recover the chamois track, which is the safest guide in such situations. The excitement was highly pleasing. The extrication from our dilemma was like playing a complicated game, and the difficulty of the steps was forgotten in the interest of observing whether any progress had been gained; for now we were obliged to descend into the bosom of the glacier, and to select its most jagged and pulverised parts, in order to cross the crevasses where they had become choked by the decay and subsidence of their walls. Thus hampered by our icy prison, we only emerged occasionally so as to catch a glimpse of what lay beyond, and to estimate our slow and devious progress. At length, by great skill on the part of Couttet, and patience on the part of all of us, (for we remained inseparably tied together all this time) by clambering down one side of a chasm, up another, and round a third, hewing our steps, and holding on one by one with the rope, we gradually extricated ourselves from a chaos which at first sight appeared absolutely impenetrable, and that without any very dangerous positions.

There must be much diversity in the perils that face the Alpine traveller, and therefore in the accidents or modes of escape also, which he has to record. An illustration follows:

Our object was now to descend upon the Glacier of Zmutt, of which, as I have endeavoured to explain, the lower or more level part swept along the base of the Mont Cervin and Dent d'Erin, whilst a higher stage of it rose to the foot of the lofty precipice above which we stood. Now, whilst the *top* of this precipice sunk from the summit of the Stockhorn, westwards to the Col, and then rose a little, the glacier and the *foot* of the precipice rose rapidly and continuously to the westward, so that the top and bottom of the precipice became at length blended together, under a snowy sheet. To reach this point, however, would have been a long *detour*, and the glacier appeared dangerously crevassed. Having, therefore, descended from the Stockhorn to the Col, (which was not a great deal lower,) Pralong proposed to attempt descending the cliff, by which he recollected to have passed when he last crossed, and to have successfully reached the glacier below. We began cautiously to descend, for it was an absolute precipice: Pralong first, and I following, leaving the other guides to wait about the middle, until we should see whether or not a passage could be effected. The precipice was several hundred feet high. Some bad turns were passed, and I began to hope that no insurmountable difficulty would appear, when Pralong announced that the snow this year had melted so much more completely than on the former occasion, as to cut off all communication with the glacier, for there was a height of at least thirty vertical feet of rocky wall, which we could by no means circumvent. Thus, all was to do over again, and the cliff was re-

ascended. We looked right and left for a more feasible spot, but descried none. Having regained the snows above, we cautiously skirted the precipice, until we should find a place favourable to the attempt. At length, the rocks became mostly masked under steep snow slopes, and down one of these, Pralong, with no common courage, proposed to venture, and put himself at once in the place of danger. We were now separated by perhaps but 200 feet from the glacier beneath. The slope was chiefly of soft deep snow, lying at a high angle. There was no difficulty in securing our footing in it, but the danger was of producing an avalanche by our weight. This, it may be thought, was a small matter, if we were to alight on the glacier below; but such a surface of snow upon rock rarely connects with a glacier without a break, and we all knew very well that the formidable "Bergschrund," already mentioned, was open to receive the avalanche and its charge, if it should take place. We had no ladder, but a pretty long rope. Pralong was tied to it. We all held fast on the rope, having planted ourselves as well as we could on the slope of snow, and let him down by degrees, to ascertain the nature and breadth of the crevasse, of which the upper edge usually overhangs like the roof of a cave, dropping icicles. Were that covering to fail, he might be plunged, and drag us, into a chasm beneath. He, however, effected the passage with a coolness which I have never seen surpassed, and shouted the intelligence that the chasm had been choked by previous *avalanches*, and that we might pass without danger. He then (having loosed himself from the rope) proceeded to explore the footing on the glacier, leaving me and the other two guides to extricate ourselves. I descended first by the rope, then Biona, and lastly Tairraz, who, being unsupported, did not at all like the slide, the termination of which it was quite impossible to see from above. We then followed Pralong, and proceeded with great precaution to sound our way down the upper Glacier of Zmutt, which is here sufficiently steep to be deeply fissured, and which is covered with perpetual snow, now soft with the heat of the morning sun. It was a dangerous passage, and required many wide circuits. But at length we reached in a slanting direction the second terrace or precipice of rock which separates the upper and lower Glacier of Zmutt, and which terminates in the promontory marked Stockhi in the map. When we were fairly on the débris we stopped to repose, and to congratulate ourselves on the success of this difficult passage.

We give for our concluding extract an account of one of the most remarkable of the hairbreadth escapes contained in the volume. The Professor had proceeded to a promontory which, on account of the abruptness of its termination, and the stop it puts to all further progress, is seldom visited even by the shepherds. To the traveller in search of the picturesque, however, or to the philosophic observer of nature, the spot must offer attractions; and accordingly Mr. Forbes advanced to it. While engaged in sketching an outline of the panorama thence scanned, he sends Auguste for water. Auguste is so long absent as to excite the sketcher's fear, but at length he is seen approaching with two lads who lead between them a man, who at once is discovered to be in a sad plight. Let the Professor narrate the

rest: it is for each reader to determine for himself, whether such appalling situations and narrow deliverances will tempt him to the dizzy steeps and ice-clad Alps of Savoy, or teach, guided or alone, to be content with the levels of earth.

On approaching, I found Auguste scarcely less excited than the man he led, and to rescue whom from a ledge of rock, on which *he had passed the whole night*, he had placed himself in imminent danger. This person proved to be an American traveller, who had wandered all alone the morning of the day before over the hill of Charmoz, above the Montanvert, and scrambled as far as the solitary precipices of Trelaporte, unvisited as we have said, except casually by a shepherd, and still more rarely by some chamois hunter. Towards afternoon (by his own account) he had slipped over a rock, and being caught by the clothes on some bushes, and his fall checked, so as to gain a little ledge surrounded by precipices on every side, where he found himself lodged in a perfectly hopeless prison. Here he passed the whole night, which, fortunately, was not cold, and in the morning he succeeded in attracting, by his cries, the young men of Chamouni, who were on their way across the glacier, at a great distance below. The two boldest, with difficulty, climbed, by a circuitous path, so as to gain a position above him; but their united efforts would have been unequal to rescue him had I not providentially gone, with my guide, the same morning, to this remote spot. Whilst he was on a search for the water which I required he came within sight of the boys, vainly attempting to extricate the traveller. Balmat instantly joined them, and by great personal courage, as well as strength, succeeded in dragging the man up by the arm, from a spot whence a chamois could not have escaped alive. Balmat told me, that whilst he bore the entire weight of the man on the slippery ledge to which he himself clung, he felt his foot give way, and for a moment he thought himself lost, which was the cause of the very visible emotion of which he bore traces when he joined me. I gave wine and food to the traveller and the others, and especially applauded the humanity and courage of the lads, one of whom conducted the traveller back to Chamouni, for his nervous system was greatly affected, and for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged. I returned with Balmat to view the exact spot of the adventure, and a more dreadful prison it is impossible to conceive. It was, as I have said, a ledge about a foot broad in most places, and but a few feet long, with grass and juniper growing on it. It thinned off upon the cliff entirely in one direction, and on the other (where widest) it terminated abruptly against a portion of the solid rock, not only vertical, but overhanging, and at least ten feet high, so that no man, unassisted, could have climbed it. The direction of his fall was attested by the shreds of his *blouse*, which were hanging from some juniper bushes, which he had grazed in his descent, but for which evidences it would have appeared to me inconceivable that any falling object could so have attained the shelf on which he was almost miraculously lodged. Immediately below the spot he fell from, the shelf had thinned off so completely that it was plain he must have fallen obliquely across the precipice, so as to attain it. The ledge was about twenty feet below the top of the smooth granitic precipice, to which a cat could not have clung, and below, the same polished surface went sheer

down, without a break, for a depth of at least 200 feet, where it sinks under the glacier, whose yawning crevasses would have received the mangled body, and never would have betrayed the traveller's fate. A more astonishing escape, in all its parts, it is impossible to conceive. It is probable, that had the young men not crossed the glacier at the fortunate moment, my guide and I would have passed the rock fifty yards above him, (it was in the direction in which we were going,) without either party having the remotest idea of the other's presence.

ART. III.—*Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Arabia Petræa, to the Holy Land.* By E. JOY MORRIS. N. Bruce.

MR. MORRIS is an American Traveller, who a few years ago made a tour in the East. The results of his observations in Turkey and the other countries mentioned, at first appeared in the United States Gazette, but were subsequently prepared for the press in form of volumes. The work is now reprinted at the cheapest possible rate for the English reader by Mr. Bruce of Peterborough Court, with Notes and an Appendix.

Mr. Morris's travels in the East is one of the most informing and interesting books that we have ever perused, even when the classic land of Greece and countries most famous in sacred story, have been the regions traversed and described. There is nothing of tameness in these Notes, for the author's style is as animated as his descriptions are graphic, or his observations keen; so that when he indulges his pen to a degree of minuteness, relative to objects or spots which have been talked about by thousands of tourists, there is nothing of staleness or apparent repetition in his matter any more than in his manner. You feel that he is speaking exactly as he observed and felt, that he is the farthest removed from being a copyist; while the subjects which engage him are susceptible of endless discussion and description, provided every new comer be equal to these offices, in respect of reading, taste, and independency. The book not only is one of the most satisfactory for the home-abiding and the earnest inquirer who cultivates a liberal curiosity, but as a guide to tourists pursuing the same route it cannot be too highly recommended. Mr. Bruce on all these accounts has therefore done well in presenting the work to the British public; nor should any person who uses the English tongue, and can afford to lay out *eighteen pence* for a book, deny himself the pleasure and the instruction which is here to be had for that sum. The publisher of the reprint has also introduced a few brief notes that will command attention. His Appendix consists of certain abridgements from Wilkinson's Egyptian Topography.

Mr. Morris in the course of his journeyings embarked at Naples for the East, and at once to afford a fair idea of his qualities as an

observer and sketcher of what he observes, we introduce first of all his description of the Bay of Naples, it being on an afternoon in April that the ship set sail, a fine breeze bearing her out of the harbour, but subsiding just as they were passing the shores of Capri.

The whole Bay of Naples lay before us, with its magnificent panorama of shores lined with cities, villages buried in vineyards and olive groves, islands which seemed to float upon the waters, and Vesuvius towering sublimely above all, and lighting up the darkening picture, upon which the moon had but just risen, with occasional flashes of volcanic fire. As the moon travelled up the heavens, her soft and mellow light shone with most charming effect upon the scene. We lay motionless on the sea, which was as smooth as a wood-embowered lake on a summer's eve. Numbers of fishing boats lay between us and the shore. The flambeaux upon their bows, and the lights of the vessels scattered over the bay, gave an air of still life to the waters. The distant city was faintly indicated by the long line of light which spread along the shore, and the noise of carriages and human voices, that came softened to us by the distance. We could but dimly trace the outline of the islands, which lay sleeping in the moonlight, excepting Capri, whose rugged and precipitous shores lay upon our weather bow. An American corvette had hauled into the harbour as we were leaving. As the breeze freshened up and bore us away, the evening *reveillée* was announced on board the corvette by the band playing "Hail Columbia." We bade adieu to the shores of Europe with the patriotic strains of our own country resounding in our ears, reminding us of our far distant homes and native land.

They steered for the Dardanelles. On an early occasion when ashore Mr. Morris reached a spot from which the view embraced the whole Troad, and altogether an unrivalled combination of natural scenery and interest. "Upon yonder distant plain rose the magnificent city of Priam, 'whose date o'erawes tradition.' Upon that plain Achilles, Ajax, Hector, and Agamemnon, those semi-gods of poetic story, once displayed their courage and noble traits, which would have perished without a record, had they not been enshrined in verse by

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.'

This field of man's glory and shame lay before us, and drew our thoughts back upon our own country, where man is making his final experiment to live free."

We have a reason for quoting these few sentences from our traveller's enthusiastic paragragh. But still the occasion for remark, especially about the alleged *final experiment*, will be improved after proceeding with Mr. Morris to the slave-market of Stamboul. Here he saw groups of Nubian and Abyssinian slaves, mostly children, in a state of almost perfect nudity. Two white female slaves were all that were observed. These were Georgians, destined for the harems of the rich. He goes on to notice the stoical indifference of the slave-merchants while reposing on carpets and pursuing their

horrid traffic. "The manner in which they handled and spoke of them (the slaves) as mere merchandise disgusted us, and we were glad to leave a place where humanity sinks to the level of the brute creation." But how aggravated did the case grow in our tourist's eye, when some of the atrocities which characterized the late war of independence waged by the Greeks became the theme! He thus writes:—

During the Greek war, the slave-market was filled with captive Greeks, who were here daily exposed for sale. Cruelties the most barbarous—the exposing of a whole family of civilized Greek Christians—a mother, surrounded by her sons and daughters, sold into irredeemable slavery, separating never to meet again—were scenes daily witnessed here during that war. In Athens I heard of an instance of a mother and her daughters being sold into slavery by the Turks at Constantinople; and that the son who had risen to distinction and comparative wealth during the war, at its conclusion resolved never to rest until he had redeemed his mother and sisters from their bondage. After the most indefatigable perseverance, and a series of strange adventures, he had reassembled his mother and all his sisters under the parental roof, excepting his eldest sister, who had been redeemed from slavery by an Italian merchant, to whom she was married at Salonique. No war, ancient or modern, was ever carried on with such unrelenting fury and such cruelty as the war against the Greeks by the Turks. It is a matter of astonishment that the Christian nations of Europe could have so long remained silent spectators of its atrocities.

Not a syllable is here uttered which would not burst from the lips of every person of a humane heart and of consistent Christianity. But there are certain peculiarities about Mr. Morris that must not be left unnoticed. He is, if his words, feelings, and principles be in harmony, a deep lover of his country, an ardent patriot. But he is more, for he at times obtrusively cites America, and on others indiscreetly suggests comparisons. There is a considerable share of vaunting and vain glory on these occasions. For example, he boasts at one period of his journey,—at a moment too when his mind was filled with ideas of the proud pre-eminence of the British flag, and when he confesses that though in a lawless region he found himself near "a representative of that power, beneath whose broad ægis there is protection abroad for the most humble fugitive from violence and oppression,"—that when on the summit of one of the pyramids he met with the cross of St. George, which some English traveller had left there, he "tore it down, and in its stead flung the stars and stripes to the breeze," an exploit upon which the English publisher smartly comments, pronouncing it with justice as a *valorous* display of paltry national feeling, and a ridiculous ebullition. But to return to Morris *versus* the Turks as slave-makers and holders, and to test his consistency as a philanthropist and patriot: here we cannot do better than cite Mr. Bruce's note to the paragraphs descriptive of the slave-market in the Turkish quarter of Constantinople, and of the

disgust and horror of the traveller at the things and thoughts there suggested. Says the publisher,—

This passage with others of a similar nature throughout the work, conveys sentiments which are very frequently met with in the productions of American authors. So long, however, as the fact stares us in the face, that the practices which Mr. Morris here so justly condemns exist in full vigour in his native country—so long as we know that slavery, in its most odious form, prevails in the United States—so long will such sentiments, when expressed by Americans, be regarded as little better than sheer hypocrisy. Mr. Morris has previously (p. 8) eulogised his own country as one "where man is making the final experiment to live FREE." Is SLAVERY indispensable to this "final experiment?" or does our author, like too many of his countrymen, deem COLOUR the only test by which to judge of the enormity of the offence? Does he, AT HOME, view with complacency the traffic in human flesh? and in another clime turn with disgust from the spectacle exhibited by the slave-market? Why, whilst commenting upon "cruelties the most barbarous," in the case of "a whole family of civilized Greek Christians," is he silent upon the not less iniquitous treatment of the African in his own land of EXPERIMENTAL freedom? Is no negro "mother, surrounded by her sons and daughters," ever, in the slave-holding states of America, "sold into irredeemable slavery, separating never to meet again?" Let Mr. Morris distinguish himself by his exertions to wipe off the foulest blot in the American character—let him thus prove that it is not colour or creed alone which calls forth his sympathy for his fellow-men in captivity, and his recorded indignation against Turkish slavery will then be better understood and appreciated. But until he does so, the real friends of humanity will give him little credit for sincerity; and until this stain is for ever effaced from her escutcheon, America must relinquish all claim to be deemed—what her sons now so loudly vaunt her to be—A LAND OF FREEDOM!

In the course of an extract which we shall soon introduce, it will be seen that our author's sentiments relative to slavery did not always give evidence, even when far away from the Union to which slave-holding states lend such breadth and importance, of an equal degree of horror. There is a wide difference between profession and practice—between a catholic and a sectarian spirit.

Mr. Morris's sojourn in Constantinople was during the sovereignty of the late Sultan, whom he had an opportunity of describing. Mahmoud "gracefully returned the salute of the Franks, who raised their hats as he passed." Among his train was a minister who held a tin box, in which the people who had petitions to present, deposited them. One of these suppliants whom our author observed was a poor Greek who had been falsely accused and punished for using fraudulent measures and weights by a cadjai who was covetous of his property. Our author learned afterwards that the Sultan so faithfully carried out his declaration that "all his subjects were equal before the law" as not only to depose the official and make him restore the property, but to undergo the same punishment that had been inflicted on the Greek, which was cropping the ears.

Our traveller's notes on Turkey are but meagre, although he passed several weeks at Constantinople. But in Greece he made excellent use of his time, which extended to about six weeks. The course of his tour and his notices in that land are particularly precise and distinct, dealing more in descriptive details of what he observed, and graphic sketches, than in the record of impressions, or any sort of rhetorical exaggeration. We shall merely cite one short passage in reference to Greece as a specimen of his brief and more philosophical remarks. He has been speaking of the exertions and services of Mr. Hill and other American missionaries in the Levant, and says it is gratifying to know that their schools are diffusing a knowledge of the English tongue, and consequently of its great literary treasures; adding that English literature is peculiarly the literature of civilization and freedom; and that wherever it extends, it carries with it the most auspicious influences for the moral and social condition. "The burning verses of Byron, sympathizing with the wrongs of the land of Homer—the writings and speeches of British orators and statesmen, moving the patriotic sensibilities of Englishmen with allusions to the heroism and patriotism of ancient Greece,—the whole body of English literature, rich in contribution to letters and science, and the cause of civil liberty, must, as it diffuses itself among the isles and cities of Greece, re-awaken the activity and energies of a people whom ages of oppression have not taught to be slaves."

It is matter of some regret that our author does not always speak with the same enlargement of generosity, sympathy, and justice, and that the love of father-land should at times lead him into indiscretions.

Mr. Morris's notes while in Egypt are no less instructive and entertaining than those which he penned while in Greece, displaying a considerable knowledge in, as well as a fervid taste for, art and antiquarian objects. But the modern and the living obtain a fitting and earnest attention likewise. Let us alight with him at Cairo:

Cairo is undoubtedly the most interesting of all the oriental cities to the traveller. The finest models of Saracenic architecture, four hundred mosques of unrivalled elegance, all the trades and professions, all the wares and merchandise of the East, and representatives of all its different nations, presenting a most astonishing variety of costume and physiognomy, combined with the purely Oriental character of the place, give to Cairo an interest not possessed by any other of the Ottoman capitals, where the manners and customs of Christendom have insinuated themselves. The short, spare Bedouin, from the deserts of Sinai—the tall, muscular Bedouin, from the Lybian desert—Nubians from the Cataracts—Abyssinians from the fountains of the Nile—Negroes from Darfour and Middle Africa—Moors from Tunis and Tripoli—Turks from Constantinople—Persians from Bagdad—natives of India from this side of the Ganges—with a sprinkling of Franks, Copts, Jews, &c., make up the motley crowd that throng the streets of Cairo,

dazzling the eye with the contrasted colour of their costumes, and confusing the ear with the sound of their many different tongues. The city also is traversed by such an infinitude of streets and lanes, and there are so many mosques, and other buildings of interest, involved in their labyrinthine folds, that it requires no little time and patience to find them out.

The temperature of the air while we were at Cairo was delightful. It was clear, bland, and fresh, giving an elasticity to the spirits, and a tone of health to the body, that admirably harmonised the mental and physical sensations. The nights were cool, and so brilliant from the light of the moon, that the finest print could be read. Though it was the month of December, the country was covered with verdure, and the early wheat was already rising, while the husbandman was following the retreating Nile, and scattering the rich loom it had deposited, with the seed that in a few months was to cover the fields with a golden harvest. Cairo contains more than eleven hundred coffee-houses, and a proportionably large number of baths. The coffee-houses are the resorts of all the idlers and newsmongers. Many Turks pass the day between the bath and the coffee-house. The latter constitutes a kind of social exchange, where friends meet to talk and learn the news of the day. Here also gather the story-tellers, who entertain their auditors with the recital of tales from the Arabian Nights, and extravagant fiction of their own composition, in which, with the aid of magic, all kinds of dramatic catastrophes are produced and satisfactorily explained.

The bazaars of Cairo are the best constructed of any of the East. Like those of Constantinople, they consist of small shops, or rather stalls, occupying both sides of a covered avenue. In them are to be found all the manufactures and products of the Levant, Arabia, Egypt, and the remotest East. The bazaars of Cairo are so constantly thronged by such a multitude of persons, camels, donkeys, dromedaries, jostling, shouting, and braying, that if you succeed in escaping from being crushed from the crowd of men and beasts that are struggling along, you are yet deafened with the din of these busy marts. Besides the merchants, who sell from their shops, there are walking venders of second-hand articles, arms, apparel, &c., crying at the top of their voices their goods, followed by a train of bidders, cheapening them as they march along, sometimes maintaining a cross-fire of bids with others in the wake of a rival chapman. Amusing scenes occur in such a crowd. The lady Cairenes bustle along, enveloped in immense mantles of silk and satin, shod in yellow slippers, and so closely veiled, that nothing of the face is visible but a pair of melting eyes, that speak love to everybody. My friend, who got bewildered between two beauties, happened to knock off the slipper of one, and as he turned to apologise in his best Arabic, he unfortunately rent the veil of the other, disclosing to our infidel gaze the fair round features of a blooming Turkish beauty. The Cerberus of a eunuch who attended them, in his rage, looked more hideous than ever. The lady with the torn veil, after a pause of a moment, for propriety's sake, uttered a slight scream, (fainting not being fashionable,) while she of the slipper wrapped the eunuch over the head, and bade him hunt the slipper. A crowd began to gather, comments were made on the impudence of Franks, and a row was evidently brewing, when a Turkish officer came up, to whom we explained in French the cause of the trouble. With much suavity he

apologised for us to the offended beauties. They cast a responsive glance at us which forgave all. We bought several bernooses in the bazaars. My friend purchased some made of the finest wool and silk interwoven, white as the driven snow, and soft as down. They were sold at ten dollars; they are used as a covering against the damps of night. This is the most beautiful article I have ever seen—as a summer cloak, nothing can be more elegant or rich.

The slave-market was crowded with slaves, as several caravans had recently arrived from the interior. Franks are not prohibited here, as at Constantinople, from buying slaves, so we were much pressed by the slave-dealers to buy some of their live stock. My friend offered 1600 piastres (80 dollars) for an Abyssinian girl, but when the bargain was concluded, my lady grew sulky, and protested she would not be sold to a Frank; so the bargain was broken up. Some of these slaves come from as far south as Timbuctoo, but most of them are taken in the predatory wars, which the numerous tribes of Abyssinia are constantly waging against each other. They are sold to the slave-dealers, who resort at certain seasons to Dongola, and other places on the upper Nile beyond the Cataracts, to meet the caravans which bring them to those markets for sale, with gold dust, ivory, and other articles, from the interior of Africa. Slavery has continued in uninterrmitted existence among all the nations of the East from the time of Abraham. The poorest Bedouin family in the desert has two or three slaves. Slaves in the East, however, are regarded in the family of the master rather as household servants than slaves, and are rarely sold. It would be considered monstrous in a man to make a traffic of his slaves. They become component parts of a family, and are treated with such humanity, that though it may not palliate the violation of the first rights of man yet it tends much to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victim. Slavery belongs to no particular colour in the East, the Abyssinians and Georgians being nearly white. Neither is colour a prejudice against a man there. I have seen black beys and black officers in Egypt on equal footing with the Turks, possessed of as much authority, and as much respected. A few months' residence in Cairo soon removes one's prejudices against a black skin.

In the last of these paragraphs the reader meets with something that does not indicate a very strong horror of bondage. In a short note, the English publisher very properly asks, "What, during this trafficking, became of our author's disgust of slavery, so strongly expressed" in a preceding page?

Assouan appears to have been the limit of our tourist's voyage up the Nile. The following notices, and the vindication of Bruce, the traveller, will be acceptable.

On approaching Assouan, we passed through that immense cemetery, where, according to the popular tradition, the sixty thousand prophets, who flourished in former ages, are buried. The thousands of tombs, which are scattered over the desert, indicate the presence in these regions, in times long past, of a very large population. We entered Assouan through the palm grove to the south of the town. I recollected that it was in this grove that poor Bruce laid himself down to rest, after his terrible journey across

the Nubian desert. He had just strength enough left to crawl in from the desert, and prostrate himself beneath the grateful shade of this cool grove. For near a month he had been travelling across the trackless wastes of the desert, struggling with the simoons, which had overwhelmed several of his companions beneath pillars of sand, and frequently contending with the Bedouins for a drop of water at the fœtid pools, which the rain had left on its passage over the desert. In the midst of all these sufferings, his heroic devotion to science still manifested itself. At night, when his wearied frame demanded repose, he might be seen rising from his couch of sand to study the blue heavens above him, and by day, when struggling for life with the Ishmaelites of the wilderness, his cares were divided between the defence of his life and the preservation of his scientific instruments. He passed several years in Abyssinia, during which time he mingled with the natives in all their pursuits. He was a favourite courtier at the mud palace of Dost Mohammed, a gallant soldier in the armies of that prince, a chosen protegé of Queen Esther, and, with the multitude, he was emphatically "a man of the people."

Few travellers have enjoyed such opportunities of studying the character and customs of a people, and but few have so assiduously profited by them as this distinguished traveller. And yet, the reward of all his toils and sufferings in the cause of science, was an unmerited obloquy, which hunted him to death, and embittered his last moments by assaults upon his character! Subsequent travellers have confirmed all the wonderful accounts, which excited so much animadversion in Bruce's book of travels, even to the almost incredible tale of the Abyssinian practice of cutting raw steaks from a living cow. As to the famous harper in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, I can answer to his existence, having seen him myself in one of the tombs in the *Bibán el Molouk.*

After his tour in Upper Egypt, Mr. Morris returned to Cairo, and immediately commenced making preparations for a journey through the deserts to Mount Sinai, Akaba, and thence to Petra, and onwards through Idumæa to Palestine. The journey was one of fatigue, sun-broiling, and fainting for want of water. At some of the halting-places and night-encampments relief and entertainment were enjoyed. Feeding, smoking, and tales of Bedouin life wiled away the waking hours, to be followed by undisturbed repose. Here is a sketch belonging to a very early period of the journey in the desert:

As the day was nearly spent, no further progress could be made, so we pitched our tents, spread our *sedjeddahs*, or carpets, beneath them, lighted our pipes, and laid down to talk over the route. Around our tents there lay several encampments of Bedouins. As the night approached the hollow in which we lay was dotted over by numerous fires, around which were gathered clusters of Arabs, whose loud voices, breaking out in rude songs, or in angry strife, were the only sounds that broke the deep silence of the desert. Each of these camp-fires was encircled by a line of camels, sleeping with their knees bent beneath their bodies, and their long necks thrust out upon the sand. There was no moon in the sky, but the blue roof above us was fretted with multitudes of dazzling stars, that cast a faint illumination upon

the desert. The blue expanse of the firmament, and the desert stretching boundless and limitless, as far as the eye could see, produced a sensation of infinity that I never felt within the walls of the crowded city. The mind felt something of religious awe in contemplating the majesty and grandeur of the scene around. Shut out from the noisy haunts of men, and launched upon the bosom of the desert, the imagination was impressed with the unearthly silence of the waste, and seemed to approach in silent communion with the Creator of the Universe, before whom nature here stood mute. As the night advanced, the fires went out one by one, the sounds of human voices ceased, and darkness and silence reigned around. I threw myself down upon a carpet, with a camel saddle for a pillow, and turned to my first night's sleep in the desert. The stars streamed brightly through the door of the tent, before which my faithful servant was lying as a guard. The Bedouins slept around the embers of their fires in the open air, wrapped up in their *abbas*. Indeed, the air was so mild and pure, that the shelter of a tent was almost superfluous.

After a dreary day's march even the travelling library would be opened, but "among all our books we found the Bible the most valuable guide in the route we were travelling, and the most faithful portraiture of the desert and its wandering inhabitants." At length our traveller arrives at Mount Sinai. There is little of novelty in Mr. Morris's pages, especially after the narratives of several recent travellers, some of them his own countrymen, in the description of the spot where God had communed with man; but there is freshness of manner, and evident tokens of fidelity to the things observed.

On the second day, we ascended the summit of Mount Sinai. Crossing the sloping ground to the east of the convent, we reached the foot of Mount Horeb, the foundation from which Mount Sinai springs. We continued to ascend it by a winding stairway of stones, which the monks have laid along the ravine that leads up between the perpendicular walls of the mountain towards the summit. On our way through this ravine we passed two arched gateways, at which the monks, in former times, were accustomed to confess the pilgrims before they were ushered into the presence of the sacred mount. We stopped on the way to slake our thirst at a cold spring of water, which gushed out of the rocks, and trickled down the sides of the mountain. From beneath the last gateway, we entered upon a wide platform, surrounded by mountains, except on the east side, whence a ravine opened into the Wady el Leja, on the east side of Sinai. A solitary cypress stands like a sentinel in the midst, overshadowing a well of water at its base, where the weary pilgrim was wont to repose. The ruined chapel of Elijah stands a little to the west of the cypress. In it the monks showed us a cave, in which Elijah is said to have dwelt, when he was fed by the ravens. We were greatly fatigued by the ascent of Horeb, which was by far the most painful mountain climbing that I had ever met with, though I had scaled the most precipitous mountains in Switzerland and Greece. From Horeb, we ascended the almost precipitous sides of Sinai, the monks stopping on the way, to show us the print of the camel's foot that bore Mohammed in his flight to Sinai. In one hour we reached the summit of Mount Sinai, having occupied

more than three hours in the ascent from the convent. A Christian chapel and a Mohammedan mosque divide the summit between them. Beneath the top of the mountain is a cavity, where Moses is said to have hid himself from the effulgent presence of the Almighty, when the heavens opened, and the voice of God was heard speaking from their midst. We opened the ten commandments, and read them upon the very spot where they had been handed down to the lawgiver of Israel. The voice of my companion reading the Scriptures was the only sound that disturbed the unearthly stillness that dwelt upon this lofty peak. Around us, the monks were kneeling in prayer, and uttering with unwonted feeling, the *Kyrie Eleison*, God be praised. The Bedouins, awed by the solemnity of the scene, and the traditionary sanctity of the place, leaned in silence upon their guns, and remained fixed and motionless as statues. The thick clouds which lowered over us, as we made our way up the mountain, now gathered over our heads, and the rain began to fall in torrents. We took shelter in the chapel. The lightning flashed in vivid sheets around us, and the thunder broke in crashing peals among the mountains, filling them with one incessant roar of heaven's artillery. The mountain seemed to shake with the strife of the elements that were battling around its summit, while the roar of the thunder, the flash of the lightning, and the darkness that hung like a pall upon the mountain, made up a scene of the most terrific sublimity I had ever witnessed—a scene which aided our conceptions of that awful moment, when the Almighty, robed in the majesty of heaven, had descended upon this sacred spot, to hold communion with his chosen servant, and to deliver to him the immutable laws and principles that govern and maintain the existence of human society.

The spot where Aaron was sepulchred is the subject of our next extract.

On the afternoon of the third day, our caravan departed from Petra for Palestine; in six hours we reached a plain among the mountains, from which rose the lofty peak of Mount Hor. I ascended it with three gentlemen of our party. The ascent, though rough and steep, was very easy compared with the climbing of the precipitous sides of Mount Sinai. Upon approaching the summit, we saw the remains of sacrificial fires, where the Arabs had been sacrificing to Aaron. Winding around the platform from which springs the pillar-shaped peak of the mountain, we attained the summit. Here the Bedouin guide removed the sandals from his feet, took the guns from our hands, and placed his fingers upon his lips, to intimate that we should respect the sanctity of the place by silence. The solitude of the scene itself was imposing; the lofty summit, upon which we were standing, rose high and full above all the peaks of the surrounding range. Not a sound was heard but the moaning of the wind among the crags and crevices of the rocks, and in the whole prospect not a single tree or verdant spot of earth was to be seen. We advanced to the door of the mosque that crowns the mountain. For some time the guide resisted all our attempts to enter, being apparently unwilling to be accessary to the profanation of the shrine by our infidel presence. Impatient at his obstinate delay, I moved the pile of brushwood that obstructed the entrance, and entered the mosque. Immediately before the

entrance is a stone altar, which we found covered with a white cloth, stained with the blood of lambs; around the walls were suspended the usual offerings of ostrich eggs and beads. Upon the north end of the pavement of the mosque, we observed a staircase which led to the vaults beneath. With great difficulty we prevailed upon the Bedouin to kindle a light to descend into the dark and subterranean chamber, where lies the tomb of the prophet Aaron. We at last succeeded in firing a bunch of dry bushes, which, upon being thrown down the steps, cast a sufficient light to enable us to see our way. At the bottom of the steps we found a recess, on entering which we observed two iron gates swinging from the roof, at the further end. Removing these aside, we entered within the enclosure, and touched the tomb of the brother of Moses. Our feelings were of no ordinary character; we stood upon a spot, which history, tradition, and all human testimony, had established as the place where one of the chosen prophets of God had been ensepulchred by the divine command, in the presence of the mighty host that he was conducting to the promised land. We touched the ragged pall that covered the hallowed tomb, and turned away, feeling that we were upon a spot consecrated in the eyes of God and man, and which had been religiously respected and honoured by generation after generation of the children of the desert for uncounted ages—a spot revered alike by Jew, Christian, and Mussulman—the scene of an event, as has been remarked, the earliest in the annals of mankind to which an exact local identity can be assigned.

Mr. Morris's wanderings in the wilderness fell far short of forty years. Here follows the conclusion of his experience of desert life, and of his book:

I had now been sixty-five days in the desert. We had all become weary of the privations and fatigues of desert life, and, more than all, of the inanity and drowsiness of mind, which is produced by the absence of agreeable and diversified objects in nature. On the fourth day from Petra, we passed the ruins of several cities, which once stood upon the edge of the desert, and whose remains still strew its surface with fragments of ancient structures. Towards the evening of this day small patches of verdure were seen bespangling the sandy ocean around. The next day, the further we advanced, the verdure increased. On the sixth, the hills and valleys were clothed with a rich coat of grass, and flocks were seen grazing upon their pastures. On the seventh day, clusters of trees appeared, and we stopped by the side of well-beaten camel paths, to drink the limpid waters of mountain springs. Early in the afternoon, we came in sight of orchards of fig and olive trees, enclosed by stone walls, and the golden fruit of an orange grove was glowing in the rays of the sun, when, as we turned a sharp angle down the mountain, the towers and minarets of Hebron burst upon the view, glittering in the rays of the setting sun. Our sensations can be more easily imagined than described. After wandering for more than sixty days, in the most dangerous and unfrequented deserts of Arabia, we had now, once more, reached the confines of civilization. That night we exchanged the canvass of our tents for stone walls and good roofs, and once more resumed the habits of civilized life. We had followed very nearly in the track of the Israelites since leaving Egypt. We could conceive of the ecstatic joy with which they must have

hailed the first sight of the promised land, after forty years wandering in the mountainous deserts of Arabia Petræa, when they descried the then blooming plain of the Jordan from the mountains to the east of that river. We found it, like them, a land flowing with milk and honey; and to heighten the contrast with the dreary aridity of the desert, all nature was decked in the brightest livery of Spring—the valleys were covered with rising crops of grain and orange groves, while the hills were crowned with olive trees, and their sides covered to the topmost heights by vineyards. In this region, Abraham fed his flocks, and here are the sepulchres of Joseph, of Isaac, and of Jacob. We were now on the threshold of the Holy Land—of that land, whose historians are the inspired penmen of Scripture—that land which was selected as the abiding-place of the chosen people of God.

> "Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
> Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

At Hebron we parted with our trusty companions, the Arabs of the Desert, whom we had found constantly faithful to us, and ready to defend our persons and property at the risk of their lives. My experience of the Bedouins, as manifested in the character and conduct of the Arabs with whom I had travelled from Egypt, was very favourable, and I parted with them as old friends with whom I had formed an affectionate attachment. At Hebron, we exchanged our camels for mules. From Hebron, after a day's delay, we set out for Jerusalem. On the way we passed the reservoirs of Solomon, three large artificial basins of water, supplied from mountain springs, whence water is conveyed to Jerusalem by subterranean conduits.

His tour in Palestine occupies no part of the present publication. It is manifest, however, that go where he may, Mr. Morris will make good use of keen eyes, and transmit an attractive and instructive record. He must himself have profited much by visiting what he calls the fountain-heads of civilization. He has traversed Italy, where he tells us he first learnt the beauty of ancient art. In Greece he afterwards beheld the models which inspired the Roman artist. He thence crossed over into Egypt, from which letters and arts winged their way to Greece. On the banks of the Nile he tracked the progress of art in the stupendous and the magnificent. Among the rock-hewn temples of Lower Nubia, he formed the resolution to follow the arts into the wilderness of Arabia Petræa, "from which, according to Sir Isaac Newton, they had first emerged." This course of tracing and progress of study have stimulated our traveller; nor are our readers now without some of the pleasurable results of his tempting example. More we need not say or do in behalf of the present Notes.

ART. IV.—*Correspondence of John fourth Duke of Bedford; selected from the Originals at Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction by Lord* JOHN RUSSELL. Vol. II. Longman.

THIS second volume is much more interesting than the first; because the period it includes was more stirring, while several of the writers and public characters are more fully developed and clearly seen; the elder Pitt being one of those who are kept very frequently on the stage,—a figure sufficient from its dimensions and stately movements to command extraordinary notice. The letters in this part of the collection extend from 1749 to 1760, closing soon after the death of George the Second. These last eleven years of the King's life were characterized by the most disgraceful Whig intrigues and party fights; nor does the Correspondence fail to exhibit the meanness and the base ambition which actuated many of the prominent men during that bustling passage of the nation's history. One thing is certain, that the well-being of the people at large, was not only not seriously thought of, but scarcely professed to be a motive of action, the fashion therein differing widely from that which obtains at the present day, when statesmen find themselves constrained to express at least an unwavering and sustaining regard for the general good, even by the sacrifice of their own.

The volume before us presents a considerable amount of diplomatic correspondence while the Duke of Bedford was Secretary of State, principally addressed to the ambassadors at Paris and Madrid; these papers being purely of an official character, and possessing little more to attract attention than any other formal documents of the sort where nothing of novelty occurs. The letters of principal importance and interest are those from Rigby and Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, written between the period when Bedford was turned out of office through the intrigues of the Duke of Newcastle in the year 1751, and his return to power in 1757 as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. To this class may also be joined the correspondence touching public affairs and personages, written whilst the Duke filled the Irish viceroyalty. There are also several of strictly a domestic, as well as others of a private, order, that have distinct features in them, and more or less of information.

The letters of Richard Rigby and Henry Fox were worth preserving. They are full of character, abound with facts that are interesting, and afford a variety in respect of views which renders them rich. Rigby throughout the volume was the great man's principal correspondent. He held a sort of office in the Duke's establishment; it being his duty to communicate to his patron the necessary political intelligence of the day, and all kinds of social gossip. He had also to take the Duke's part in his absence, as well as to assist

him in the intrigues which even the honest master of Woburn could not well avoid recurring to; it being convenient to remain unseen in the dirtier pieces of work. Then it was that the *blushing Rigby*, as Junius dubbed him, employing the term in the same sense that *honest* is given to Iago, was especially needed. He was a good specimen of the public men of the time. He was an unscrupulous political trader; was frank and jovial, speaking out whatever he thought with the freedom of innocence, and loving his wine so well that after his Irish appointment as secretary to the Duke, he says the ladies called him "a good four-bottle man."

Rigby had good natural parts,—quick, clever, and strong-headed. But he was without cultivation. Such, at any rate, is the character which Walpole gave of him, and his letters are confirmatory of the sketch. He was also kind hearted, but without independence of spirit. To the Duke and the Bedford family, however, he was devoted; and therefore could not but figure in the present correspondence. The occasional letters of Fox are also important. He was likewise serviceable, but it was in a higher sphere than Rigby either could act or perhaps aspired to; being a coadjutor rather than a mere servant ever at command. What he writes is plain and vigorous, not without furnishing evidence of taste and cultivation, but shunning all affectation and display.

We have indicated that the elder Pitt is the grand figure in the volume, although his appearances may not be so frequent as those of some others. He it is, however, that impresses himself most forcibly on the reader's mind, in spite of all the hard things said or insinuated of him; these being uttered at times by professed friend as well as foe. Even Rigby did not speak of him but with a kind of reverence, however willing he might have been to serve and to please the Duke by disparaging the great rival. *Impracticability* might be a fitting word, but no man dared to charge Pitt with base or crooked acts. The following is the style in which his Grace of Bedford writes to his Duchess on the eve of the ministry of '56.

I am just returned hither from Kensington, my dearest love, and have received positive orders from the King not to go out of town till after a meeting of the Lords of the Cabinet, and other principal persons, which cannot be before to-morrow night, at Devonshire House, in order to propose a plan to Mr. Pitt, upon which an administration can be settled, which if not agreed to by him we are to go on without him; and indeed when I come to relate to you, the impracticability of this man, it will amaze you. I hope to be with you certainly by twelve or one o'clock on Thursday. I was in with the King this morning, and most graciously received, though I found his Majesty in great wrath, and that I think with reason, for the cavalier treatment he has received from Mr. Pitt. If your brother comes to Woburn time enough to be at Devonshire House to-morrow night, you are desired to send him up. Adieu, my dearest love. B.

Active negotiations were at this time on foot to bring about a reconciliation between Fox and Pitt. But these were fruitless. The latter has been charged with cavalierly refusing the co-operation, and the former appears to have entertained strong motives for declining what was offered by the King. He writes to the duke:

I think peace and quiet this session as necessary to this country, as ever a night's sleep was to a man dying with a fever. No system in which I am a minister can be carried on without great contention. And by a combination of circumstances obvious to your Grace, I cannot be a minister (without the Duke of Newcastle, &c., and against Pitt, &c.), without being *the prime* minister.

I am not capable of it. Richelieu, were he alive, could not guide the councils of a nation, if (which would be my case) he could not from November to April have above two hours in four-and-twenty to think of anything but the House of Commons.

I should not be an honest man if I attempted, at a nation's risk, a task that no man alive can be equal to.

I return to where I begun; there is in this arrogant and foolish scheme, peace in the House of Commons, and therefore I am for it. That they will admit of no other and better with the same advantage of quiet to the nation, is my grief, not my fault. But if Pitt will have it that either he or I must be dishonest and mad, let it be him that is so, and for the sake of the public, let me assist to make his arrogance of as little detriment to the public as possible.

Fox's letters contain several good anecdotes, and morsels of gossip; but Rigby's habits and character give him precedence in this respect. Here is an excellent specimen:

I was told to-day, as a great secret, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke had quarrelled violently upon the disposal of the Great Seal, and proceeded to coarse language with each other. It is no secret that his Grace and Mr. Pitt are for ever at variance and distrust with each other. Pitt found there was a lie between his Grace and Legge, and brought them face to face to find it out; and when Legge's superior cunning had lodged it upon the Duke, he frankly confessed he believed it was his *mistake*. Pitt accordingly never parts with him without recapitulating all that has passed, and begging he will make none of his mistakes.

The *great* Pitt has been severely accused for joining Newcastle, whom he had covered with scorn; but it appears from the anecdote quoted that the stately and *impracticable* man did not form an alliance in which Newcastle's *mistakes* would be tolerated.

Rigby being the predominating correspondent, and the most entertaining, our extracts will of course be most copiously drawn from his letters. The jovial spirit of the man, his strong common sense, his worldly knowledge, and the equal importance he appears to have set upon matters of the most trivial moment with those of the greatest, render whatever he says or reports the reverse of unpleasant

or tedious. He goes straightforward to his subject, looks things pleasantly in the face, and speaks of them as he finds them, or feels at the moment, without finesse or circumlocution. How he tried to wash away Fox's sorrow,—

Dick has told you all the little intelligence this dull town afforded to the date of his leaving it, that the æra of my further information is but short. I dined the day he left it at Holland House, where, though I drank claret with the master of it from dinner till two o'clock in the morning, I could not wash away the sorrow he is in at the shocking condition his eldest boy is in, a distemper they call *Sanvitoss dance* (I believe I spell it damnably), but it is a convulsion that I think must kill him.

The report of the Countess of Pembroke's intention to marry Captain Bernard.

He is turned of forty (a very respectable age, I allow), but not just that I should have imagined the proudest, the most self-interested, the stateliest Dame of Quality would have sacrificed all her dignity to: for I imagine no monarch that reigns over three kingdoms, and has a hunting-box in another country besides, will ever condescend to let Mrs. Bernard be of his parties of *pleasure*. My Lady Townsend, who I saw at Lady Bath's assembly last night, says more good things upon this event than my paper would hold, if my memory was good enough to remember them. She told me, she had already engaged her captain against my Lord's death, lest they should be all picked up.

Mr. Fox is at Southampton, dipping his boy to no purpose. I am afraid, by a melancholy letter I saw from him yesterday, his good deceased mother-in-law has taken care, by her will, to show to what purpose he has paid so much court to her, and how sincerely she was reconciled to him, by not mentioning him in it.

The curt way in which Rigby estimated Temple's capabilities:—

And now, my Lord, as I understand from the Duke of Devonshire, to whom Lord Hardwicke had communicated the contents of a long audience, things remain settled thus—

Duke of Newcastle	Treasury
Pitt	Secretary
Holderness	Ditto.
Fox	Paymaster
Anson	Admiralty
Dorset, or Rochford	Pensioned

Temple, as put down in the paper showed to the King, ——— a place.

Temple's insolence:

I cannot forbear telling you Lord Temple pressed him some days ago very strongly for a pardon for Mr. Byng: his Majesty persevered, and told his Lordship flatly he thought him guilty of cowardice in the action, and therefore could not break his word they had forced him to give to his people—to

pardon no delinquents. His Lordship walked up to his nose, and, *sans autre cérémonie*, said, What shall you think if he dies courageously? His Majesty stifled his anger, and made him no reply. I think I never heard of such insolence.

A curious robbery:

Though it is eleven o'clock, I must tell you of the most curious of all robberies that was committed last night. A Mrs. Hodges, of Hanover Square, got into her coach at the playhouse; and from under the seat of the coach, as it was going along, up jumps a thief, and with a pistol in his hand demands her money and jewels, and orders her, upon pain of instant death, to stop her coach at a certain place and let him out, and wish him good night; all which she complied with, and he carried off a thousand pounds' worth of her jewels.

A piece of history to Rigby's liking:

I must divert your Grace with a piece of history that I stumbled upon since I saw you, and which I hope will make the Duchess of Bedford laugh. During the civil wars, your Grace will remember that the two Universities sent their plate to King Charles the First. Cromwell intended to have surprised and seized the Cambridge plate upon the road, but failing in his attempt, he was so exasperated that he seized some of the heads of the houses and sent them prisoners to London, and afterwards they were confined on board a ship in the Thames; while they were there, Cromwell threatened to transport them to America, which one Mr. Rigby hearing of, bargained with a merchant to sell them for slaves in the colonies, and actually petitioned the House of Commons for leave to do so. I believe your Grace and I are acquainted with one of that name who would readily deal in such merchandise, and to a good purchaser would readily throw a Chancellor of one of the Universities into the bargain.

The sort of news which the *blushing* Richard longed for:—

Pray send me all domestic intelligence you can get, whether Legge or his wife is to be a Peer, or Barrington or his wife Chancellor of the Exchequer; for, till we are conquered by the French, I can't help caring much more for the domestic intelligence of St. James's parish than for all the foreign ones from the four quarters of the world. And when we are entirely subjected, it is a hundred to one but I endeavour to find out who is well with Madame de Pompadour. I must observe before I conclude, that it will be damned impertinent in the French to disturb the union and harmony which by the blessing of God, is so happily established amongst us, his Majesty's faithful subjects in Ireland. So my dear Sir Robert, drink "the glorious and immortal memory!"

A sample of the gossip he delighted in:—

. . . a very fine vulgar story of the King of France having taken Lady Coventry into keeping, and Lord Montford's having sent for Madame Pompadour. Lord Pulteney is certainly going to be married to Miss Gunter Nicholls; they are at Scarborough together, have been at Castle Howard, since everything was fixed; where Lady Carlisle observed, the lady must

have as much humility as money to bear such an address. Mr. Fox told it to me as a good thing, and as she is a friend of the Duchess, I transmit it to you.

Rigby's report of a cricket match:—

The next morning the Etonians were to go in for a hundred and odd, and lost by thirty-four notches. He tells me they are all sulky and out of humour with one another, that the *nobility* played remarkably ill, particularly Duke of Kingston and Lord Howe, who stopped behind and missed catches and let balls pass by, &c.; that Dick played himself on the other side, batted pretty well and made one good catch, but missed two or three, and let the balls pass him sadly, so that Taafe carries another man in his place against Saturday, and, in short, thinks himself almost sure of all the matches.

As soon as he finds himself in Ireland he begins to read the character of the people distinctly, seeing the leading points, and presenting the essential and intrinsic in his rough sketches. It is remarkable how like his picture of the nation is, as viewed at that day, with what would most probably now be drawn, were he alive to be the artist.

Perhaps I need not tell you that there is a general indisposition to the people of England from those in Ireland: that they are unwilling to acknowledge the dependency of this on the British L—sl—re; and that they are all bred up in a settled antipathy to the superiority of the latter. Notwithstanding this I would not be thought as imagining that there is any settled plan for the asserting an Ind—p—cy; but to be uneasy in their present state, and to express amongst themselves this uneasiness, is the turn and fashion of the upper sort of people, and is caught from them downwards. I apprehend, too, that Pr—ts—ts in this particular are as culpable as Pa—p—ts.

This last extract may serve to introduce the subject of the Duke of Bedford as viceroy of Ireland, which, upon the whole, was a creditable passage of his life. He might want vigour, but he was as honest as he well could be, and intended impartial justice, without having respect to parties; he might lack ability, but his desire was to ameliorate the laws under which the Roman Catholics were placed, at the same time setting his face against jobbing. But he was unequal to the task, and betook himself to the only practicable method he could devise for getting on, and that was to play off one party against the others, bribing the most powerful to keep down the rest.

We have invited attention to Rigby's account of the Irish people; let us now cite the Primate's description of the state of things in 1758.

The substance and the manners of this country are not to be estimated by the efforts towards luxury and splendour made by a few in the Metropolis. The bulk of the people are not regularly either lodged, clothed, or fed. And

those things which in England are called necessaries of life are to us only accidents; and we can, and in many places do, subsist without them. The estates have risen within these thirty years to near double the value, but the condition of the occupiers of the land is not better than it was before that increase; nor can I imagine any resource for raising money here but by an immediate tax upon the land. The monstrous debt of England, and the facility with which such sums are seemingly raised every year, is a problem far beyond my comprehension, and which I heartily wish I may never live to see solved.

It could not, any more than in the year 1848, be an easy thing to rule Ireland when the Duke of Bedford undertook the office of Lord Lieutenant, in 1758. Lord Granville, however, who had himself been viceroy, had a simple recipe:—

Everybody here, except Lord Granville, seems to think the situation of parties in Ireland such as must put your Grace under great difficulties: Lord Granville sees nothing in it that should give your Grace any trouble. I therefore (not at all able to obviate what I am afraid may happen) shall choose to send your Grace Lord Granville's thoughts, rather than my own, which are too much puzzled to conclude in any opinion.

His Lordship says your Grace has nothing to do but to let them dash their loggerheads together, and to transmit whatever nonsense they may cook up to England to be rejected, remaining quietly and coolly at the Castle till with the last transmiss of bills your Grace desires leave to come away, and humbly to recommend to his Majasty such persons as your Grace shall choose to leave in the government during your absence; which being complied with, you may, he says, come away with dignity, and settle at Bedford House with him and others of the Cabinet upon what foot you can with like dignity return, and with what prospect of success go to hold another Parliament.

The introduction to this volume by Lord John Russell is, so far as it goes, a satisfactory performance. It is not lengthy, but it has the force of truth in it, and the distinctness of a writer who is perfectly at home with his subject. The historical notices, the sketches of characters, and estimates of persons, furnish a very clear outline of the period to which the letters relate. Here is an unquestionably correct account of the Irish parliament:—

The Parliament of that country was a jobbing aristocracy, banded into different parties, without much, if any, distinction of principle. The English Government used their patronage to purchase a majority. But the mouths of one party were no sooner stopped by pensions and places, than another rose to complain of profusion in the name of their country, and to ask for new extravagance in their own. A fresh purchase only led to fresh pretensions, and the very pensioners themselves had the effrontery to exclaim against the burthens of which their own faction and corruption had been the cause.

As a specimen of Lord John's skill in drawing characters, take this sketch and estimate of the elder Pitt:—

Mr. Pitt, with all his great qualities, was ill fitted to influence the votes of the House of Commons. It was not only that he could not stoop to dishonest arts; he did not possess, or would not exert, the honest qualities of conciliation and forbearance. Hence, in the course of his long life, though he often captivated the nation, he never led a political party, nor was he ever the efficient head of the Ministry. His only connexions were with a part of his own family; for even the "cousins" did not permanently act with him: at one time he was opposed to Lyttleton, at another to George Grenville, and for a considerable period a breach with Lord Temple broke off another intimate connexion. When he came to form a Ministry himself, he produced that curious mixture of which Mr. Burke says—"He made an Administration so chequered and speckled: he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed—a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic—such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, King's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on."

This strange jumble of parties was no accident, but was the natural result of his character. He had no party attachments, and no fixed principles. He cared as little for the employment of Hanover troops and the engagements of subsidiary treaties as he cared for the Walpole connexion or the so-styled patriots: he was ready to be for or against any measure, or any man, as his temper and judgment inclined him at the moment. What he really possessed, and what others wanted, was a high sense of personal honour and national independence—a resolute heart in council, and a powerful understanding for great emergencies.

These qualities fitted him exactly for a colleague of Newcastle; who had the qualities which Pitt wanted—a knowledge of the characters of public men, and a sense of the necessity of a party standard to which they could rally.

Lord John bears rather too hardly against Pitt by saying that he had no fixed principles. He had the principle not to cringe or to shuffle, and above all, the principle not to forget the people. Before taking leave of Ireland and the functionaries who held office during Bedford's viceroyalty, we have to cite a specimen of Rigby's correspondence when Secretary, to be found in the editor's introduction. Sir Robert Wilmot was at the time at the head of the Irish department in London, and to him the Irish Secretary addressed a number of letters. These are now in the possession of the present Sir R. Wilmot, and have been put into the hands of Lord John, who quotes portions of them. They must be rich effusions, especially when illustrating Irish jovial life, or when detailing the four-bottle scenes in which the writer figured. It would seem that Rigby had been so far indiscreet in his cups as to cause complaint. He generally has a ready method of laying all blame that may attach to him, to the claret; but this is the mode in which he defends himself in the case of the drunken story alluded to:—

Now for the drunken story. It is very certain Mr. Pery and I have once dined together since I came to Ireland; and it is as true that we liked one another well enough not to part till near three in the morning, long before which time the company was reduced to a tête-a-tête, except one other, drunk and asleep in a corner of the room. Who, therefore, has been accurate enough to remember the whole conversation, I cannot imagine: but you may assure yourself their ingenuity much exceeds their veracity. I have never heard or seen any symptoms of anger from Kildare or Malone from that night's jollity, till I read it in your letter this morning. We both, I believe, made free with the times, as people in high spirits and in their cups are apt to do; but I really believe, was I to show it to him, Pery would be as much surprised as I am, to hear that our fun was made matter for serious discourse or deliberation.

I am much obliged to you, my dear Sir Robert, for sending me, however, all these stories: I am as much entertained, and can laugh at them more, than those that invent them. I know that a Secretary is lawful game for everybody to fly at.

Lord John cherishes a very natural partiality towards the memory of the Duke, and would not have it that he carried a cold heart. We, however, do not think that his answer to the Hon. Mrs. Osborn, sister of Admiral Byng, indicates much sympathy or warmth, when that lady importuned his Grace to exert his interest to obtain a pardon for her brother. The letter is as cold and formal as diplomacy:

Woburn Abbey, 6th February, 1757.

Madam—I am but just able through extreme weakness of my right hand, occasioned by the gout, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. All I can at present say in answer to it is, that in case his Majesty shall be pleased to refer the sentence of the court-martial to the Cabinet Council, nothing but absolute incapacity on account of health shall prevent my attending it; and shall be very happy if, upon a short examination into the proceedings of the court-martial, I shall find myself at liberty to adopt those sentiments of mercy which that court has so strongly recommended to his Majesty; as no one has a more real regard for yourself, and Lord Torrington and his family, than myself. I am, &c.

BEDFORD.

A few more miscellaneous scraps may not be unwelcome. In the first volume of the Correspondence we had evidence of the Duke's appreciation of the merits of Fielding. The following testifies in the same direction:—

My Lord,—The protection which I have been honoured with receiving at the hands of your Grace, and the goodness which you was pleased to express some time since towards me, embolden me to mention to your Grace the place of solicitor to the excise is now vacant by the death of Mr. Selwyn. I hope no person is better qualified for it, and I assure you, my Lord, none shall execute it with more fidelity. I am at this moment busied in endeavouring to suppress a dangerous riot, or I would have personally

waited on your Grace, to solicit a favour which will make me and my family completely happy. I am &c. H. FIELDING.

Alderman Beckford appears to have gauged very nicely the value and acceptableness of venison and turtle to corporations:—

I took the liberty to send a turtle, as it seemed very excellent in its kind. Your Grace's kind intention of sending warrants for two bucks, will be gratefully acknowledged. Venison is always acceptable to corporations where the members are above the commonalty and not too numerous. The gentlemen of Sarum seem not much averse to the transfer of my interest to my brother, and I am in hopes two or three meetings of jollity and good entertainment will fix him in their esteem. I scarcely know a more disinterested set of men in the kingdom.

As I have always entertained a high opinion of your abilities and way of thinking in public affairs, this consideration will, I hope, plead an excuse for my presumption in looking upon you as a friend; according to Cicero's rule, "Idem sentire de republica initium est amicitæ."

But to conclude, here is a specimen of the Second George's discourse and favourite topics:—

They told of a great many pretty stories; talked of Vernon's walking-match, which the King said he could easily have done formerly, for he was once a very strong man, though now grown old and good for nothing; much about Woburn,—what sort of a place it was, and how we passed our time there; lamented as a friend Lord Gower's love of play; and expressed his concern for Weymouth's losses, who, he heard, never kept company with any women, and therefore could not be a good kind of man, and loved nothing but play and drinking strong beer. Poor Weymouth! but Madame la Générale did his character justice. He would willingly have had a little politics, by asking what the town said, if people were in good humour, and such sort of leading questions; but our Betty has not lived at court so long without knowing who is to be trusted. But now comes the compliment of all; for his Majesty told the Princess, *that woman has had three children, and yet she looks like a virgin.* The Princess, in charity to Lady Yarmouth, should make her a present of her own deafness.

Lady Yarmouth was the king's mistress.

ART. V.

1. *The Smiths.* By the Author of the "The Maid's Husband," &c. T. C. Newby.
2. *Oakleigh; or, The Minor of Great Expectations.* By W. H. M. HOLMES, Esq. T. C. Newby.
3. *Ben Bradshawe, or the Man without a Head.* Newby.
4. *The Barnabys in America.* By MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 vols. Colburn.

MR. NEWBY displays remarkable spirit and tact among our most fecund bibliopoles. The quality as well as the number of the books

he issues entitles him to particular notice. In the department of fiction he has been taking a distinguished rank; and no doubt authors and readers will continue to be attracted by the promise of his name; so that according to the ordinary laws of progression and concentration we may look forward to coming enlargement and firmer establishment of character in the sphere of exertion which he has chosen. There passeth not a month in which we might not be pleasantly occupied with several new works to which his name is affixed; and were it not that numerous and diversified are the other claims which press upon us, we should endeavour to keep more nearly at a parallel pace with him, than, according to our present arrangements and duties, it is possible to accomplish. In the meanwhile we briefly notice three of the many good novels which Mr. Newby has recently sent forth, satisfied that even during the trip-inviting weather that has set in, the glorious tempered days of September, and all the mellowed beauties of nature with which autumn teems, there will be found in them much to amuse and delight, and something for earnest thought.

"The Smiths" is one of the best of those domestic and homely novels that we have met with, for it pictures with no common degree of fidelity common life, all done in a neat, simple, and easy style. It is a book that merits the perusal of mothers as well as daughters; for while it sets before them scenes, occasions, and characters that must be encountered in similar or modified shapes, by almost every woman in England who moves in the middling spheres, it imperceptibly, by the judicious treatment and the healthful sentiment of the author, guides to useful reflection. The best that we can say of the work in half-a-dozen of words is this, that it will entice each and all of the Smiths to reperusals, and with experienced profit as well as enhanced pleasure.

The nature of the story may be indicated in a few sentences. An uncle Smith, by a wilful codicil, bequeaths to his nephew Henry,—a Smith also, of course,—a large fortune, but conditionally, for he must marry his cousin "Bessie" Smith, else go next to penniless. Harry, however, gets to college, mingles with persons who have aristocratic appellation and birth, is smit with aspiring notions, and resolves not to have his cousin on any terms.

Mrs. Smith, Elizabeth's mother, lives in a different part of the country. Mrs. Smith is an active, busy, clever, match-making, and fortune-hunting personage. She is by no means unmindful of her daughter's interests, but identifies them so completely with the possession of gold and silver, as to favour the wooing of a neighbouring bachelor, a Mr. Waldron, who, together with certain eccentricities, happens to be on the wrong side of fifty. Bessie's feelings and wishes are not consulted: Bessie is a sweet, amiable, unaffected girl,—a girl of great propriety too; Bessie would rather be courted by a young man, although he had not a coin in his pocket. Still

Benedict and the managing Mrs. Smith draw wondrously well together. The day arrives when he brings himself to the point of making a declaration,—alacrity being the more necessary, because Bessie is on the eve of paying a visit of some duration to a friend at a distance. To afford an idea of the quiet yet discriminating and living power of the author, we cite a part of the scene on the first declaration.

"You and Bessie seem emulating each other in taciturnity," said Mrs. Smith.

"Neither, m'em," replied Mr. Walrond with an assumed smartness in his tone, and he looked round with a self-satisfied air as he again repeated "neither."

"I should think not," was all Mrs. Smith said in return.

But the question still remained how to act. He felt that the longer he stayed the worse it became. There was something so exceedingly attractive in Bessie's quiet way, and in the manner Mrs. Smith now led on the conversation, something so satisfactory and assuring—that without detecting the power—the thraldom that subdued him, he began to ask himself what would be the harm supposing he was engaged to "Bessie" dear.

Mrs. Smith saw it all, and took her advantage. Bessie was despatched by some simple desire uttered on the part of her mother, the spontaneous offer to gratify which Mrs. Smith knew would at least occupy her till the point might be settled.

"Mrs. Smith, you must have long seen, I say, Mrs. Smith, my admiration,—nay my ardent affection for your daughter." He paused, but before he had time to recover from the effort he had made, it was received by Mrs. Smith with one of her most winning bows, followed up by a cheerful laugh, and she said,—

"Do not take the trouble, Mr. Walrond, to confess your fault, for your sin has been ever before me. I have, I assure you, long seen it all; and now as your father confessor, I must e'en give you absolution. You have mine, if you can gain Bessy's consent to your wishes."

"And may I ask you, Mrs. Smith,—may I ask your candid opinion on the subject?"

"Do you think it a fair question?"

"Fair in love, my dear ma'am." And Mrs. Smith laughed in concert with him at the jocose application.

"The dear child's departure so near," said Mrs. Smith, the first to regain her sobriety, "and it is now so out of the question to put the journey off. Suppose we leave this, in no important state of the case (all things considered), till her return. I pity your uncertainty, my good sir; but what can I do?"

It was evident she expected a reply, and after some hesitation Mr. Walrond rejoined:

"I could have wished, ma'am, I confess, to have cleared off scores as we went. Long and perseveringly have I struggled against my fate; but it has been too many for me; and yet how it has got the better of me I cannot tell." Neither was Mrs. Smith here disposed to help him. "I attribute it to

causes too minute to canvass, that have contributed to my present destiny. The change in my life about to take place will, I trust, not be unpleasant to me."

"Poor Bessie!" was again on Mrs. Smith's lips; but she repressed the perplexing inquiry of how Bessie had achieved this extraordinary preferment as he continued,—

"I have now but one steady course to pursue,—to give up my cure into her blessed hands; and I make no doubt she will readily and conscientiously fulfil her duty."

"Of that you may rest assured," said Mrs. Smith, catching at the word conscientiously. "Bessie is a very conscientious little body."

We always feel regret, when anxious to recommend a composition of the present sort, and especially when calling in the aid of illustrative extracts, at finding that our space cannot admit of the length of the desired and fitting specimens. We have therefore to comfort ourselves by means of a hope that confidence will be reposed in our opinion, and credit lent to our word, be it in praise or condemnation. Accordingly we go on to state that Bessie pays her visit, and, strangely lucky, meets at the house of her friend Henry himself, the appointed husband by the uncle's will. But then both are ignorant of the relationship, so that their love-making is not marred by any forethought, prepossession, or arbitrary fancy. They meet as unheard-of strangers, but Henry is not only soon brought to revolt at the thoughts of his cousin more and more, but to declare by letter to Bessie, that she alone shall be his.

Bessie has not been many weeks at home with her mother again, when an advertisement appears in the papers, lending Mrs. Smith some insight with regard to the uncle's will, and promising a handsome reward to any one who could give information where Elizabeth is to be found. The mother now hurries to London, and to the solicitor's. It so happens that Henry is there also, but does not recognise his beloved, veiled and shaded as she is. The young man is prepared to subscribe a formal relinquishment of Bessie and the uncle's conditional bequest together. The lady's agitation and fainting fit occurs opportunely; a full discovery is made, and all ends happily.

The simple yet well contrived plot brings in its train, or is garnished by the author's ability and taste, with a vast deal of pleasant things which we cannot in the remotest degree indicate. But we may close our recommendatory notice with a portion of the scene at the solicitor's chambers.

Henry was still amusing himself with the cast of Lord Byron; as it were learning every feature of the poet by heart. Mrs. Smith counted the tassels of the fringe that appertained to some part of her dress, or examined closely the open work of her handkerchief.

"Your signature will be necessary first, Mr. Smith," said Mr. ———;

"Miss Smith's on this deed will follow after it." He looked steadily at him. "You are now called on to put your signature to this agreement, which separates you from your cousin, makes you a poor man, and what you receive is a deed of gift."

"Give me the pen."

"I think Mr. ———, that Miss Smith is ill. Speak, dearest, speak. May I request you to open the window? Help, help—she falls! Oh, God, my child is dead, and it is I—I who have killed her!"

The veil was thrown up, the bonnet taken off.

"How you stand, my dear Sir," said Mr. ———, bustling about in the greatest fright, and doing what he could. "Never mind the sighing just now, the lady has fainted."

"I cannot help it," with a sarcastic curl of the lip, which expressed as plainly as look could explain that if such a trap as that was got up to influence him, it had completely failed in its purpose.

"The lady is fainting, I tell you; go, I beseech you, or send off my clerk for a doctor."

Henry was now standing transfixed at the fainting girl; not lying on her bed of heath, but clothed in black, and resting on a large horse-hair sofa, very like a bier, and herself even looking more death-like than when he had first seen her. What could it mean? How could it be proved that his sweet Bessie was Elizabeth Smith the horrid drummer-girl?

But it was so, nevertheless. Bessie shortly recovers. The parties immediately recognise each other, and the two lovers are made happy.

"Oakleigh; or the Minor of Great Expectations," has a good deal of the *historical* in it. The story is laid in that most exciting period of Ireland's annals,—the rebellion of 1798. The hero, after a due course of education in England, returns to his old, singular Irish uncle, and takes up his residence at the Abbey. He is soon installed as agent, steward, and right-hand man to the oddity, attending fairs, and transacting all sorts of business both abroad and at home. The insurrection breaks out, and Oakleigh obtains a commission in the army. But, in the course of a variety and a labyrinth of circumstances, he is thrown among the rebels. He gets arrested by mistake, and is so sickened through the brutal treatment of the minions of Government, that he heart and hand joins the United Irishmen. But treachery baffles their first plans, and Oakleigh contrives to effect an escape to France. Here he enters into the French service and is ordered on the expedition under Humbert, that invades Ireland, being present at the various battles fought, and a party in all the movements, till the expedition is obliged to surrender. He is made prisoner, and having been recognised by a rival is sentenced to die, but is saved by the devotion of the heroine and her cousin. At length they reach a vessel, and the story closes with them on their voyage to America.

The story has much to recommend it, not merely as a work of imagination, but as a portraiture of the period in which it is planted.

It might be objected that Mr. Holmes postpones his main story by scenes and tales, though good in themselves, that do not necessarily bear upon his plot, nor are any way necessary as illustrations. The contrivance and linking together even of that plot is not done with the most perfectly harmonising skill: the performance is frequently in parts, and coming in pieces, rather than marching combinedly and statelily along. But still it is a performance of very high merit. It presents great variety; many portions have uncommon rapidity and natural force of action; striking are the situations; the lineaments of the actors are strongly drawn, and yet with a rare degree of verisimilitude; and the interest in the fortunes of the principal characters, several of them familiar to the reader of our annals, never lags, but gathers strength to the end. If the reader wishes strictly to test Mr. Holmes's ability and the extent of his success, better cannot be done than to try him as the historical painter of the manners and madness of the United Irishmen, as compared with the discipline of the French troops. In this part of the work he will be pronounced a master; and one that most happily blends with character and incident, descriptions of the beautiful, the imposing, and even of the grotesque.

We must now afford room for two or three specimens, beginning with a scene which immediately follows the event of Oakleigh having been thrown into the society of the rebels. He takes his leave of a rather uproarious dining party in company with one Lieut. Brasfort, who had been previously an entire stranger to the young hero of the tale.

As we rode onwards the night became darker, and the wind rushed in wild gusts over the wastes.

"You have heard of the Defenders?" said Brasfort.

I replied in the affirmative.

"And you have heard of the United Men also, know the rules of the society, I'll be bound, and the signs, marks, and tokens," said Brasfort, as if thinking aloud.

"If you are speaking to me, Mr. Brasfort," said I, "I beg to inform you I neither belong to any secret society, nor do I wish to become acquainted with men who are not staunch supporters of our glorious constitution."

"Halt! stand and deliver," shouted several hoarse voices, and we were suddenly surrounded by a gang of men, armed with guns and pistols.

"Fodaballah," said Brasfort hastily.

"Pass on friends," replied one of the gang, and the next moment we rode as quietly along the road as if nothing had happened.

Greatly surprised at this adventure, I turned to Brasfort, and demanded some explanation. He treated the whole affair as a jest.

"You're a stranger in this country," said he, "but when you know the people as well as I do, you won't mind these trifles."

"But the men were armed," said I.

"Perhaps they were yeomen in disguise," said Brasfort.

"You spoke to them," said I.

"I did so. I gave them the usual salutation the farmers give their men, when they meet them at night."

"Will you be so kind as to repeat it again?" said I, "it may be useful to me."

"Most willingly," replied Brasfort, "but, my young friend, here we are at cross roads; my road lies to the left, yours straight forward,"—he put spurs to his horse, and—"Good night, good night," cried he, galloping away into the gloom, whilst I continued my route towards the Abbey. I had ridden about a mile, endeavouring to solve the mystery of Brasfort's words, when my trusty steed came to a halt, and stood stock still in the centre of the road, his head stretched forward, and his ears cocked.

"What do you see, old fellow?" said I, encouraging him to advance, and at the same time endeavouring to discover if any obstacle lay before us or obstructed the road. The clouds having cleared a little, a few rays of starlight struggled through the breaking masses, and I presently discovered several country cars and carts placed across the road, about thirty paces from me. While I contemplated this barricade, two men emerged from its shade, and pronounced a word, which I supposed to be one of their pass words, and I responded Fodaballah, happily remembering Brasfort's word; and open sesame could not have been more successful.

"Pass on, friend," said one of the men, advancing to the barrier, from which he drew a cart, and permitted me to ride quietly through the midst of some forty armed men, drawn up behind this singular obstruction.

"May we expect the General to night?" said my conductor, touching his hat respectfully.

Again I repeated the pass word and waved my hand impatiently.

"It's himself," said one of the men to my conductor.

"Silence, No. 10," replied the leader; and then added, "This is a cold night for your excellency to ride without a great coat, and if I might make so free as to offer you my own, it would be the proudest action of my life."

To commit myself by speaking to this man might have been attended with serious consequences; I evidently owed my present safety to some egregious mistake, and finding the man persisted in offering me his coat, I accepted it.

"Long may you wear it," said he, as I rode forward possessed of a comfortable garment, and blessing my lucky stars in having got clear of the second gang.

I now resolved to follow Brasfort's advice, and put spurs to my horse, and for this purpose was gathering up my reins when I heard my own name pronounced by a well-known voice close behind me.

"Mr. Oakleigh," said the old fowler, as he stepped forward with his gun under his arm, "they find they have made a mistake, quit the road and ride for your life."

Having thanked the fowler for his friendly hint, I put my steed upon his mettle, cleared a ditch by the roadside, and galloped along the elastic turf for some distance. Presently the country became more difficult, the ground being interspersed with rocks, rivulets, roots of trees, and brambles. I would have pulled up and proceeded at a more guarded pace, had

Whitefoot (a name he derived from a singular white streak or ring round one of his slender fetlocks) permitted it. The little horse seemed wide awake to the danger of our situation; he dashed through thick and thin with the bit between his teeth, and from the confidence with which he scrambled through places of the most dangerous description,—now passing within a hair's breadth of a deep marl pit, anon stepping lightly from tuft to tuft over a shaking quagmire, then leaping to a deep brook almost concealed with ferns and furze,—I felt assured this was not the first night's gallop he had taken over the same line of country, and that his former master had been, as I afterwards heard, connected with a band of smugglers.

Having now gained the uplands, and left our pursuers far behind, I succeeded in pulling up Whitefoot for a few minutes; the clouds had dispersed, and the moon shed her light around, as the wild cries of the curlew and plover, and occasionally the deep boom of the bittern, broke the silence of the night; but presently other sounds fell upon my ear, and the shouts of men came upon the wind from a hill side round which I intended to pass. It required the greatest circumspection on my part to advance towards this hill without being perceived. I therefore approached it leisurely, keeping as much as possible in the shade of some high thorn hedges. I soon discovered a large body of men, amounting to several thousands, drawn up in battle array from the hill side; and the shouting I had heard was raised by their officers, whom I now distinctly heard giving the word of command, as they exercised their men. I was now almost close to the base of the hill, and sheltered by some elder bushes and the wall of a ruined house, I pulled up my steed, and continued to observe the evolutions of this body of men. Two horsemen rode rapidly along the ranks, cantered down the hill, and halted a few paces from the spot in which I was concealed.

They spoke with anger and impatience, especially one man, who was muffled in a cloak.

"He will not come to night," said he, "and we have got up the parade for nothing."

"The more parades the better," replied his companion.

"Confound these pikemen of yours," said the first speaker; "they embarrass one another, and get into confusion every five minutes."

"Never mind, we'll soon have them as well drilled as your own Light Bobs."

"By Jove, you'll have them no great things then," said the man in the cloak, whom I now discovered to be Lieut. Brasfort.

"Is that a hat?" said he, pointing at the wall over which I was looking.

"It's only a turf," replied his companion.

"Turf or no turf, here's at it," said Brasfort, presenting a pistol, and the next moment a bullet whistled through my hat, while my steed starting suddenly threw down some loose stones that were heaped behind him, scrambled out of the shade of the bushes, and galloped *ventre a terre* round the base of the hill, pursued by Brasfort and his companion, who now discharged both their pistols without any effect; and having followed a short distance wheeled about and returned to their men at full gallop, either for the purpose of cutting off my retreat, or sending better mounted men after

me,—while, for my part, I never drew bridle till I leaped right into the road, close to Colonel Trevordale's plantations; and here, considering myself safe, I dismounted to examine the girths of my saddle, and hardly had I done so before a horseman, galloping furiously up the road, was close upon me. I quickly regained my saddle, while the stranger's horse started, swerved, fell, and finally rolled over his rider. I now dismounted, and soon extricated the fallen man from his perilous situation.

The fallen man is none other than the celebrated and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who passes by the name of Edwards amongst the rebels. Some months later Oakleigh again meets with his lordship in Dublin, disguised as a sailor. They recognise one another, and proceed together with the most unrestrained mutual confidence.

We soon entered the main streets, through several of which Edwards sauntered as carelessly as if he had nothing to fear; at last he turned down a dark passage, entered a small court, and knocked at a door, which was immediately opened by a hard-featured woman, to whom Edwards addressed a few words, and we entered a small sitting room.

"The gentlemen are up stairs," said the woman, who had followed us into the room.

Edwards laid his hand upon a bell-pull, and presently a heavy footstep was heard descending the stairs, while a voice repeated the words, "Be firm!"

"Fear not!" said Edwards, and a door which I had not observed was suddenly thrown open.

"Who have you brought with you?" said a slight-built, care-worn, intelligent-looking man, stepping into the room, with a drawn dagger in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"A brother," said Edward; "brother Oakleigh," said he, "brother Shears," joining our hands.

"It is enough," said Shears; "in these perilous times, introduced by another the test would be required, but your word is always enough," said he, turning to Edwards.

We waited for a few seconds. Shears returned, and introduced us to a long gloomy chamber, lighted by a solitary lamp, suspended from the ceiling over a table, covered with green cloth, round which were seated ten or twelve well-dressed men, busily employed in examining papers and writings. On a raised arm chair at one end of the table sat a melancholy looking fellow, and at a desk, a very fat and facetious-looking person acted as secretary. I further observed that a harp, with a green banner with a crown reversed, was suspended over the chairman's head, while pistols, daggers, and pike heads garnished the walls of the apartment. The chairman advanced to Edwards, and shook his hand.

"I move that citizen Edwards do take the chair," said one of the men, rising.

"Aye, aye," said the rest, but before Edwards took the chair, he presented me to the Brothers, and having pronounced an unmerited eulogium upon me, I was admitted by acclamation and accommodated with a seat close to the chair.

Here is an incidental passage:

Rapturous applause followed this and sundry loyal speeches, toasts, and songs; till the harmony of the night was disturbed by loud and angry words, portentous of a brawl, at the lower end of the table, which was principally occupied by yeomanry and fox-hunters in full costume; a certain Lieutenant Droughtnot of the Yeoman Guard, and Buck Mahone of sporting notoriety, having differed in opinion concerning the qualifications of their horses. But peace being restored by the timely interference of our host, Buck Mahone was heard to declare, that upon his veracity there was no speaking to Lieutenant Droughtnot ever since he took the priest's horse: and this sally recalled Droughtnot's complacency.

"I bought the horse fairly on the highway."

"You bought him with the penal code in your fist," replied Mahone. "Come, tell us how you served the priest."

"I served him as he ought to be served," replied Droughtnot. "I met him returning from the fair on the black horse. 'Good evening your reverence,' said I; 'that's a good beast you have under you.' 'He is not indifferent,' said he. 'Where did you get him?' said I. 'Up the country,' said he. 'I'll warrant he has a leap in him,' said I; 'try him at this wall by the road side.' 'I am not inclined,' said he, 'though they say he has followed the hounds before now.' 'Let me try him for your reverence,' said I. 'And welcome,' said he. Down he got and up I got on the black horse; leaped him over the wall, gave him the heels, and galloped him round the fields till I found he was all right, and then rode back to the priest again. 'Well, how do you like him?' said he. 'Will you sell him?' said I. 'Indeed I will not,' said he; 'I refused fifty pounds twice this blessed day for him; so cross the wall again, and let me be going home.' 'You are at the wrong side of the wall,' said I. 'How is that?' said he. 'Hold out your hand,' said I, 'here is five pounds for your horse.' Well, he refused to take the money; till I told him I had the law upon my side. 'You may have the law,' said he, 'but you have not the equity.' But to put an end to this talk, I dismounted, ungirthed the saddle, put five pounds under the skirt, and threw it over the wall into his face. 'There, Father Toole,' says I, 'you have both the law and the equity, and plain dealing into the bargain: so good night to your reverence."

"Bravo! well done, Droughtnot!" echoed on every side; while his quondam companions drank his health amidst cheers and laughter.

An Irish highwayman and the bothered dowager:

Casey, Sir, was a Loughrea boy, and at one time was the scourge of the Dublin road. He owed his education to the famous Freney, and following his master's example, eased many a country gentleman of his purse before he could say Jack Robinson. But to make a long story short, one fine moonlight night Casey and his men were waiting for the Galway mail, they perceived a venerable family coach rolling towards them. "Now stand back, boys," said Casey, "and see how soon I'll relieve these tea-drinking quality of their finery!"—and, without as much as a walking-stick in his hand, Casey stepped out and stopped the horses.

"Who are you, Sir?" said the fat old coachman, puffing himself up in great indignation.

"One Casey, at your service," said the Broth of Loughrea.

"Oh, Mr. Casey, I beg my life," said the coachman, pulling up the horses at once.

"What's the matter?" screamed a shrill voice from the body of the coach.

"I'll trouble your ladyship to hand me out your purse, ear-rings and jewellery," said Casey, stepping politely to the coach-window.

"What do you want, Sir?" screamed the old damsel within, clapping a bell-mouthed brass concern before Casey's face. Never was man more confused and confounded—not a word was left in his head.

"How dare you stop my carriage?" said the old girl, taking steady aim at the robber's face. "I ask your ladyship's pardon," said Casey; "it was all through mistake; recover your arms madam, if you please, and drive on."

"I ought to arrest you," said the lady.

"I throw myself on your mercy," said Casey, falling upon his knees in the mire.

"Drive on," said the stout old lady: and the coachman soon made the nags step out, and left Casey kneeling in the middle of the road.

"You did that well," said one of the boys to Casey, when he came back.

"Where's all the rings and purses?" said another.

"The women are growing soldiers in these parts," said Casey: "the old hag was within an ace of blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss."

"How did you know it was charged?" said one of the boys.

"Charge or no charge, it was dangerous," said Casey: and then the boys threw up their hats, laughed at him, and told him it was only Mrs. Captain Malone, the bothered dowager.

"If that is the truth," says Casey, "I must quit this line of road; for my name will be no longer respected when it is known that the Broth of Loughrea surrendered to an old woman's hearing-trumpet."

"Ben Bradshawe, the Man without a Head," is not modelled on any work of fiction with which we are acquainted. Its merits are very peculiar; its faults and defects are also striking.

In regard to plot and story there is not much to admire. No very absorbing interest is created for any one of the characters; there is a want of probability about many of the incidents, or at least inconsistencies often present themselves; and even when the occurrences are feasible enough, they generally suggest such ludicrous and comic associations as stand in the way of the higher exercises of sympathy, and the more serious sentiments which the author may have been striving to evoke. These incidents besides are a mere series of accidents; crowding upon one another with a profusion, and being pushed with a squandering indulgence of imagination that indicate to us a lavish youthfulness on the part of the writer.

But on the other hand, so much ease, finish, and force characterize the style of writing, such an acquaintance with life and knowledge of mankind appear in the matter, and such an assured confidence is

displayed, as to cause us to declare of the author that he has the prime talent and qualities of a master. Ben Bradshawe is the cleverest novel we have read for years; we know not indeed if we were ever better pleased with the writing—the literary composition of any fiction. Innumerable are the instances of subtle thought and condensed expression; while very frequently more is indicated or implied by a sly word, phrase, or sentence, than could be pleasantly conveyed by a minute description. The author excels in making points, and not less in polishing his shafts of wit, without fatiguing you with the continual glitter of brilliancies, or repelling you with palpable effort or affectation. When slightest, and at ease to a degree that may be considered carelessness, he keeps up the attention by his secret or nameless skill,—no ordinary achievement.

It is by some peculiar power and art that the author puts the reader into the most agreeable terms with him. But what we esteem as a still rarer triumph: he has, while striving to pourtray quite an original character in the hero, Ben, entirely succeeded, presenting an oddity, and yet one that must become a favourite with all. You cannot but like the "Man without a Head" even when you laugh at him; and this partiality continues and gathers strength with every new adventure and situation in which Ben figures; these occasions being well diversified, and made the hinges of the novel from beginning to end.

There is no lack of characters any more than of bustle in the work; the author in both respects conducting his reader through country as well as town. We find it to be impossible, however, in the course of the limited period at our command for completing the present paper, to give anything like a just and satisfactory account either of the persons or incidents of the story. But there need be little regret felt on account of this omission, seeing that more may be learnt of the peculiar merits of the present author from one or two illustrative passages, than any generality of criticism could teach, or any curt outline convey.

Our first specimen the more readily caught the eye, having previously observed that it had attracted the notice of a contemporary journalist. The subject is one of Ben's ludicrous scenes, connected with an elopement from a concert. Williams, an artist, and an admirably drawn character, conducts Ben to the orchestra, in order that he may have a front survey, and be the better able to watch the movements of Julia, who is to slip away from the company.

They entered the music-room, and while a scena was progressing, stole to the door of the orchestra: but Ben could be induced by no persuasion of his friend to stand in front of the audience; and as he would not allow them to see *him*, of course he could not be expected to see them, and therefore the scheme of friend Williams proved abortive. However, Williams persuaded our hero to follow by a back-way up to the highest part of the orchestra,

and to come in by a little door beside the organ. They crept in softly, unwilling to interrupt the scena; and most of the musicians being absent, Williams ensconced his friend behind a music-desk; and thence, half-hidden, they perused the different rows of auditors, till the eye of our hero fell upon the form of his inamorata.

"There they are, by Goles!" exclaimed Ben, in a tone of voice which brought upon him a rebuke from Williams: but our hero was too excited to heed him; and in the intensity of his ardour to point out to his friend the situation of the fair one, he forgot the fragile nature of the substance against which he was leaning; the treacherous music-desk gave way, and falling forwards, he came head-foremost down the steps toward the front of the orchestra with a most tremendous crash, desks and music, wax-candles and candlesticks, flying about him in all directions.

The prima donna, alarmed at the noise, stopped her ears with her hands, and, without looking back, screamed in the face of the audience; the venerable old basso clung to his instrument in an ecstasy of laughter; the amiable old violoncello shook his sides in a rapture of enjoyment; while the auditors were in convulsions—laughing hysterics we mean. Two-thirds of the listeners to a long concert would ten times rather have a bit of fun. They took the catastrophe in good part; nay, so much did they enjoy the joke, that when some wag set it a-going, they gave poor Ben a round of applause. Ben knew no more than the man in the moon what he was about; but, having observed that the singers bowed whenever there was a round of applause, he bowed too.

He had some vague notion of propitiating the audience by bowing to them; so he kept making congees like a Chinese Mandarin. The more he bowed the louder the company applauded; and under cover of this feuillade, he sneaked off—a little bruised, a little dusted, with a face redder than his peony watch-ribbon.

The prima donna was so annoyed at the applause bestowed upon Ben, that she was too unwell to sing in the second act; nevertheless, when the audience went home, they said they had never enjoyed a concert so much in their lives.

Our next is a touching scene and pathetic story. Gordon has been escorting a lady to her home who had been spending a most delightful evening with the excellent family of Lieutenant Leslie. All had been innocent hilarity and tempered festivity, the veteran officer himself being of the happiest. Gordon returns.

He had just returned, and was knocking the snow out of the heels of his boots on the door mat, when Agnes came hastily but earnestly to him, and said,

"Mr. Gordon, I wish you would come up stairs to my father."

"What is the matter, Agnes! has anything happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, pray come quickly."

Gordon followed, and found Sophy standing beside the bed, gazing anxiously at her father. He was wide awake, at least his eye was open and beaming with uncommon lustre, but there was that in it, that showed it was

an eye which saw and heeded nothing that was around it. Agnes purposely passed the candle near his face—but it did not attract his attention, nor did his eyelid quiver for a moment. There was a steady serene smile in his face, occasionally disturbed by the slightest expression of pain, but it was gone again, almost before it could be detected by the anxious eyes of those who watched him.

"Father," said Sophy, in a tone of voice that went to Gordon's heart.

He had never heard Sophy utter that word before, she always used the more familiar and endearing diminutive. In seasons of peculiar excitement it is remarkable what trifles affect us. The was something peculiarly touching to the young man in the simple circumstance of Sophy's saying "Father." It threw a peculiar solemnity upon the scene before him, but then it was uttered in the softest, sweetest voice, and with a pathos that would have made its way to the hardest heart. And yet Leslie heeded it not.

"Shall I go for the doctor?" whispered Gordon.

Agnes pressed his hand and nodded acquiescence.

Gordon rushed out of the room; it was not only to go for the doctor, but also to hide his emotion, for his heart was bursting. He did however go for the doctor, and that with the highest speed of which his agile foot was capable. The doctor was knocked up, and Gordon's tale told, and the doctor promised immediate attendance, but Gordon was back in the chamber of his friend before the doctor had shuffled on his dressing gown and slippers.

Leslie had remained in the same state during the absence of his young friend, but his eye was attracted by the opening of the door, and fell on each of the bystanders in succession. It was evident that he saw them, but equally evident that he knew them not, and having gazed for a few moments he closed his eyes, though his lips were in constant motion, and the form of words was there, but not the sound. There was a slight convulsion of the muscles, and a hectic flush passed like a transient ray of light across his face; and there was a sharpening of the features, and a contraction of the brow. And then he sighed and said—"Poor Agnes:" and that was all he said—for though he opened his eyes again he had no power to speak—but he smiled at Gordon and pointed to Sophy, and then he shuddered slightly and shut his eyes again.

The doctor came with a thundering rap at the door, for he was a hard, unfeeling, indelicate man, and Gordon felt deeply indignant; it might disturb the Lieutenant! There was no need to fear on that score—the crash of an earthquake would not have disturbed the Lieutenant. Nay, nothing but the trumpet-call, which must accompany the thunder of shattering worlds, could awaken poor Leslie. * * * *

We would draw a veil over what followed—the silent, steady grief of Agnes, the more fluctuating and inconstant, but hardly less deep and bitter sorrow of Sophy—the kind and well-meant, but somewhat common-place consolations of Mrs. Bradshawe—the warm and manly tenderness of Gordon—all shall be left to the imagination of the reader. They are matters of feeling—matters that belong to the most amiable sympathies—the noblest emotions of our common human nature; and,—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

There is no straining in this powerfully conceived passage: yet how effective is the scene! The author will be seen to equal advantage in the only other sample which we can render available for our present purpose. He who has conducted his observations and disciplined his thoughts in the manner evinced by the following paragraphs, can never write feebly or fruitlessly.

The Miss Busbys were two ancient spinsters; daughters of a highly respectable but completely declined house. They were the sole survivors of the family; and they managed to live upon a scanty pittance, the poor residue of a large fortune. They had been reduced step by step—not by any imprudence or extravagance of their own, but by unavoidable misfortunes, and the faults and follies of others—step by step—until they had barely wherewithal to subsist. They had borne misfortune without a murmur, ill usage without rebuke; they relinquished the luxuries of life to which they had been accustomed, without a sigh; but they could not part with their little lady-like habits; and they were as dignified in their deportment now that they were the tenants of an obscure cottage in a small neighbourhood, as when, the indulged daughters of a man of large fortune, they were courted by a wide circle of friends and flatterers.

Many people called them proud; but these many people were those who have not acumen enough to form a right estimate of human character: there was not a spark of pride in the character of the spinsters; on the contrary, they were truly humble; but they had an innate, quiet, self-respect, which shrunk from the intrusion of commonplace acquaintances.

They dressed exactly alike, and in rather an antiquated fashion, for they never bought any thing new: indeed, they had an inexhaustible magazine of clothing, which was not altogether a "magazin des modes," but a very treasure-house of old silks and satins, laces and brocades: they sometimes edified a little chubby child of a neighbour with a sight of their wardrobe; and reports had spread over the vicinity that they must have been a sort of private mistresses of the robes in days of yore.

To cut, carve, and contrive these respectable garments—to modernize these venerable remains of antiquity—was a very important part of the occupations of the Miss Busbys; and they occasionally came out with some specimens of vandyke trimmings, or piping and puffing, that made the folks tremble. It was no love of finery, but a pure spirit of economy: they felt not the slightest elation of heart when they sported silks and satins that would have made the silk-worms of these degenerate days hide their diminished heads; they felt no inflation of spirit when they threw across their shoulders a lace of sufficient value to make a cope for a cardinal; no doubt, many a cardinal under similar circumstances has felt greater elation than they.

Mrs. Trollope has returned to America, but in a different guise from what she appeared in, when she first gave such offence to the Yankees, and brought herself into distinguished notice as a painter of manners, a satirist and caricaturist. On this occasion she takes the South and the slave-holding States for her ground; and strikes

right and left with all her peculiar force and wilful intent. We cannot say much of the work as a story, for it consists rather of a series of sketches and scenes, than an artfully constructed tale. But many of these sketches, although rough to coarseness, and reckless to vulgarity, are sure to enlist readers, as well as to bring down upon the authoress vituperation and hearty abuse. One thing is particularly worthy of remark in these volumes: the *widow* that was is not only preserved with exceeding faithfulness, but a sufficiency of novelty and variety to please or interest the reader, as continuously as she was made to do in the former volumes known by her name. Nor is Mrs. Trollope here without a merit of higher importance than that of merely providing amusement for a leisure hour. It is due to her to state that she inculcates grave lessons, successfully exposing, both by humour and stern exposure or denunciation, that dreadful enormity—negro slavery—so audaciously patronised and practised in "the smartest nation in creation."

Some of Mrs. Trollope's sketches in these volumes are particularly graphic, although unscrupulous. We cite a specimen, viz. that of Mrs. Carmichael, the boarding-house keeper at New Orleans, closing *Fiction* for the month, with this piece of *fat:*

The apartment into which Mrs. Carmichael's negro footman showed the panting Europeans was a room of some forty feet long, by twenty wide, and lofty in proportion. The expansive floor was covered by cool-looking matting, and round the walls were ranged a variety of sofas, formed for lounging in every possible attitude of Louisianian indolence. Four ample windows opened like folding doors upon a balcony, rendered almost impervious to the light by being on all sides surrounded by Venetian blinds; and on a table within the room stood one or two enormous decanters of water, with lumps of ice floating in them, tumblers of all sizes, about a dozen lemons, and abundance of sugar; while under the table stood a basket-covered flask of whisky of a goodly size. A dozen or two of light cane-bottomed chairs were scattered about the room, lying upon many of which, as well as upon the tables and sofas, were a multitude of large feather fans, the profusion of which might have struck the strangers as a whimsical peculiarity, had not their obvious utility been so very strongly felt.

"My goodness gracious, what a heavenly place!" cried Patty, instantly taking possession of a sofa, throwing herself at full length upon it, and seizing upon the largest fan within her reach. "By your leave, ladies," she added, taking off her bonnet, and tossing it upon the ground, "married women, you know, are always permitted to take liberties."

"And now a sound was heard as of the approach of slippers too large for the wearer's feet, and kept on by dint of shoving them onwards at each step, without venturing to raise them from the ground, and then the voice of hard and difficult breathing was perceptible, and then the door of entrance was darkened from side to side, as if a feather bed, exactly not too large to be pushed through it, was being thrust into the room. Of course the twelve eyes of the new comers were all turned towards the object thus appearing

before them, and notwithstanding the obscurity of the apartment they one and all very soon became convinced that huge and shapeless as was the approaching mass, it was nevertheless a human being, and moreover a woman.

"Smart," murmured Patty, in a voice not quite audible to the panting dame. "What could that fool of a captain mean?" And certainly, in Patty's acceptation of the word, his application of it might seem strange.

The person of Mrs. Carmichael, the dimensions of which were, seen in whatever direction she could be placed, very nearly six feet by four, was not only so enormous in size, but so astonishingly out of all ordinary shape, as to make it no easy matter to clothe it at all. It is not very surprising, therefore, considering the prodigious bulk of every limb, whereby every movement became a labour, that Mrs. Carmichael should get into her clothes with as little labour and pains as possible. And then the heat. Poor Mrs. Carmichael suffered dreadfully from the heat, and certainly cared greatly less how her draperies looked in the eyes of others, than how they felt to herself. So her enormous white calico gown, with its colossal hanging sleeves, was fastened so loosely in the front by one single pin, as to create perpetual alarm in the bystanders as to the stability of the investiture by which this very important portion of her covering was attached. There was indeed what might have been about a yard square of pink gauze loosely tucked in around the bust; but even this depended for its adhesion to the same aforesaid pin, and without it must have floated away into air still thinner than itself.

Notwithstanding the immensity of Mrs. Carmichael's person, it was not, as in the case of a preternaturally-expansive oak tree, the result of advanced age, every year of which had added to its bulk. All the fat which had thus miraculously found a resting-place on the bones of Mrs. Carmichael had been considerably less than forty years in collecting itself together; and had her face been finished by one chin, instead of three, and the rest of her features in less evident danger of being smothered, she would have been far from ill-looking. Excepting the pink gauze and the white robe already described, with the probable garment under it, together with her large slippers, and probable stockings, she was as much without the foreign aid of ornament as Eve herself. Stays she had none: she wore nothing on her head; nor was there the slightest reason whatever to suppose that she was embarrassed by anything more in the way of clothing than what has been already described.

Except the hard breathing and an occasional ejaculation expressive of fatigue from moving, Mrs. Carmichael uttered nothing for several minutes after she entered the apartment. Having at length made her way to the part of the room where Major Allen Barnaby stood fanning himself, she dropped down upon a large cane chair, without any arms, every part of which, back and all, became so completely invisible, that she seemed to have perched herself on a three-legged stool. Having thus deposited her person, she fixed her soft eyes on the Major's face, and seemed to expect that he should speak first. But her heavy breathings gave her so much the appearance of being, as yet, unfit for any exertion, that her visitor was too polite to address her, and it was therefore Mrs. Carmichael herself who at last opened the conversation.

ART. VI.—*Railway Reform; its Expediency and Practicability considered.* Pelham Richardson.

A REMARKABLY able pamphlet, treating not only of the expediency and practicability of railway reform, but containing a copious appendix which presents an extremely useful and interesting description of all the railways in Great Britain and Ireland, the fluctuations in the prices of shares, with statistical and parliamentary returns, and other important information, to be found nowhere else in such an accessible and accurate shape.

It cannot have escaped the thoughts or at least the ears of every person within the bounds of the British empire, that steam-power has worked a mighty revolution in the arts and sciences, and almost in every commercial department. The era of this wonderful change and progression, of this totally new distribution of wealth and labour, is that in which we live,—that which at the very moment we write is finding enlarged development, and is still promising unlimited and undreamed of expansions. So vast indeed is the movement produced by the new element, so gigantic yet penetrating and minute are its operations, that it is creating an epoch in the history of civilization with a rapidity of stride which can hardly be explained by any terms known in language, unless by such as describe the very power we are speaking of. With something like the speed and sweep of thought does this new element make progress; so that ere long it may actually transform the face of society, originating orders of wealth, intelligence, and influence. One thing is certain, that it has already outrun legislation, and so greatly affected the empire as to have created many customs and interests that were entirely unimagined but a few years ago.

Be the results of the practical application of steam good or bad, they are sure to be immeasurable, to outstep all present speculation. But in none of its realizations, and in no indicated direction can we conceive of it producing such important and decided change as where it bears upon the means and facilities of transit, or as displayed in the working of locomotives on railways. Of course we speak of railway travelling as not disjoined from the facilities of conveyance by means of steam vessels. In fact the two modes are inseparable, when you consider the rapidity and extent of intercourse, and the diffusion of wealth and intelligence. If the application of steam for the purposes of propelling ships bring distant countries practically together, extinguishing time and distance, as between remote and widely separated nations, the same power may be made to penetrate and traverse every district of a country, thus carrying out with marvellous minuteness and closeness the more expansive sweep of the element, and bringing to the door of every man in England the pro-

ducts and the civilization of every people upon the face of the earth as quickly and perfectly as his hands can receive the bounty or his thoughts comprehend and digest its worth and importance.

Seeing then that steam power is capable of accomplishing such marvellous results, and also that it is confessedly still but in its infancy, as attested by the continual improvements that are taking place in the construction of the engine, and the new uses to which it is constantly being applied, it becomes an inquiry of vast importance, as to whether or not this power has been properly directed, and also what are the steps which may be adopted to regulate and encourage in the wisest manner its future gigantic agency. This is the inquiry and these are the points to which the author of the present pamphlet at once addresses himself.

Having briefly adverted to the fearful distress which is at this moment prevailing throughout the country; and admitted, while stating that a variety of causes may be assigned for this condition of things, some of them to be beyond the reach of legislative control, our author proceeds to consider what he maintains to be one of the remediable evils, viz., the system of management hitherto pursued in the history of railways.

He first of all institutes an inquiry into the railway system, as it has been established, and is now carried on in the British isles; and secondly, considers to what extent that system could be modified—should it be found desirable—without injury to any party, and with benefit to all. An account of the establishment of railways at home and abroad, furnishes the author of the pamphlet with an occasion for pronouncing on their comparative merits.

In the establishment of railways here and on the continent two widely different systems have been acted on, and by comparing the principles on which each is founded, and the results, we shall be enabled to form some idea of their comparative merits.

The railway system in this country is one of private commercial enterprise; the capitalist is induced to invest his money in an undertaking which he knows must supersede the ordinary channels of communication throughout the country, and which, therefore, he has good reason to suppose will yield him a large percentage on his investment. He considers it merely in the light of a speculation, and one like any other which he is justified in making the most of. His interests and those of the public are diametrically opposite, as he obtains the greatest profit by charging the highest *paying* price. He is under but little responsibility to the legislature; he is not bound to study the comfort or convenience of the public, nor does he any more than suits his own purpose. In some cases his speculation has turned out good, and pays him from 5 to 15 per cent. per annum on his invested capital; in others it has been bad, and pays him little or nothing. But in either case indiscriminately, he keeps constantly in view the one object, the greatest possible gain; and raises his fares with as little scruple on the one railway, which is paying him 15 per cent., as he would on the other which may not be paying him five.

The old channels of communication throughout the country have thus been superseded, and to the capitalist has been granted a monopoly of the new; a monopoly the most secure, as nothing can compete with it—the most extensive, as it stretches out on every side over the whole face of the land—the most lasting, as its holders possess it in perpetuity,—and the most injurious that can be conceived to the public good, as it places the community in the power of the individual capitalist in one of its most important matters.

The railway system established in Belgium and adopted by other continental countries, presents a striking contrast to that which I have just described. There the railways have been constructed entirely by government; the end aimed at has not been the gain of the individual, but the "extension of the traffic and communications of the country to the utmost limits of the public capability, at the lowest rate of charge at which the original outlay can be reimbursed."—"The project undertaken by the government is an establishment which should neither be a burthen nor a source of revenue, and requiring merely that it should cover its own expenses, consisting of the charge for maintenance and repairs, with a further sum for the interest and gradual redemption of the invested capital."

Such are the two different systems established in England and Belgium; and the manner in which each works is in exact conformity with the opposite principles on which they are based. The avowed object of the one is, to tax the public the maximum of the most profitable rate; that of the other, the minimum of the most economical expenditure; the one to produce the greatest profit to private individuals, and the other to confer the greatest benefit on the whole community. What are the relative charges by each?

On one of our railways, from London to Birmingham, for instance, the distance is 112 milles, and the fare by the mail is £1 12*s*. 6*d*.

For the same distance in Belgium, in a similar class carriage, the fare would be 14 francs, or just *one third* of what it is in England.

Would not this simple fact suggest to the mind of every one that there must be something radically wrong in our system; that the existence of such a power, that of taxing the public *ad libitum*, placed in the hands of irresponsible individuals, carried on for the mere purpose of private gain, is an evil of the greatest magnitude? A monopoly of this extent should only be entrusted to government; or if granted to individuals, on such conditions that the public would not be deprived of the benefit they are calculated to yield as a great means for developing the industry, wealth, enterprise, and resources of the nation.

The principle which is almost universally acted upon in this country, of leaving every undertaking to individual enterprise, is undoubtedly good; but like most other good principles may be carried too far—to such an extent as to be productive of great evil. It is certainly only where the public good imperatively demands it that the state is justified in becoming trader itself, or interfering between capital and labour as they are developed through the ordinary channels. With us, it is only in such cases, or under very peculiar circumstances, that the state so interferes; such as the erection of lighthouses, beacons, harbours, public roads in some places, and works of a similar kind, which the capitalist would not undertake, as the return would be in-

adequate for his outlay. Again, the state trades between many ports by means of ships of war and packets carrying passengers and specie, but the principal direct traffic which the state carries on is in the conveyance of letters, a branch of trade it has converted into a monopoly beneficial to all parties. How far the public interests would have been served by the state making a monopoly of the conveyance of passengers for itself, as in Belgium, instead of granting that monopoly to others, the respective charges in the two countries will show.

It does not appear, our author goes on to observe, that either the community at large, or railway companies, have paid the slightest attention to the intention of Parliament, which as explained by a Select Committee, composed of some of the leading members of the House of Commons, was not "to give to a railway a complete monopoly of the means of communication on their line of road; on the contrary," the Committee continue to state, "provision was made in all or most of the acts of incorporation to enable other persons to place and run engines and carriages on the road upon the payment of certain tolls to the Company."

Whether it respects passengers or merchandize, the companies have pursued the same principle of exclusive possession. It has even been found hopeless for any private individual, or party of more limited means than those at the command of the railway people, to contend against their monopolising spirit. The Directors have in some cases treated with contempt judgments in Westminster Hall pronounced against them. Nay, says our author, there are some Companies who openly violate the law by exceeding the charge which their respective Acts permit them to make. In most cases, however, the railway people have no occasion to violate the letter of the law, in regard to the charges demanded for conveyance, the permission by the legislature having been so liberal and lavish as that, were it followed out, very few of the lines would be resorted to, even by the wealthy classes. High fares, therefore, or such as the Directors find to be most profitable, it is maintained, must ever be caused by the present system.

High fares must ever be the result of the present system, that is to say, *high compared with the cost of transmission;* for however low the latter may be, it does not in the slightest degree affect the charges made to the public. The only point of consideration with the Directors is to fix the fares at that rate which will produce the greatest profit to the shareholders; and accordingly they adopt the sliding scale within certain limits, moving up and down until they either have or conceive they have hit the exact point that will best pay, without any reference whatever to the wants or wishes of the public. The Grand Junction lately, though paying 10 per cent. on its capital, raised its fares 27 per cent.; the Company may, perhaps, gain *one per cent.* by the advance; even that is doubtful, but supposing such to be the case, what a loss and inconvenience the public are put to for the attainment of such a comparatively paltry result. The

Company gain but the twenty-seventh part of that which they are enabled to take from the community. To one class there is the annoyance of being obliged to forego their journey entirely or make it in an inconvenient manner, and on the other class is laid a direct tax of 27 per cent. in addition to the previous charge.

To hit the happy medium between the two extremes of high and low fares, so as to produce the greatest profit, has been found with some Companies a matter of considerable difficulty; the Greenwich and Blackwall, and indeed most of those Companies which have turned out very bad speculations, are continually changing their fares; but to illustrate the annoyance to which the public are continually exposed by this arbitrary system of taxation at will, or depriving the public of railway travelling, it is necessary to examine in detail some particular case. The Blackwall will serve as well as any other. The fares on this railway were, on its opening, between Blackwall and London, for the first class, 4*d.*; second, 3*d.* The second class was raised some time afterwards to 4*d.*, the first to 6*d.* A farther rise took place in Sept., 1841, first class to 8*d.*, second class to 6*d.*, and the same fare in all the intermediate stations. This lasted but for two months: a reduction then took place in the intermediate stations to 6*d.* and 4*d.*; and the last change took place in last March, when the fares between Blackwall and London were reduced to 6*d.* and 4*d.*, and in the intermediate stations to 4*d.* and 3*d.*

The result of raising the fares in 1842 is thus stated in the Directors' Report:—"The fares on the railway were raised on the 12th of September, and the Directors were much mortified to find that the result showed a very considerable diminution, not only of the numbers carried, but of the money received. The increase during the previous summer had not been inconsiderable, and in the eight weeks prior to the 12th Sept., which offered the fairest means of comparison with the former year, as they go back to the opening of the Fenchurch Street station on the 2nd August, 1841, the receipts show an increase of about 16 per cent. over those of the previous year; whereas those of the eight weeks following the 12th Sept., show a diminution of 41 per cent. in the number of passengers, and of 17 per cent. in the revenue, as compared with the eight corresponding weeks of 1841. It formed no business of the Directors to refer to the loss inflicted on the public to a still greater extent than that incurred by the Company. The number of passengers conveyed by the railway at the comparatively low rates in 1841, during these eight weeks, was about 200,000; in the corresponding eight weeks of the following year, at the high rates, 118,000. Thus 82,000 persons in these two months were totally deprived of the benefit of the railway, and had either to stop at home, to walk, or to avail themselves of some other way of transit. The 118,000 who still made use of the railway had their fare increased by 30 per cent., still leaving the Company a loser to the amount of 17 per cent. The Blackwall is given merely as an instance of what is constantly occurring on all railways, until the Directors for the time being are satisfied that they are charging the highest *paying* fares.

Thus it appears, argues our author, that there is an enormous waste of power that should be usefully employed for the public good; the interests of the community never being for a moment considered

by railway proprietors. Besides it is shown, as a general rule, not to be the interest of Railway Companies, to charge fares lower than the ordinary coach fares; for although the number of passengers is greatly increased by such reduction, yet not to such an extent as to counterbalance the deficiency in money.

Our author points out with searching closeness a variety of abuses which disfigure the present system of railways, converting what should be a great national good into a private speculation for individual gain. But what is the remedy which he prescribes? The question assuredly involves difficulties, and brings him back to a consideration of what obtains in Belgium. Not that he is unimpressed with the importance of abstaining from all interference with corporations and with the speculations of individuals and shareholders, or the extreme jealously of Englishmen with regard to legislative control in any transaction which has been projected for the realization of profit. The only cases indeed when it can be safe and expedient for the legislature to stretch out its powerful arm to arrest or to modify any such speculative concern, is where the public safety requires the interference. Nay, the rights of property, it is admitted, must be always paramount even to the consideration of the general interest; nor can the original contract be altered without the consent of both parties, or due compensation being made. The pamphlet goes on to argue in this way,—

> If it was necessary for the welfare of the country that every railway should be swept away from its surface, or that the Government should take possession of them to-morrow, or compel the proprietors to convey goods and passengers free,—if the state thought any of these modes of procedure desirable, there is no "divinity which hedges about" railway property, more than any other property; an Act of Parliament has given it, and an Act of Parliament can take it away, or alter the conditions on which it is held; the proprietors, as a matter of course, being fully indemnified for the loss occasioned by the change, whatever it might be.
>
> To justify, however, the interference of Government in any mercantile speculations, a very strong case should be made out, nor am I by any means convinced that Government has acted wrong in not undertaking itself the construction of railways. In every commercial undertaking, the capitalist should have the full benefit both of his capital and his enterprise, and when his work is completed, and the profit or loss to be derived from it accurately known, then let the legislature deal with the property in any manner that the public welfare requires, taking care that the proprietor is not a loser by such interference. There would be no injustice, for instance, in the legislature compelling a railway company which paid 5 per cent. to its proprietors, to carry passengers at a rate that would only yield 4 per cent., the state of course paying them the 1 per cent. difference.

The proposed remedy professes accordingly to be so comprehensive as not merely to abolish the present bad, but to substitute a better and more profitable system of railroad management in its place; in

order "that these great *high roads of nations* may no longer be *cribbed, cabined and confined*, but developed to their full extent of usefulness and adaptation to the wants of the community." How then, does our author say, might a change be advantageously for all parties introduced in the management of our railways? Attention to certain grand features of steam power will suggest some answer to the question.

The two great characteristics of steam, where substituted for labour, are *dispatch* and *economy*; goods are manufactured through its intervention, not merely in one third of the time, but at one third of their former cost; the same rule in regard to economy applies with still greater force to the application of steam in locomotion on railways.

But putting steam entirely out of the question, and estimating the cost of transit on railways where the traction is performed by horses, as on some railways where the speed is no object, the distance short, and the traffic inconsiderable; we find that one horse can do as much work on it as twelve or fifteen horses on the best turnpike road. On the Stockton and Darlington railway, the first constructed in the kingdom for the conveyance of passengers, horses were used before the introduction or rather the discovery of locomotives, and one horse could draw a carriage containing fifty passengers at a much greater speed than four horses could a coach on a turnpike road with twelve passengers.

To illustrate the working of the old system, and show the extraordinary loads drawn by horses on railways, and consequently the extremely small cost of traction on them compared with what it is on turnpike roads, I copy a paragraph from an old Number of the Railway Magazine that chanced to fall under my eye a few days since:

"Easy draught on railways.—Two horses drew the immense load of two hundred and sixty-three quarters of grain from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith railway, a distance of six miles; the weight of grain was about forty-four tons, and the weight of the waggons ten tons, making a gross weight of fifty-four tons!—Bath Journal. (Why, the whole direct draught was only 432 lbs., which one horse ought to have drawn if the road is level.—Ed. Railway Magazine.)"

Two horses drawing 54 tons! It is tantamount to having conferred on those animals, for the benefit of man, twenty times their ordinary power; yet, according to the Editor of the Railway Magazine, one horse alone would have been sufficient if the railway was level.

But cheap as this mode of traction is, it has been superseded by steam, not only in the conveyance of passengers, but also of merchandize, when speed is comparatively of little importance. I have given an illustration from Dr. Lardner's work on the steam-engine, of the economy as well as the power of steam, when applied on railways; since that work was written, considerable improvements have taken place in the construction of locomotives; the consumption of coke is about a quarter of a pound per ton per mile, which, at 25*s.* per ton, for any ordinary train of 40 tons weight, 100 miles, would cost about ten shillings.

Forty tons of goods, or 110 passengers, are conveyed 100 miles for ten shillings! The cost of machinery, or wear and tear, is not included in this,

which is another matter. I am only referring to *the expense of traction* compared with the cost of conveyance by horses, the wear and tear in both cases being about the same.

Yet, with all these advantages, it costs as much to travel now as what it did 20 years ago; the public save nothing in money, except so far as the saving of time is concerned. Although hundreds of tons' weight can be conveyed at the most rapid speed over the country at a comparatively trifling expense, still the payment is the same. This is a strange anomaly, and one that requires a close and searching investigation into the causes which have produced it.

The principal one we have already noticed, and which will ever prove an insuperable obstacle to the reduction of fares, without the direct interference of the legislature, viz., the interest of the railway proprietors; they derive greater profit from high than from low fares. The evidence before the Committe of the House of Commons, and the practice, all but universal, on the best managed and most profitable railways, confirm this fact, and this alone is sufficient, without going any further.

But in the pamphlet complaint is not only made of the high rate of railway fares, but of the general apathy of the public on the subject. This apathy he accounts for on the ground of the hopelessness experienced relative to inducing the Companies to make any reduction,—of the general belief that the majority of these incorporations are not paying concerns,—and of what he characterizes as a most erroneous opinion, viz., that as railway companies charge the same fares as have been charged by coaches, and so many have turned out bad speculations, *therefore* the cost of conveyance is equally expensive.

This opinion our author combats by considering first what are the present expenses of railways; and secondly by a calculation of how much these expenses would be increased if the number of passengers was greatly increased, say to treble what they are at present.

The London and Birmingham Railway is the example dwelt upon, this being one of the best conducted railways in the kingdom. We cannot go into the calculations and tabular views. Suffice it to say that the particular railway instanced is held to exhibit facts and principles demonstrative that the prevalent opinion combated is *erroneous*, leading our author to the strong conclusion that it is quite possible to adopt low fares, even after making due allowance for the increase of necessary expense which would attend the increase of passengers. But he remarks,—

Although the expenditure on the London and Birmingham Railway for each passenger per mile may be taken as a fair average on the general cost of conveyance throughout the country, yet the variations on the different railways are very great; on some it costs *five times* as much as others, not from any necessity that it should be so, but because it suits the views or interests of the proprietors that they themselves should pay five times more than there is any necessity for, obliging the public to do the same. In general they have

found this course to be advantageous to them, but there are many exceptions. It will be observed that I am speaking here of the expense incurred for the conveyance of *each individual passenger*, and not the aggregate expense on the whole.

The pamphlet successfully exposes the fallacious idea which has very generally obtained, that we are not *taxed* by railways. Payment in such a case is voluntary only in the sense of the word when it is applied to a payment for teas. "There can be no free trade, in a monopoly." The taxes imposed by the railway system are both direct and indirect.

The charges for conveying merchandize, horses, cattle, and other live stock by railway are invariably very heavy, but, like all other charges, they are regulated on that scale which produces the greatest profit to the railway proprietors. It is unnecessary to go into the details of what these charges are; to the public in general they would be uninteresting, and those who have got to pay them know but too well what they are. After all, it is the consumer who must pay the charges, whatever they may be, on merchandize or live stock conveyed to the market for sale, and to reduce them to the lowest possible amount is as much his interest as what the reduction of fares would be; the only difference is, that the one is *direct* and the other *indirect* taxation. In the one case you are compelled to put your hand in your pocket and bring out a certain sum, say a shilling, the parting with which leaves a clear and distinct impression on the mind; let the charge be reduced to three pence, and the nine pence saved will be duly appreciated. In the other case, forty-eight farthings are drawn imperceptibly from you through as many different channels,—you may not have felt them going, but, nevertheless, they *are* gone.

In the metropolis and the great manufacturing towns, the exercise of the railway monopoly has a most injurious effect on all classes in one most important particular, viz., the supply of food, the price of which must always in a great measure depend on the high or low rate paid for its transmission to market; but whether the price be high or low, the people must eat, although they may not be obliged to travel. We find, accordingly, that this charge for getting live stock to market is enormously high, so much so, indeed, as in a great measure to do away with all the benefit which the public ought to derive from these great arteries of communication. With what an immense supply of cattle, &c., could Ireland supply London, and other large towns in the central part of England, if the rate of transmission was not to a great extent prohibitory. On the Great Western railway the charge is about twenty per cent. on the value of the animal; and even at that heavy rate, a great number of cattle, sheep, and pigs are conveyed to London. But would not the number be more than trebled if but five per cent. on their value were charged? An immense market would be opened for Irish produce, and the population of our great manufacturing towns realize all the advantages which the proximity of a cheap agricultural country can afford. But the Great Western and other companies gain more by the high charges than they would by the low; there can be no question about that; and such being the case, it is not to be expected that they will injure their own property, or,

what amounts to the same thing, reduce the revenue which they derive from it.

Having argued at length that the greater the reduction of fares, the greater the number of passengers, until that point is arrived at when a reduction would cease to be an object,—instancing the postage reform as an analogical illustration, our author comes to consider the practical application of his theory, and to inquire how the change is to be effected from high to low fares? One point he feels very confident about,—that the locomotive power at present in use is sufficient to perform three times its present labour. With regard to the delicate and difficult question, how are the railway companies to be dealt with for the furtherance of the proposed reform, we have the following views:

1st. To make a certain uniform tariff, say at one third of the present average charges, and indemnify the proprietors after a certain number of years, when the loss they had incurred could be accurately estimated.

2nd. To agree with the companies for a certain sum, either in one payment or annually; the proposed change to be carried into effect at their own risk.

3rd. To purchase the whole of the railway property in the kingdom, paying off all the debts, bonds, and mortgages upon it, and giving the shareholders the full market price for their shares.

The great and indeed insuperable objection to the first project would be that the public would eventually have to pay not merely what the actual loss would be in itself, but to the amount to which the companies might think proper to raise it by the scale of extravagant expenditure and negligent management they might adopt: that plan therefore would not do.

The second alternative would be much more feasible, but to it there are two objections; first, the certainty that the holders of railway property would demand a large sum, not less perhaps than fifteen or twenty millions sterling, for reducing their charges to such an extent—say two thirds; and secondly, the equal certainty that the government would never for a moment entertain the question on such a proposition; yet if the benefits which the nation would enjoy from a comparatively free means of transit throughout the country could be attained by no other means, it would be cheaply purchased. It is, however, idle to discuss the proposition on such a footing: to add twenty millions more to the debt of the country, weighed down as it is under a load of taxation, would be folly to propose; the scheme would be considered too chimerical even for discussion.

There only remains, then, the third and last proposition, viz., to purchase the whole of the railway property, &c., paying off all the debts and mortgages, and purchasing the shares at the current market price of the day. If I had considered this plan as hopeless as the two previous plans, the reader would have been saved the trouble of reading any remarks of mine whatever on the subject, and I would join the Edinburgh Review in the conclusion to which it arrived, viz., that the evil is irreparable, and "deeply lament that a matter so peculiarly of public moment had not from the first been made a national concern."

Would this plan be *practicable*, would it be *expedient*, would it be *just* are the questions which we have now to consider.

With regard to its practicability there can hardly be any difference of opinion. If it were thought advisable by Government that the state should possess all the railway property in the kingdom, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the money to pay for it at the same interest as paid to the other state creditors. Such a purchase could not affect the credit of the country, as, different from other loans which yielded no revenue, this would yield in the hands of Government as much as it does at present, minus only what it might be reduced by the proposed change.

On this point it is quite unnecessary to enlarge.

The main subject for consideration is the expediency of Goverment interfering in the manner I have proposed.

In the course of the observations which I have made, I hope the following propositions have been established: some are so self-evident that it would be a mere waste of words to do anything further than notice them.

1st. That the introduction of railways has made a great and beneficial change in the mode of transit in this country; that, in the words of an eminent writer in the Quarterly Review, "they are the well-spring of intellectual, moral, and political benefits, beyond all measurement and all price,—creating such a revolution in the internal trade and resources as no thinking man can contemplate without being lost in wonder."

2nd. That the benefits which a country, especially a great commercial country, enjoys from a free and uninterrupted communication throughout its length and breadth are almost incalculable, and that in proportion as facilities by reduction in charges are afforded for such intercourse between its different parts, in the same proportion is trade and commerce stimulated, and not only one portion of the public relieved from a heavy charge, but the great bulk of the community is admitted to these advantages, of which otherwise they would be deprived.

3rd. That the charges made by Railway Companies in this country are, with a few exceptions, so high as to prevent the country deriving that benefit which it otherwise would from their establishment.

4th. That the heavy charges for the conveyance of passengers and goods *do not arise from the intrinsic cost of transit*, as three times the number of the one and weight of the other could be conveyed in some cases without any increase of expense whatever, and in others the increase would be comparatively very slight, nor are the charges made in reference to the cost of the railway, but solely in regard to what the proprietors consider will pay best, viz., draw the greatest amount of money; and accordingly we find some railways charging more than *five times* as much as others.

5th. That it is a fact with but few exceptions, that comparatively high fares are found more profitable than low fares, and of late years they have in the principal companies been raised, with a tendency to raise them still further; it is therefore hopeless to expect that the Railway Companies taken as a body will reduce them.

6th. That it would be a great public good if passengers and merchandize could be conveyed at *one third* of the present average charges.

7th. That it would be the duty of the government, and we have no right

to presume that it would be a duty otherwise than agreeable, to bring about such a desirable change, if it could be effected with justice to all parties, and without adding to the burden of the country by further taxation.

Then, what of the system of management recommended?

I believe the best system would be that which would approach nearest to that of our own Post Office. One individual of rank and talent, and a member of the cabinet, to have the sole management, responsible of course to the government and the country for the due performance of his duty; or perhaps, what would be better, as the Board of Trade was lately constituted, the President in the House of Peers, and the Vice-President in the House of Commons.

I would propose four classes of passengers:—

The first class one penny per mile,
The second class three farthings per mile,

to travel by the same train, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, stoppages included.

The third class one half-penny per mile,
The fourth class one farthing per mile,

to travel by the same train, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, stoppages included, and be despatched twice a day, at the most convenient hours for the poorer classes.

I do not suggest that the travelling by the latter train should be slower as a means to prevent people from travelling by it, but simply because the expense of carriages, quick travelling, and wear and tear by friction is double in the one case to what it is in the other; it is on this account that the third class (close carriages) should be the same as the second class, the difference in price being for the increased speed.

With regard to the analogy to Mr. Rowland Hill's Post-Office reform, we have these differences:

First. In Mr. Hill's plan, the postage was reduced to *one-sixth* of what it formerly had been, and the decrease to the revenue in consequence amounted to £900,000. In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is only to *one-third*, and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at a million sterling.

Second. Mr. Hill's plan, in the important matter of finance, has fallen considerably short of what was anticipated by having adopted the fixed principle instead of a graduated scale, which I believe would have been most advantageous in this case, whatever it may be in others. A charge of postage varying say from a penny to three pence, according to distance, would, I believe, not only have produced a much larger revenue but would have been more in accordance with the principles of sound political economy and common sense. Admitting Mr. Hill's view to have been correct, in so far as it relates to the actual cost of the transmission of a letter to the sender, he entirely overlooked what the receipt of such a letter would be valued at by the receiver. If a merchant has two articles of a very different quality that cost him the same price, he looks as much to their relative value in regard to the intended purchaser as to their cost to himself. An individual, who had been in the habit of paying 1*s.* 6*d.* postage to one place, and 6*d.*

to another, and been able to continue his correspondence at one sixth of the price charged, would hardly write an additional letter by having the reduction reduced to one eighteenth, and the difference is consequently lost to the revenue. By a reference to the table No. III., it will be seen that the cost of conveying a passenger 100 miles on the Glasgow and Greenock Railway would be, if the present number were trebled, 6*d.*; the mere cost of conveyance would not be more than 3*d.*, but his share of the charges for general expenditure, rates, taxes, &c., would amount to 3*d.* more. But would it be reasonable for any one to expect, because he could be conveyed 100 miles for 6*d.*,—from here to Liverpool say, for 2*s.* 2*d.*, whilst it would cost him now 27*s.*,—that the mere cost of conveyance should be the only consideration, and not take into account the advantages even at his own valuation?

It is on this ground that my plan differs widely from that of Mr. Hill: his calculation is founded *solely* on the cost to the seller, in mine *the value received by the purchaser* is taken equally into consideration.

Third. But there is a total difference of circumstances between the two cases; by Post Office reform, the deficiency of £900,000 in the receipts is a direct loss to the revenue, and has to be met with direct taxation to that amount; by the proposed plan of railway reform the revenue does not suffer to the amount of a single farthing. The revenue which the railway yields to the government is about £200,000: not only is that item left untouched in the expenditure, but the amount paid by the post office is deducted from the receipts; *the government would but lose in effect by reduced charges what it would otherwise gain by continuing the present rates.* The credit of the state enables it to borrow money at little more than 3 per cent.; the purchaser of shares in a railway, or indeed in any other concern of a speculative nature, will not be induced to invest his capital at a lower rate of interest than 5 per cent.; security for his money is the first object of the capitalist, the interest is but a secondary one. Railway stock that may to-day be worth £100, this day twelvemonth may not be worth £50, hence the difference between a fluctuating uncertain interest, not merely of interest but involving the safety of capital, and the certain interest, and comparatively unfluctuating capital secured by the state.

This remark is striking: "the commercial reform introduced by Mr. Hill has been no doubt of incalculable benefit to the country, but it *never* can be carried out to its full extent till the mails are transmitted to every village and hamlet throughout the country *free of expense*, unless the government be prepared to sacrifice a considerable part of the revenue arising from the Post-Office." Our author contemplates other public benefits to be derived from his proposed reform. But he does not overlook the interests of another party, viz., the shareholder. The question is asked, would he have any reason to complain of being deprived of his property, nolens volens?

It is observed that railway property, more than any other kind, is the creation of an Act of Parliament, and that none has less claim to exemption, if you consider its sweeping and unscrupulous meddling with the property of others, should the service of the

state render it desirable to interfere with it. Besides, railway property is constantly in the market and changing hands; thus being used merely as an investment of money, which is altogether uncertain with respect to value.

The intelligence of the people is very closely connected with a wise and comprehensive system of railways. But civilization involves something more than the mere advance of knowledge. The morality of a community and happiness of condition are paramount points for the consideration of a legislature. Now, by anxiously contrived measures these important ends may be served, indirectly and negatively as well as directly and positively. It is notorious that according to the existing principles and conduct of our railway system, gambling speculation is greatly encouraged and promoted to the destruction of the moral and industrious habits of multitudes of the people. This is a consideration which our author does not overlook.

Our author holds it to be monstrous that this country, with its boasted freedom, and the deep responsibility of the administrators of its power, should, in the management of such gigantic concerns and so mighty an element as we have been considering, be so greatly at the mercy of two or three score of self-elected bodies, responsible only to their shareholders, and who are chiefly controlled by a mere regard to individual profit, or that which is extremely limited by monopoly; and he again and again invites attention to other countries, in order to awaken the public mind and that of the legislature to the examples there set forth.

If we look abroad to other countries, we find that they are far in advance of us, in the mode and manner of establishing and conducting their railways; Belgium we have already noticed; the governments of France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and the German States, have considered them undertakings of such paramount importance, as either to have them constructed for the state, or to give every encouragement to the capitalist *on condition* of a very low tariff being fixed. In England, a course directly opposite has been invariably pursued, the government has neither constructed the work itself nor rendered the slightest assistance or facility to those who have done so; the consequence has been that millions have been extorted from the capitalist, not only in enormous parliamentary expenses, but in buying off opposition under the name of "compensation." The contest for the Brighton line may be well remembered: there were four rival companies, and their parliamentary expenses alone for *one year* amounted to upwards of £100,000! How they were incurred is graphically described by one who took part in it. "There were about twenty counsel engaged, headed by six king's serjeants and king's counsel; there was a regiment of twenty eminent solicitors, flanked by a whole brigade of parliamentary agents, and a whole array of surveyors and engineers, whose chief business it appeared to be to contradict each other, (the lawyers aiding and assisting, and chuckling with delight)." That is but a counterpart of what took place

to a greater or less extent on every line. How many millions would have been saved then to the shareholders, and now to the public, if Government had marked out the best lines, and given them by public competition to whatever company would have engaged to convey goods and passengers on the lowest terms. It must however be admitted that the Government acted with perfect fairness between all parties: if it permitted the capitalist to be fleeced, it could not with any show of justice interfere and prevent him, when invested with power, from doing to others what had been done to himself; and to do him justice, he has not been slow to exercise it.

After having sketched out a plan of railway reform, and arguing that there never was a period in which it was more required, our author proposes that a trial of his scheme be made to test its merits.

Commence with one railway; try the Blackwall: the Directors would no doubt willingly accede to any fair arrangement with the Government; the fares to be *two pence* by the first class, and *one penny* in the second. I doubt very much if there would be any deficiency whatever in the receipts, but if the reduction does not exceed *one third* of the present receipts, I have argued on correct data, as the difference would be made up by the reduced premium. If it is found that people can travel on that railway at one third of what they pay at present, that nobody is a loser and everybody a gainer by the change, try another, the Liverpool and Manchester; let that railway be open to the public, which it is not yet, except in the same manner that the London Tavern is—let the fares by the first class trains be 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.*, and by the second class trains, 1*s.* 3*d.* and 8*d.*; if the second experiment succeed, a final one might be made on the London and Birmingham.

But supposing that the experiment in the first instance fails—that there is not that relation which I have contended for as to the principle of consumption depending on price; that although in one week on the Blackwall railway, by decreasing the fares from 8*d.* and 6*d.*, to 6*d.* and 4*d.*, the number of passengers were increased in more than the inverse ratio of the decrease, viz. from 23,330 to 39,902, still that with a further reduction they would not go on increasing, it being discovered that passengers had a particular *penchant* for 6*d.* and 4*d.*, in preference to 2*d.* and 1*d.*

We look upon the subject of railway reform as being of such an important and pressing nature, and upon the present pamphlet as being so ably drawn up and so full of suggestion, as to have allowed to it a large space in our pages. With the view of further recommending its arguments and calculations, we copy out the résumé of the whole, that the subject may be brought compactly before our readers, and at one complete glance.

It being thus proved, or assumed to be so, that a great change is wanted —that the country is not deriving those benefits from the establishment of railways which they are capable of yielding, the evil is traced to its original source; viz., the state having granted to private parties, for their individual gain, the complete control and management of these great channels of social communication. The total improbability of any change in railway manage-

ment, by which the public would be benefited, is deduced from the two important facts, which were proved before a Committe of the House of Commons a few years since, without any attempt made to contradict them. 1st. The railway companies *in general* find it disadvantageous to convey passengers at *very* low rates; for although a great increase of numbers is the result, yet it is not sufficiently great to counterbalance the deficiency in reduced fares. 2nd. That railway companies, when they drive their competitors off the road, and are thus freed from opposition, raise the fares to the highest rate. The London and Brighton Company is the last instance of this system, but they have so far exceeded due limits that several coaches are daily running now. It is therefore contended, that as comparatively high fares are found to pay best, and are charged on the most profitable railways, there is no likelihood of their being reduced, or any practices discontinued that tend to increase the receipts of the respective companies.

The difficulty of dealing with the subject is then noticed: it is observed that as a contract has been entered into between the legislature and railway proprietors, no step could be taken to the prejudice of the latter—no measures could be adopted by Parliament respecting their property, that would have the effect of reducing their profits, without due compensation being made, but at the same time it is contended that the legislature have a perfect right to deal with railway property in the same manner as any other that the welfare of the state may require. The manner in which railways are conducted in this country is noticed at considerable length, and contrasted with what it might be under a different system—one which would render their usefulness *entirely* subservient to the public good. It is contended that under the present system, as the greatest gain to the shareholders is the *only* object of those who have the management of railways, the convenience of the public is only so far consulted as it may conduce to that end. In proof of the extent of usefulness which railways are capable of conferring on the community, especial attention is directed to two points. 1st. The almost unlimited capabilities of railways for all purposes of transit. 2nd. The great *waste* of locomotive power in the conveyance of passengers and merchandize. The truth of the first proposition is so well known, that little more is done than direct attention to it as an acknowledged fact, but the second is discussed at considerable length, and a great variety of statistical and documentary evidence is adduced to prove that the locomotive power at present in daily use is fully sufficient to do *three times its present work*,—that consequently *two thirds of it are going to waste*. It is endeavoured to be shown that if fares were reduced so low that the number of passengers would be trebled, that the aggregate expense would be but slightly increased, and reference is made to some railway companies which have reduced their fares very low, and in consequence have nearly trebled their former number of passengers *without the slightest increase in expense;* to avoid, however, any dispute on that point, 25 per cent. for extra expenditure has been assumed would be incurred by such a large increase of passengers. * * *

After noticing the difficulties and disadvantages attending the first and second plans, the third is suggested as being the most feasible, and the manner in which it is proposed to carry it out is explained at considerable length The outline is as follows:—The estimated value of railway property is about

63,000,000 sterling; the value of the first class is 48,000,000, paying 5 per cent. per annum at the present current prices of shares, and the second class 15,000,000, paying in round numbers not more than 4 per cent. on their quotations of shares, the prices of which are in many cases merely nominal; it being obvious that *bad* property would not be purchased to pay only 4 per cent., when *good* property could be obtained that would pay 5 per cent. It is proposed that the state should purchase the whole of this property at the current price of shares, paying the present holders in 3 per cent. consols, on such liberal terms as would not only be a bonus to the present holders, but prevent the Government from having recourse to a loan

The résumé is further pursued.

It is proposed that when Government should thus have got possession of all the railway property in the kingdom, a uniform rate of fares and charges should be made, which should not on an average exceed *one third* of the present charges. The proposed scale is as follows:—

Mail passengers, 2*d.* per mile, travelling at the rate of 35 miles per hour.

1st class 1*d.*	do.	do.	do.	25	do.
2nd do. ½*d.*	do.				
3rd do. ½*d.*	do.	do.	do.	15	do.
4th do. ¼*d.*	do.				

Merchandize, cattle, &c., at one third of the present charges.

Some of the good effects of this proposed change are then pointed out. 1st. The great stimulus to trade and commerce by such a great reduction in the charges of transit. 2nd. Reduction in price of the necessaries of life. 3rd. The saving to the public of three millions sterling, in *direct* taxation, to say nothing of what would be saved in indirect taxation. 4th. The Government being enabled to carry out fully Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Post Office reform, as the transmission of mails would be free. 5th. The saving to parishes by the removal of paupers free. 6th. The saving to the country in the conveyance of troops, military and naval stores, bullion, &c. 7th. The universal good to all classes, rich and poor, by their being enabled for any purpose, whether of health, business, or pleasure, to derive all the advantages which a comparatively free intercourse throughout the country can afford. Statistical calculations are then entered on to show what might be the results in a financial point of view. It is proved from the returns of two railways, the Glasgow and Greenock and Dublin and Kingstown, the proprietors of which have adopted a *very* low scale of fares, that the increase of passengers has more than made up for the reduction in charges. The Glasgow and Greenock Railway is 22½ miles in length, and the fares last year were reduced *two thirds*, or what amounts to nearly the same thing, passengers were enabled to travel at *one third* of the previous *lowest* charge, —the result was, that the number of passengers increased in the course of a few weeks from 12,000 to 33,000, and the company gained considerably by the change:—the fare for the entire distance is only 6d. The effects of the system adopted on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway is adduced as a strong proof of the safety with which Government might, in a financial point of view, make a great reduction in the charges. The directors of that

company about two years since, reduced their fares to such a low scale, that one class of passengers is actually carried at the rate of *half a farthing per mile*, and the affairs of the company have improved so much by the change, that the shares which were previously at 18 per cent. *discount*, are now at 7 per cent. *premium*. Attention has been particularly directed to the important fact, that in both these companies—the only two in the kingdom which have adopted very low fares—*no increase whatever* in the expenditure has resulted from the change, although on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway the number of passengers had increased for the last year upwards of 400,000. It is however, freely admitted, that the adoption of the proposed scale of charges would, on the great majority of railways, cause a great diminution in the gross receipts, on some railways, perhaps, not less than a third; but it is endeavoured to be shown, that the profit which the Government would otherwise have, that is to say, the *difference between the amount now received by railway poprietors and the sum which would be paid by Government in dividends*, would fully make up the deficiency.

We have not gone into the Appendix, in which astounding details and enormous numerical statements are to be met with. But what if the pamphlet's calculations and theory be correct! How amazing in that case the possible development of railway travelling, and the perfection of steam power!

ART. VII.—*Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years of* 1836—39. By THOMAS SIMPSON, Esq. Bentley.

MR. SIMPSON'S volume contains a narrative of a series of expeditions, which complete the survey of the northern circum-polar coasts of America through about seventy-four degrees of longitude,—thus filling up by a succession of indomitable British enterprise our knowledge of above 2000 miles, following the windings of the shore, of the Northern Ocean. The Hudson's Bay Company having determined upon the completion of this survey if practicable, fitted out an expedition for the purpose. In 1836 orders to this effect were given to Messrs. Dease and Simpson, appointing them commanders, and in the following year the Arctic explorations were commenced by them. From a brief memoir of the author, and indeed from the narrative itself, we learn that Mr. Simpson, although his name appears only as second or junior officer of the expedition, was in reality however its mainspring.

Mr. Dease was an old experienced officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who co-operated with Sir John Franklin on his last expedition; but the other was "alone at all conversant with science; and the most arduous parts of the service performed by the expedition—the completion of the survey between Mackenzie River and Point

Barrow; the exploration of the country between Great Slave Lake and the Coppermine River—essential to the transport across that rugged and sterile country (well called the Barren Grounds) of the boats and provisions of the expedition; and the pedestrian journey along the coast, of the summer of 1838, which opened the prospect of a clear sea to the eastward, securing the success of the expedition in Summer 1839,—were performed by him alone."

Mr. Simpson started from the Red River settlement to join the expedition at its first winter quarters, in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca. The settlement just mentioned is in such an out-of-the way region of the North American continent, and the colony is of such an anomalous character, that we must quote some account of the spot and the people.

Situated under the 50th degree of north latitude, and 97th of west longitude, at an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, and stretching for upwards of fifty miles along the wooded borders of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which flow through a level country of vast extent, it possesses a salubrious climate and a fertile soil; but summer frosts, generated by undrained marshes, sometimes blast the hopes of the husbandman, and the extremes of abundance and want are experienced by an improvident people. Horses, horned cattle, hogs, and poultry, are exceedingly numerous. Sheep have been brought by the Company, at great expense, from England and the United States, and are reared with success. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, and most of the ordinary culinary vegetables, thrive well. Pumpkins, melons, and cucumbers come to maturity in the open air in favourable seasons. Maize, pease, and beans, have not been extensively cultivated; hops grow luxuriantly; flax and hemp are poor and stunted; orchards are as yet unknown. The banks of the rivers are cultivated to the width of from a quarter to half a mile. All the back level country remains in its original state—a vast natural pasture, covered for the greater part of the year with cattle, and also furnishing the inhabitants with a sufficiency of coarse hay for the support of their herds during the winter. The length of this severe season exceeds five months, the rivers usually freezing in November and opening in April, when there is a fine sturgeon-fishery; but Lake Winipeg, the grand receptacle of the river waters, does not break up till the close of May. The most common sorts of wood are oak, elm, poplar, and maple; pines are likewise found towards Lake Winipeg. The generality of the settlers dwell in frame or loghouses, roofed with wooden slabs, bark, or shingles, and, for the most part, whitewashed or painted externally. Not a man, however mean or idle, but possesses a horse; and they vie in gay carioles, harness, saddles, and fine clothes. A great abundance of English goods is imported, both by the Company and by individuals, in the Company's annual ships to York Factory, and disposed of in the colony at moderate prices. Labour is dear, and produce of all kinds sells at a higher rate than could be expected in such a secluded place.

Other interesting and singular particulars are detailed concerning the Red River colony; but we must pass these over to keep pace

with the expedition, whose plan was to winter at Fort Chipewyan, a trading establishment of the company on Lake Athabasca. We cite the conclusion of the narrative so far. "Thus happily terminated a winter journey of 1277 statute miles. In the wilderness time and space seem equally a blank, and for the same reason—the paucity of objects to mark and diversify their passage; but, in my opinion, the real secret of the little account which is made of distance in these North American wilds is, that there is *nothing to pay*. Every assistance is promptly rendered to the traveller without fee or reward, while health and high spirits smile at the fatigues of the way."

Wherever the company have a station, thither do the Indians repair to dispose of their game. And most slaughtering is the propensity of these children of the desert, so that nothing will persuade them to spare the young of the most valuable animals.

Near York Factory, in 1831, this propensity. contrary to all the remonstrances of the gentlemen of that place, led to the indiscriminate destruction of a countless herd of reindeer, while crossing the broad stream of Haye's River, in the height of summer. The natives took some of the meat for the present use, but thousands of carcases were abandoned to the current, and infected the river banks, or floated out into Hudson's Bay, there to feed the sea fowl and the Polar bear. As if it were a judgement for this barbarous slaughter, in which women and even children participated, the deer have never since visited that part of the country in similar numbers.

After wintering at Fort Chipewyan, having built two boats, each twenty-four feet long, and being so much alike that they were called Castor and Pollux, the plan of the expedition was to make for the Polar Sea by the Slave River, Great Slave River, and the Mackenzie River; and there to sail or row to Cape North, but if this was not practicable, to proceed over the ice, or along the shore. The season of 1837 was propitious, the expedition passed the Return Reef of Sir J. Franklin. For some time the progress had been very slow, and the exertions excessive, the boats having been forced through the ice. At a point called Boat Extreme Mr. Dease was left in charge of the vessels, when Mr. Simpson and a few volunteers proceeded on foot till they reached the desired point, that of Cape North or Point Barrow. Here the adventurous traveller gazed towards the west upon "a broad lane of water;" and so "inviting was the prospect in that direction," that he would not have hesitated a moment to have prosecuted the voyage to Behring's Straits and the Russian settlements, with a skin canoe at his command, in order to cross arms of the sea.

But we must let the narrator be heard in his account of the progress made towards Point Barrow after abandoning for a period the boats about 150 miles beyond Return Reef, and during the explora-

tion on foot, along with five companions. Take the following snatches of the story of this bold adventure.

After travelling about ten miles, and wading through many a salt creek, the waters of which were at the freezing temperature, the land, to our dismay, turned off to the eastward of south, and a boundless inlet lay before us. Almost at the same instant, to our inexpressible joy, we descried four Esquimaux tents, at no great distance, with figures running about. We immediately directed our steps towards them; but, on our approach, the women and children threw themselves into their canoes, and pushed off from the shore. I shouted "Kabloonan teyma Inueet," meaning "We are white men, friendly to the Esquimaux;" upon which glad news the whole party hurried ashore, and almost overpowered us with caresses. The men were absent, hunting, with the exception of one infirm individual, who, sitting under a reversed canoe, was tranquilly engaged in weaving a fine whalebone net. Being unable to make his escape with the rest, he was in an agony of fear; and, when I first went up to him, with impotent hand he made a thrust at me with his long knife. He was, however, soon convinced of our good intentions; and his first request was for tobacco, of which we found men, women, and even children inordinately fond.

Confidence being established, Mr. Simpson told the Esquimaux that the party required one of their oomiaks or "large family canoes," to take a two or three days' journey,—"or *sleeps* as they term it," to the westward.

These skin boats float in half a foot of water. No ice was visible from the tents; and, from the trending of the coast, it was more than doubtful that our journey could have been accomplished in any reasonable time on foot. They acceded to my demand, without a scruple. We selected the best of three oomiaks; obtained four of their slender oars, which they used as tent-poles, besides a couple of paddles; fitted the oars with lashings: and arranged our strange vessel so well that the ladies were in raptures, declaring us to be genuine Esquimaux, and not poor white men. Whilst my companions were thus employed, I procured from the most intelligent of the women, a sketch of the inlet before us, and of the coast to the westward, as far as her knowledge extended. She represented the inlet as very deep; that they make many encampments in travelling round it; but that it receives no river. She also drew a bay of some size to the westward; and the old man added a long and very narrow projection, covered with tents, which I could not doubt to mean Point Barrow.

The canoe encountered a high sea most gallantly, and at night sheltered the party on a shore of frozen mud. At length Point Barrow was gained.

We had now only to pass Elson Bay, which is for the most part shallow, It was covered with a tough coat of young ice, through which we broke a passage; and then forced our way amid a heavy pack, nearly half a mile broad, that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean

spreading far and wide to the south-west, we unfurled our flag, and with three enthusiastic cheers took possession of our discoveries in Her Majesty's name. Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, forced up by the pressure of the ice into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, might be mistaken for gigantic boulders. At the spot where we landed it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is considerably wider towards its termination, where it subsides into a reef running for some distance in an easterly direction, and partly covered by the sea. One of the first objects that presented itself, on looking around, was an immense cemetery. There the miserable remnants of humanity lay on the ground, in the seal-skin dresses worn while alive. A few were covered with an old sledge or some pieces of wood, but far the greater number were entirely exposed to the voracity of dogs and wild animals.

This is the description of what the explorer beheld from a hill near Demarkation Point.

I ascended the nearest hill, six or seven miles distant, whence I enjoyed a truly sublime prospect. On either hand arose the British and Buckland mountains, exhibiting an infinite diversity of shade and form; in front lay the blue boundless ocean strongly contrasted with its broad glittering girdle of ice; beneath yawned ravines a thousand feet in depth, through which brawled and sparkled the clear alpine streams; while the sun, still high in the west, shed his softened beams through a rich veil of saffron-coloured clouds that over-canopied the gorgeous scene. Bands of reindeer, browsing on the rich pasture in the valleys and along the brooks, imparted life and animation to the picture. Reluctantly I returned to the camp at sunset.

Returning successfully and without accident to the mouth of the Mackenzie, the winter quarters at the North-eastern boundary of the Great Bear Lake had to be thought of, the temperature of serene autumn having yielded to the intensity of a northern winter. But the unmitigated severity of the climate did not dishearten the adventurers nor bereave them of their appetites.

On Christmas and New-Year's days we entertained our assembled people with a dance, followed by a supper, consisting of the best fare we could command. By this time we had, through our indefatigable exertions, accumulated two or three weeks' provisions in advance, and no scarcity was experienced during the remainder of the season. The daily ration served out to each man was increased from eight to ten, and to some individuals twelve pounds of venison; or, when they could be got, four or five white-fish weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. This quantity of solid food, immoderate as it may appear, does not exceed the average standard of the country; and ought certainly to appease even the inordinate appetite of a French Canadian.

The extremity of the Great Bear Lake had been selected for wintering, in order to be prepared for the descent of the Coppermine River, as soon as the ice broke up; and then to make for the Eastward along

the coast by the same means as in the former adventure. But the season this year was unfavourable, so that although the party proceeded further by about four degrees of longitude than Franklin had reached in this direction, descrying over the sea, land about twenty-five miles distant, which he named Victoria; yet they found themselves compelled to return without accomplishing the whole of their object. Next year, however, in the month of July, the mouth of the Coppermine river proved to be promisingly free of ice, and the voyage eastward was accomplished successfully; the coast between Back's and Franklin's discoveries was surveyed; the sea between the main continent of America and Boothia Felix was in some degree examined, the adventurers coasted along the newly discovered land named after our Queen, and arrived safely at their head-quarters on the Great Bear Lake. "All the objects," says Mr. Simpson, "for which the expedition was so generously instituted were now accomplished, but Mr. Dease and myself were not quite satisfied. We had determined the northern limits of America to the westward of the Great Fish River; it still remained a question whether Boothia Felix might not be united to the continent, on the other side of the estuary. The men, who had never dreamed of going any further, were therefore summoned, and the importance of proceeding some distance explained to them, when to their honour, all assented without a murmur."

But after the interval of a few days the narrative thus proceeds:—

It was now quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our return to the distant Coppermine River, and that any farther foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the farther trending of the coast. Our view of the low main-shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without, lay several lofty islands; and in the north-east, more distant still, appeared some high blue land: this, which we designated Cape Sir John Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulph, uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and, with numerous indentations, running down to the southward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager bays. The exploration of such a gulph, to the strait of the Fury and Hecla, would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honourable Company, who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established.

The importance of Mr. Simpson's services were with alacrity acknowledged by the Hudson's Bay Company and by the Government.

He proposed another expedition to complete the survey between the point he had reached and the Straits of the Fury and Hecla. To this his employers with their wonted spirit readily acceded. The Royal Geographical Society had awarded him its medal, and Government signified its intention of bestowing on him a pension of £100 a-year. But alas! the gladdening news of all this arrived too tardily to meet his impatience and restless spirit. He started for Canada, with the intention to proceed to Europe. The letter of the Company was written on the 3rd of June; and only three days later he left the Red River Colony, by the way of the Missouri. Leaving his party, with four companions, half-breeds, he hurried on. Two of these were shot by him, the other pair returning to the main body; and the next day Simpson fell a sacrifice, having been killed by some of the party. He seems to have been disliked by the said half-breeds, but whether he shot the men in self-defence, or upon some sudden excitement too great for his mind to bear, remains a mystery.

But one thing is certain: Thomas Simpson will have his name transmitted to posterity not only as an enterprising traveller and successful explorer, but as a modest and manly narrator of his discoveries in regions where the highest geographical triumphs which British courage and perseverance ever achieved have been won. As a book of travels it contains much that will be interesting to the general as well as to the scientific reader. The incidents and the descriptions which it presents are given with spirit and unaffectedly; the literary skill of the writer being above that of the average order. Nor is this peculiarity matter for wonder, when told that Mr. Simpson had been designed for the Scottish Church, carrying away university honours at Aberdeen.

One striking feature of the volume remains to be noticed: so little does the author appear to have reckoned of the sufferings and privations to which an explorer in Arctic regions is exposed, that the severity of his experience is only incidentally mentioned, or merely as a matter of course. At the same time, although but slightly impressed with the severity of such rigours, the reader cannot but, by his notices, marvel that flesh and blood could have endured what he and his companions encountered.

We shall now cull a few passages miscellaneously, beginning with a curt account of the different native races of North America, but without vouching for its accuracy:—

The Esquimaux inhabiting all the Arctic shores of America have doubtless originally spread from Greenland, which was peopled from northern Europe; but their neighbours, the Loucheux of Mackenzie River, have a clear tradition that their ancestors migrated from the westward, and crossed an arm of the sea. The language of the latter is entirely different from that of the other known tribes who possess the vast region to the northward of a line drawn from Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, across the Rocky Mountains,

to New Caledonia. These, comprehending the Chipewyans, the Copper Indians, the Beaver Indians of Peace River, the Dog-ribs and Hare Indians of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake, the Thocanies, Nahanies, and Dahadinnehs of the Mountains, and the Carriers of New Caledonia, all speak dialects of the same original tongue. Next to them succeed the Crees, speaking another distinct language, and occupying another great section of the continent extending from Lesser Slave Lake through the woody country on the north side of the Saskatchewan River, by Lake Winipeg to York Factory, and from thence round the shores of Hudson and James bays. South of the fiftieth parallel, the circles of affinity contract, but are still easily traced. The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used till lately to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched.

An Indian child's plaything and training:—

Among the Indians who came in about the close of the month, was a family, the youngest member of which, a boy scarcely two years old, and still unweaned, walked on snow-shoes. I had the curiosity to measure them, and found their dimensions exactly two feet in length, including the curved point, by six inches at the broadest part. The little urchin was so fond of these painful appendages, that he hugged them as a plaything, and bawled lustily when his mother attempted to take them from him.

A motive for leaving one's own tribe, and prefering another:—

In a conversation with the Dog-ribs, we afterwards learned that these mountain Indians are cannibals, and immediately upon any scarcity arising cast lots for victims. Their fierce manners have been circumstantially described by an old man, who, while yet a stripling, fled from the tribe, and joined himself to the Dog-ribs, in consequence of his finding his mother, on his return from a successful day's hunting, employed in roasting the body of her own child, his youngest brother.

Hunting with the Indians:—

In order to eke out our scanty and precarious subsistence, I spent a great part of the months of October and November in hunting excursions with those Indians who had recovered from their illness. The deer fortunately began to draw in from the North-east to the country between Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine; and as soon as any animals were shot, I despatched a share of the prey by our people and dogs to the establishment. At the same time, I highly relished the animation of the chase, and the absolute independence of an Indian life. Our tents were usually pitched in the last of the stunted straggling woods; whence we issued out at daybreak among the bare snowy hills of the "barren lands," where the deer could be distinguished a great way off by the contrast of their dun colour with the pure white of the boundless waste. The hunters then disperse, and advance in such a manner

as to intercept the deer in their confused retreat to windward, the direction they almost invariably follow. On one occasion I witnessed an extraordinary instance of affection in these timid creatures. Having brought down a fine doe at some distance, I was running forward to despatch her with my knife, when a handsome young buck bounded up, and raised his fallen favourite with his antlers. She went a few paces, and fell; again he raised her, and continued wheeling around her, till a second ball—for hunger is ruthless—laid him dead at her side.

Shooting rapids:—

From Sir John Franklin's description of the lower part of the Coppermine, we anticipated a day of dangers and excitement; nor were we disappointed. Franklin made his descent on the 15th of July, when the river had fallen to its summer level; but we were swept down by the spring flood, now at its very height. The swollen and tumultuous stream was still strewed with loose ice, while the inaccessible banks were piled up with ponderous fragments. The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives, to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of Escape Rapid of Franklin; and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock, which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty Eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose. Our next impulse was to turn round to view the fate of our comrades behind. They had profited by the peril we incurred, and kept without the treacherous rock in time. The waves there were still higher, and for a while we lost sight of our friends. When they emerged, the first object visible was the bowman disgorging part of an intrusive wave which he had swallowed, and looking half-drowned. Mr. Dease afterwards told me that the spray, which completely enveloped them, formed a gorgeous rainbow around the boat.

Confronting the wind:—

We were now at the commencement of a plain, twenty miles in breadth, which my guide required daylight to cross: we therefore breakfasted, and started at seven o'clock. The wind blew strongly from the Westward; and to face it, where there was not a shrub, or even a blade of grass, to break its force, with a temperature of at least 40 degrees, was a serious undertaking. Muffling up our faces with shawls, pieces of blanket, and leather, in such a manner as to leave only the eyes exposed, we braved the blast. Each eyelash

was speedily bedizened with a heavy crop of icicles; and we were obliged, every now and then, to turn our backs to the wind, and thaw off these obstructions with our half-frozen fingers.

Toils and dangers of passing through the ice:—

The ice appearing somewhat loosened on the morning of the 31st, we embarked at nine, and forced our way through the crowded masses for about two miles, with serious risk to the boats. In this sort of progress, to which we so frequently had recourse, it must be understood that, except the bowman or steersman, all the crew were out upon the ice, with poles pushing aside and fending off the successive fragments. The advance thus effected was always slow, painful, and precarious; and we considered ourselves particularly fortunate whenever we found a natural channel through the ice wide enough to admit our little boats. These narrow channels were generally very crooked; and when carrying sail, it required the utmost tact on the part of the steersman, aided by the look-out in the bows, and men on either side standing ready with poles, to avoid the innumerable floating rocks—if I may use the expression—that endangered this intricate navigation. Again were we stopped, and compelled to encamp.

From the extreme coldness of the weather, and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles.

ART. VIII.—*Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.* 2 vols. Madden.

THE design of these volumes is to give a vivid idea of the revolution by which the Rome of the Cæsars was reduced to that state of devastation and ruin in which the Rome of the Popes had its beginning. The manner in which this intention is carried out, is novel and attractive. The author regards the ordinary methods of investigating and representing the great subject,—a subject which if properly treated should impress the mind strongly with the insufficiency of heathenism in any form, be it savage and barbarous, or philosophical and political, to insure the happiness of mankind taken individually, or as communities,—as being inadequate for the purpose; and has therefore adopted a new plan, for the sake of greater unity, comprehensiveness, and vivacity. This plan is very much that of an imposing romance, the sort of framework being fancied, but the characters historic, and the things taught substantial and momentous in the last degree. Accordingly, while his arrangement, his combination of facts, his personation of characters, and his colouring are imaginary, not only his hero, but many other remarkable actors in the work were real, while others are traditional.

The matter of the work has to a great extent been compiled, having been borrowed from a large variety of writers,—ranging from

Sallust to Guizot,—many of them monkish. The disquisitions and theological doctrines, as well as the substance of the narrative and descriptive parts of the book, so far as these profess to be strictly true, are not properly the author's own, but extracts, abridgements, or translations. On the other hand, the series of striking passages and periods of Roman history which the writer has selected, many of the comments and reflections, the manner of setting and connecting the whole into one piece, the action carried on, the occasional dialogues and discourse, and the dramatic shape that is sometimes assumed, are his, and must be placed to his name, whatever be the beauties or blemishes of these parts of the performance. In a word, the work partakes of and combines history and fiction, disquisition and theology, the whole clothed in language that is rhetorical and eloquent.

Rome under Paganism and Popedom is not a faultless although an attractive and often a gorgeous work. It may be objected, perhaps, that the manner in which the strict series of events is broken up is quite arbitrary, and is likely, especially where there is an infusion of fiction, to affect to vitiation the truth of history. This result, however, we do not consider as one that is inevitable, provided the writer be well read, possess sound judgment and taste, and be free on exciting points, especially theological questions, of a bitter and intolerant spirit. Now, it is perfectly manifest to us that the present author is deeply acquainted not only with the annals of the grand historical periods he proposed to examine, but especially with the ecclesiastical vicissitudes and literature of the times. Many, however, will accuse him of excessive credulity,—as much reliance being implicitly placed upon a monkish tale of miracle-working, as upon the pages of Tacitus, and upon the authority of the Fathers as upon that of Holy Writ. It would have been as well too, we think, had he let the prophecy of Daniel and the Apocalypse alone; for certainly no mode of interpreting and expounding these mystical books, whether borrowed or original, will convince any large class of readers, or strengthen the faith in the judgment and discretion of the writer who tries his hand at historical pictures, by drawing upon their dark sayings. Therefore while we acknowledge his materials to be uncommonly abundant, we cannot but question the solidity of his judgment and the wisdom of his discretion. The author is manifestly, although not offensively, a zealous member of the church of Rome; and therefore it would have been prudent had he abstained from points and arguments upon which prepossessions and religious creed would be sure to fetter him.

The philosophy of the work, it may already be conjectured from what has been said, is inferior to its literature. In several points we cannot agree with the author at all. We do not now allude to the readiness with which he assents to ecclesiastical legends as evidence upon which to reason; for our wish is to keep clear as much as pos-

sible of all such controversial and unsatisfactory discussions as subjects of this sort are sure to originate. But we mean that the compiling author has not only the trick of assuming and of arguing with remarkable confidence upon such questionable premises, but of being frequently at fault as a logician when engaged in the business of endeavouring to establish therefrom important conclusions. We must, for example, forget much that we have read, and a considerable amount of that which observation and reflection has taught, when applied to human nature, ere we come to this belief, that because the various forms of paganism were false, therefore the authors of these forms must all and necessarily have been impostors. On this one subject we think that not only are the author's premises unwarranted, but that the reasoning which he therefrom employs does not, fairly taken, conduct him to the doctrine set up.

No doubt there is philosophy in the book, as well as much that is impressive and imposing in spirit and manner. With considerable force it does show that a striking feature in the idolatry of Rome under Paganism was of a political nature. Still, we must question the accuracy of the view, when it is maintained that the "mysteries" were a complete system of jugglery, at first most cunningly contrived, and continuously employed as an enslaving and benighting agency. According to our author, the rites and the games of ancient Rome were designed to delude the people and permanently to keep them the dupes of ignorance and superstition, while the aristocratic and governing classes were by such unworthy means exempted and emancipated from those popular results which would have followed a complete disclosure of the deception and mummery of the religious ordinances. The greater historical truth, the fuller philosophic view of the subject seems to be this, that the political idolatry, that the entire system of rites, festivals, and religious observances of Pagan Rome, were identified with, the mainspring and potent engine of, that patriotism and power which for centuries mastered the world, and which imbued the great body of the people as well as the rulers with the sacred belief that the city was to be eternal, and that the Capitol claimed their most devoted piety. The Roman empire was universal and destined to be everlasting; Rome was the emblem and personification of this immensity and undying greatness; and in accordance with this heathenish belief and cherished pride, the city was worshipped and its immortal destinies revered, whatever was the rule imposed, or the deity erected in the system of polytheism.

In the volumes before us there will be obtained some clear and convincing views of what constituted the greatness, as well as what caused the decline and fall of ancient Rome. The causes of, and the progress to, the rise of Popedom, do not appear to us to be so satisfactorily explained or philosophically developed. The change of

certain number of prætorian guards were also posted at the cunei or sections, and contributed, by their glittering armour and martial air, to the effect and splendour of the scene. Nigh to the amphitheatre was a place called the spoliarium, to which the gladiators who were killed or mortally wounded were dragged by a hook.

Nothing was omitted which could be in any respect subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, the velarium, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains; and an infinity of small tubes dispersed a shower of the most delicious perfumes, which descended on the languishing spectators like aromatic dews. The arena, in the centre of which stood the idol of Jupiter, formed the stage, and derived its name from being usually strewed with the finest sand.

During the progress of the games, it assumed the most different forms in quick succession. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain might be suddenly coverted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. As to the decoration of the scenes, we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber. An eye-witness affirms that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire; that the porticoes were gilded; and that the belt or circle that divided the various ranks of spectators from each other was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones.

ART. IX.—*Strafford. A Tragedy.* By JOHN STERLING. Moxon.

THE hero of this tragedy is, of course, the celebrated Earl of Strafford, "done to death" by the impeachment of the commons in the reign of Charles the First. Before making any general remarks we will put our readers in possession of an outline of the plot, which, as in all historical dramas ought to be the case, is everywhere essentially true to history.

The opening scene shows two gentlemen-retainers of Strafford, expecting at the Earl's house in London, in the middle of the night, the arrival of a messenger with papers of importance. The latter soon appears, enveloped in a large cloak, and presently after there also enters Strafford himself, who has just arrived from the country, having trusted to a private letter from Charles that his enemies in the Parliament should not be allowed to molest him. The Earl and the messenger are now left to themselves, when the latter throws aside the cloak, and discovers herself to be Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, in man's clothes. After some conversation, rather recrimi-

natory on the part of the lady, and cold and apologetic on that of the lord, (for they had been lovers a few years before, and with Lucy the feeling is still unimpaired,) the Countess gives Strafford papers capable of ensuring his victory over the Parliament, by enabling him to fix on the leaders of the opposition the guilt of treason, in having invited over the Scots to invade England.

Soon after Lady Carlisle has retired, Hollis, one of the popular leaders of the House of Commons, and brother of Strafford's deceased wife, desires to see Everard, one of the secretaries, on business of great importance to the Earl. His colloquy with Everard is overheard by Strafford (whom he supposes not yet in London) remaining in the room masked. His object is merely to inform Strafford that his only safety lies in keeping away from London, and to beg his brother-in-law, as he values his own life, to follow his advice in so doing. This warning, however, has exactly the contrary effect on the proud and fiery-spirited nobleman by whom it has been overheard, and for whose behoof it was intended. Hollis has scarcely left the room when Strafford starts up, and throwing away his disguise, closes the first act with a joyous burst of confidence in himself, and scorn of his opponents.

STRAFFORD.

So Everard, think ye they don't fear me now?
Surely in vain the fowler's net is spread
In sight of any bird. A sage device
Of my good brother and his hot compeers,
To frighten Strafford from the field of battle
Before a sword is drawn! I trust that yet,
They'll find me wasting their pale ranks with slaughter,
And grinding their rebellion into dust.
And if I went would not my coward flight
Uplift their fainting courage to the stars?
And in their politic pleadings, 'twould be sworn
Self-conscious fear already proved me guilty;
When all my guilt is but the staid resolve
To save my country from their bungling knives.

The second act opens the following morning on the Privy Council sitting in Whitehall Palace. They are debating on the course to be pursued with regard to Parliament, which has commenced its sittings that day. After much fruitless discussion, Lord Strafford enters, and his advice, given as below, is accepted, and the Council dissolved.

In sum, but this: if your wind-pregnant Commons
Babble of this and that as grievances,
Considering but the cost, and not the gain
Even to themselves of puissant government,

'Tis my poor counsel that your Majesty
Would offer, nay command, due search be made
In each particular, and if wrong be found,
As oft by human error must betide,
Proffer such absolute and free redress
As best may cope against the apparent ill.
But if on this a vain exorbitant crew
Proceed to ask surrender of one jot
Of those prerogatives connatural
With monarchy itself, and handed down
Through long succession of wise ancestors,
Then may we give that craving monstrous man
Only disdainful words of stern rebuke
Whereon to chew the cud of its affliction;
And may proclaim those powers acknowledged yours
Are far more sacred than the rights enjoyed
By any private subject in the realm;
Because your Majesty's prerogatives
Regard the total state and its cohesion,
Wherein is knitted and incorporate
The highest good of each particular man
As the leaf's welfare in the tree that bears it.
Nor do I doubt within the Commons' House
To find enow of worthy gentlemen
Who thus instructed and thus warned will spend
Their dearest blood for this time-blazoned throne.

Strafford, at a sign from the King, remains after the other Privy Councillors have left the presence, and in the conversation that ensues, suffers Charles to draw from him, under solemn promise of present secrecy, his project of impeaching before the Lords of high treason on that very day, Pym, Hampden, Vane, and other prominent members of the Commons' party. Both their Majesties, and a full train of courtiers, now appear upon the scene; and Strafford is received with marked favour by the Queen, to the neglect of her former favourite, Lord Holland; but in the various dialogue we learn that Charles has already broken his word with Strafford, by disclosing his plans to the Queen,—and is seduced by the Queen into again forfeiting his honour in giving to a dependent of one of her favourites, an appointment he had previously promised Strafford for one Lionel Percy, to secure the interest of his kinsman the Duke of Northumberland on the side of the crown in the approaching struggle.

The opening of the third act introduces us into Pym's house, where several of the Commons' party are discussing political affairs. Pym leaves the room for a short time, and returns with a troubled countenance to inform them that he has just received private intelligence to the effect that Strafford is that very morning about to impeach their party of treasonably inviting the Scots to invade the

kingdom. This warning, which Charles's folly in communicating Strafford's secret to the Queen has furnished them with through her underlings, sends them, after a hurried consultation, directly to the House, there to pass instantly a vote of impeachment of Strafford before he shall have had time to attack them. We now see the members of either House assembling at Westminster for dispatch of business in Parliament, and hear the remarks of the assembled mob, among which execrations upon Strafford predominate. Strafford himself presently approaches, and as he enters the House of Lords is arrested on a charge of high treason, the Commons having been beforehand with him, and committed immediately to the Tower, where, in the last scene of the act, he is visited by Lady Carlisle, who explains to him the cause of his miscarriage.

The fourth act opens on the last day of Strafford's trial in Westminster Hall, with a sadly tedious dialogue in the Earl's house between Everard and Hollis.

The scene shows a group of officers in the palace, just retired from an affray with the citizens, and bearing among them a page of Lady Carlisle's, wounded and robbed of a letter from his mistress to her brother, in the scuffle. They are met, as it appears, to sign an agreement to bind the army to support the King against the Parliament, and are waiting for a copy of the document with the King's signature first appended. While one of their number is gone to procure it, a quarrel occurs between two of those remaining; swords are drawn, and by accident the page is stabbed and killed,—for no purpose that we can see except to give occasion for a scene in the most objectionable taste on the arrival of the bond,—full of melo-dramatic starts, and exclamations, and signing in blood, and similar undignified business.

Scarcely is the agreement signed, and the party broken up, when Percy, brother of Lucy Carlisle, recovers from a soldier the letter of which her page had been deprived, and which was addressed to himself. From it he learns that Jermyn, the queen's master of the horse, is engaged to betray the whole affair to the Puritans, and that the latter intend to make use of the discovery in forcing Charles to give his assent to the attainder of Strafford. He endeavours to overtake and prevent him, but is too late; and the very measure by which he had hoped to ensure Strafford's safety has in the event sealed his untimely fate. The scene changes forthwith to Westminster Hall, where we hear the concluding speeches—splendid ones they are—of the trial of Strafford; with which the act closes.

The last act opens in the Palace, where Lady Carlisle induces the King to meet Pym at her house, to save if possible Strafford's life. In the second scene this meeting takes place, in a room wherein is a large picture covered with a curtain and the frame resting on the ground leaning against the wall. During their conversation this cur-

tain is silently drawn up, and discovers a full length portrait of Strafford standing. Pym soon extorts the King's promise to give his assent to the attainders, by mentioning that he is aware of the army-plot, and threatening in case of refusal to "alarm the city" and bring about Whitehall an hundred thousand men all hot for vengeance." As he leaves the room, the curtain falls again over the picture, and there steps forth from behind it the living Strafford himself, who immediately afterwards releases his monarch from all his promises of protection, and gives his full and free consent to his own death for the salvation of his country. On his exit, Lady Carlisle rushes in, and in a strain of the most bitter and animated invective reproaches Charles with his betrayal and destruction of his servant. Strafford endeavours to calm her; and, after Charles's departure, takes a final farewell of his mistress, whom he leaves insensible from grief.

The last scene of all is in the Tower, where Strafford is bidding farewell to his friend Everard, when lady Carlisle brings him hurriedly the news of pardon from the King; which joyful news is confirmed by three courtiers who come to congratulate the prisoner, only in time to add another pang to the death-warrant, which arrives immediately afterwards. The bell is now heard to toll for the execution, and the curtain finally falls on the solitary figure of Lady Carlisle, as she exclaims,

"Alone, henceforth for ever."

In this simple and intelligible plot, the only noticeable departure from history is in making the discovery of the army plot take place before, and in fact lead to, the sentence and execution of Strafford, whereas in fact it was not publicly known till about two months afterwards. This however can be considered but as an unimportant difference; and with it may be easily pardoned the compressing for dramatic purposes the interval between his impeachment and condemnation—nearly six months, although no precise time is mentioned, into, apparently, a few days. The author has chosen a part of our history admirably fitted for the subject of a tragedy; and following the example of Shakspeare in nowhere departing widely from historic fact, and exhibiting himself poetic powers of the very highest order, he has produced one of the noblest tragedies we have ever read. Some of the speeches are really magnificent. The plot is plain, well constructed, and uniformly progressive. The chief characters are conceived with felicity, drawn with care, and evolved with considerable skill. As in the master-works of Shakspeare, they are not *drawn* but *exhibited*. We are not *told*, but we *see and hear* what they are. There seems on the whole a tendency to elevate the character of Strafford, if not at the expense of, yet sometimes in unfavourable contrast with his sovereign; but it would have been difficult to avoid it. The behaviour of Charles in this affair is certainly the deepest stain on his memory. Clarendon endeavours to

furnish him out with some half kind of apology, saying "inter alia" that "if some expedient were not speedily found out, to allay that frantic rage and combination in the people, there was reason enough to believe their impious hands would be lifted up against his own person and (which he much more apprehended) against the person of his royal consort." To which may be shortly and sufficiently answered *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* Hume also tends to the same point, by bearing somewhat hard upon the unfortunate nobleman's character, but still in all points of view he cannot deny him great praise though he gives rather an invidious turn to his rapid rise from a private life. "By his eminent talents and abilities," says the historian, "Strafford merited all the confidence which his master reposed in him: his character was stately and austere; more fitted to procure esteem than love: his fidelity to the King was unshaken; but as he now employed all his counsels to support the prerogative, which he had formerly bent all his endeavours to diminish, his virtue seems not to have been entirely pure, but to have been susceptible of strong impressions from private interest and ambition." All this is no justification of the King. Had the charge here insinuated been true in its worst sense, Charles might have said in nearly the words of the Giaour long afterwards,

"His treachery was truth to me."

But the fact is, he had no excuse save the tyrant's plea of necessity; and it savoured of retributive justice that the very dangers which the crime was committed to avert were hastened in their approach and magnified in their amount, by the very act whereby he hoped to shield himself from their advent. Our estimate of the character of Charles falls by many degrees whenever we think of the untimely fate of his servant. He meanly consented to the murder of one who had served him strenuously and faithfully, to ward off danger from himself, and he well deserved the agony of shame and remorse into which he soon fell.

In giving our hasty summary of the plot we purposely abstained from quotations, preferring to give them now when we have to say a word on the separate characters. That of the hero is a masterpiece. His aristocratic turn of mind, and demeanour, gravely courteous but lofty even in courtesy, his scorn of the rabble and their "sweet voices," and the universal awe in which they are held by his towering spirit, are beautifully touched. Every line is in perfect keeping. The manner in which character is preserved—and more than merely preserved, elucidated and carried out—in short and casual sentences or even lines, proves the author to be possessed of one great qualification of a dramatist: but these parts are not adapted for extraction, and we sincerely recommend our readers not to deny themselves the gratification of reading them and the whole play carefully themselves.

We are about to give as a specimen, the Earl's speech on his trial—a noble oration, formed very properly on the basis of his actual speech as recorded in history.

STRAFFORD.

My Lord, to each particular head of charge
Such answer have I given as truth supplied:
And all summed up, methinks a searching mind
Notes less of peril in what's urged against me,
Than in the authority and fell intent
Of my accusers. For to any man
There is a forefelt presence of destruction,
Even in the fact that England's chosen tongues
Declare him guilty. Yet, my Lord, on earth,
Wrong often rules, and much is ill discerned;
And 'tis the weary proverb of all time
That innocent goodness wears the coat of sin,
The mask of shame, and is the mock of all.
How more may I, a weak erroneous man,
Begirt and leavened with infirmity,
Give amplest opening to the taint of wrongs
That ne'er in act and utterance were mine!
My Lord, my conscience tells me, and perhaps
Some scant experience of my betters too,
We may be vain, unprofitable, rash,
Purblind and staggering, jealous and violent,
And yet no traitors. Worms may not be serpents,
Unruly dogs not tigers. Adam fallen,
Was not Heaven's outcast, hopeless, Evil One,
And had to toil in sweat, not writhe in fire.
Then bear ye this in mind—not all offence
That any knave was ever charged withal,
Were I a very leper of the law,
Will lay my head within a bloody grave,
And cast my name and fortune out a wreck
Upon the waste devouring shore of ruin,
Unless they prove me traitor; and this proof,
Where is it shewn, and what the front it wears?
If all be true that's said—and many a word
Carries light warrant for a desperate meaning—
There's here one petty wrong, and there another,
Too hasty judgment on some Irish Lord,
A scorn too hearty of some Scotch rebellion,
Too just enforcement of some righteous laws,
Too loyal zeal for the King's Government,
And careless heed of popular talks and clamours;
But all this is not treason, if 'tis crime.
Before you judge it so, let one, my Lords,
Who held a valued place among yourselves,

With low submission, as becomes his weakness,
And the short measure of his doubtful grasp,
Entreat you well to weigh the bulk of harm,
If you, the landmarks and the lights of law,
Warp from the perfect tenor of their clearness
The lines and plain traditions of command
That shape our lives. If treason is not proved,
To judge me traitor, is to say that all
Must live henceforth by chance and not by rule,
And breaks the joints of all society.
What is it but to call our reason dream,
To spread our couches on the ebbtide sand,
And stack our sheaves upon the foamy waves?]
Law, as the wise have told us, is the part
Of dusky mortal being that has dawned
Forth into visual clearness, and whereby
Alone we comprehend and rule our lives
That else for us were Thought's abysmal pool.
Nor say that if I sink, in spite of law,
The only victim is one dormant man.
If wrong begins with me, where will it end?
If one goes first, will not all others follow?
Is there one here quite safe when I am fallen?
Will hands that pluck the dogrose spare the sweet?
And if excess and frailty tied to man,
Who cannot marry power with innocence,
Must now be blown by storms of vengeance up
To this gross height of unimagined crime,
Who, but the meanest in the sleepy shade
Of loathed oblivion, can escape the doom?
Or who so bold, and of so giddy trust,
That he will bare his front to unforetold,
Unmeasured peril, on the cliffs of state,
When, for a roll of trivial accidents,
And human swervings, one is tumbled down,
Who stood but yester-eve as firm as he?
And yet, my Lords, it is not for myself,
Though Life, and Name, and Circumstance, are now
Staked on this headlong venture, that I speak.
There's many a better, braver, wiser man
Has met as hard a mischief; and 'twere well
If one brief blow for me could quiet all
The roaring perturbations of the time,
And open to a gray and battered head
A still, unvexed retreat, where lying tongues,
Whose hate can pierce whate'er the sun beholds,
Shall wound no more. O! not, my Lords, for me,
But for the sake of those whom one in Heaven
Left to my care——

For others than myself—more innocent,
Though not less traitors, than their father, thus
I call on Truth and Justice. Yet to Him
Who reads the heart, and cannot wrongly judge,
I trust my children and myself—and you."

If this be not poetry, and good poetry too, it would be hard to say what is. We should be glad to see this character of Strafford represented by Mr. Macready. It is every way adapted to that gentleman's talents; and, on his return from America, it would give us great pleasure to find that the play had acquired sufficient reputation to induce him to act upon our suggestion. It would certainly require to be shortened to little more than half its present length, but that would be an unquestionable advantage; for its great fault is a redundancy of superfluous and unimportant dialogue. With this provision—hazardous as it is for those not professionally acquainted with theatricals to give an opinion on the subject, we cannot help thinking it excellently adapted for theatrical representation.

We hasten to give in another long extract,—it would be a sin to mutilate it—the finest passage in the work:—the remonstrance of Lady Carlisle with the King on his giving up Strafford's life. This Lucy Percy is here a most delightful creature, and most beautifully pourtrayed; but there are two points which rather give us a passing twinge of uneasiness. First, she avows herself to be the *mistress* of Strafford; whereas neither Clarendon nor Hume couple her name with his in *any* way, that we are aware of, much less in *this*, but on the contrary, represent him as married to a second wife at the time of his execution: and, secondly, the two last lines of one of her noble speeches seem to breathe of that spirit of philosophical immorality which renders part of Pope's Abelard and Eloisa so objectionable. However, the second may be only a casual forgetfulness; and as to the first, considering the author's general accuracy of fact, together with the importance of the point,—remembering moreover that the noble earl was accused of certain peccadilloes of the sort—we are not indisposed to doubt the extent of our own historical reading compared with that of Mr. Sterling. The grandeur of the poetry, and the truth of the sentiments to female nature, no one can deny.

"*(Enter hastily Lady Carlisle.)*

Lord Strafford going to the Tower again,
And with no promise that you'll save his life!
Not speak? But I will speak, and you shall hear.
What, sir! Be called Your Majesty, and quake!
Wear a King's mantle on a fainting bosom!
Strut in a crown, and then desert your friends!
Give up your noblest officer to death
By a vile fate, upon a popular scaffold!
Out on such royalty! 'Twere better far

To be a king of gypsies or of robbers,
And true to those who risk their all for you.
O! It is nature's bitterest sarcasm
To set mean spirits in her seats of glory,
And say to all the grinning, hissing world,
Behold the rulers I can make you serve.
Man in whose total continent of being
True manhood has not found a jot of room;
Poor doting coward, faithless trivial thing,
Whose whole reserve of obstinate sullenness
Is hoarded for your own vain lust of rule,
And cannot hold one hour of firm resistance
At friendship, gratitude, or honour's call;
Mere woman's fan, aping a masculine sword;
Thin kerchief tied to one seductive bosom,
Stirred as it heaves, and dreaming that 'tis you
Who give it life;—O! plaything, big with hell!

KING CHARLES.

The woman's mad; her passion braves the skies!

LADY CARLISLE.

I brave them not: I but invoke their justice
To rain hot curses on a tyrant's head.
Henceforth I set myself apart for mischief,
To find and prompt men capable of hate,
Until some dagger, steeled in Strafford's blood,
Knocks at the heart of Strafford's murderer!

KING CHARLES.

His murderer! O God!—no—no—not that!

[*Sinks back in a seat.*

LADY CARLISLE.

And here I call on all the powers above us
To aid the deep damnation of my curse,
And make this treason to the noblest man
That moves alive within our English seas,
Fatal to him and all his race, whose baseness
Destroys a worth it ne'er could understand.
Stars in your glory, vital Air and Sun,
And thou dark Earth, our cradle, nurse, and grave,
And more than all, free Truth and penal Justice
Conspire with all your dreadful influence
Against his blood whose crime ye now behold!
Make him a byeword and a name of woe,
A conquered warrior and a throneless outcast,
To teach all kings the law of evil power,

Till by an end more friendless and abhorred
Than his great victim's, and with heavier pain,
Let him slink off to a detested grave!
And now I give your Majesty leave to go,
And may you carry from my house away
That fixed incurable ulcer of the heart
Which I have helped your thoughts to fasten there.

STRAFFORD *(entering.)*

The King still here! I crave your Majesty's pardon;
I came but to take leave of Lady Carlisle.

KING CHARLES.

O, Strafford! I would save you if I could.
I am not what her tigress tongue describes.
They say she has more cause than any one
To wish your life, and I forgive her folly.

LADY CARLISLE.

They say! no doubt they say it, and I say it:
And if 'tis true that, with a woman's love,
And all she has to give, I love Lord Strafford,
Think not, King Charles, your sneer, so right a coward's,
Will clear your honour's blots, by staining mine.
Yes! I call Heaven and Earth to know that wholly
I love the man you slay; am prouder far
Mistress to him than queen to such as you.
What! do you dream no woman has a heart
Above your pedant forms and sacred lies?

We fancy that we see all the spirit of her race flashing from the eyes of the high-born Lucy, as her fair lips dash forth this torrent of mingled sarcasm and invective. It is beautiful in the extreme—far too much so to need any comment of ours. The few and slight faults we have observed or imagined in the whole tragedy we have already freely mentioned. We trust our expression of the pleasure we have derived from the perusal, will prevail with Mr. Sterling, that in due time he may afford us another labour of love as pleasant as that we now close.

ART. X.—*Events of a Military Life.* By WALTER HENRY. Second Edition. 2 vols. Pickering.

THESE volumes contain Mr. Henry's "Recollections after Service in the Peninsular War, Invasion of France, the East Indies, St. Helena, Canada, and elsewhere." The work is announced as a second edition, revised and enlarged: having been first published in 1829 at Quebec.

Mr. Henry served as an army surgeon for 29 years, and was attached to the 66th regiment. His reminiscences embrace a great variety of topics and matters; for not only does he detail a vast number of things immediately relating to war and military life, but of social intercourse together with miscellaneous subjects, among which we may enumerate autobiography, travels, and sketches of whatever particularly engaged the attention of a lively man of the world during protracted experience in different countries. The fact is that our staff-surgeon was equally a favourite in the mess-room, in the hospital, and in the family-circle; he is an active, merry, jovial, and clever Irishman. He seems to have figured in the gardens of love as well as in the fields of war; but has at length cast anchor in Canada, having there taken to himself a lady for wife and land for a farm; amusing himself and his readers in his leisure hours with the recollections of by-gone years, and blending with the gossip many things that will continue to interest.

It is a very amusing book, and fresh withal, even after the host of "Military Recollections" that have appeared during the last quarter of a century. Go where you will with the surgeon, or take him at whatever period of his career that you may have a fancy for, you are sure to find him an agreeable companion, and his sketches animated.

We shall not join him in the Peninsula, nor in France; for of these scenes of military life during the late war we have had numberless accounts. In India, however, there is scope for more of novelty; at least some of Mr. Henry's sketches while serving there are particularly spirited and happy. While at Dinapore, for instance, he affords a lively idea of how terribly he suffered, not only from the heat of the climate, but from the beaming eyes of Miss M——. One night, at the close of a ball, as he escorted the fair one to her own door by moonlight, he popped the question, but in what particular strain,—the plain and sensible, or the figurative and obscure,—doth not appear; neither are we informed what was the precise nature of the response. However, the gallant surgeon was all hope, happiness, and joy: so full was his bliss, so bright his visions, that sleep forsook his pillow, until he had his couch carried out into his verandah. And now "the graceful form of S—— was painted in my sleeping fancy, dressed in bridal white, and her fair countenance radiant with smiles. She presented me a letter with a myrtle-leaf for the device of the seal, and the words 'Je ne change qu'en mourant' impressed upon the wax. I seized the letter and opened it. Then, awful sound, a loud clap of thunder awoke me at the instant, not visionary and unreal, but substantial, pealing, atmospheric thunder," dispelling the beautiful illusion, and sending him into the house wet to the skin. Unfortunately that hot night, in which he had dreamt of "all manner of delightful things," was the break-up of the monsoon, "which is always terminated by a terrific storm." But to the ardent surgeon

there were severer breakings up; for while at the breakfast table of M——, where he did not see S——, a change appeared to come over the spirit of the circle; nor was he late of learning that there had been some unaccountable mistake, for that the lady was pre-engaged, and was on the eve of her marriage; so that the disconsolate lover, as was his practice of half-a-dozen of alike tender mishaps, betook himself to vigorous exertion of some sort or another, recovering in due time.

The chapters on St. Helena will be the most interesting to the bulk of readers, of any in the book. Mr. Henry happened to be called in when one of Bertrand's children met with an accident; for the surgeon was in St. Helena towards the close of Napoleon's life, and also at the period of his death. The circumstance mentioned appears to have led to our author's being occasionally consulted by various members of the establishment at Longwood; and in course of time Buonaparte seems to have been in some degree propitiated. At any rate the doctor, together with several of his brother officers of the 66th, had at length the honour of presentation to the illustrious captive. We copy out a long passage containing the recollections of the interview, as these were taken down by the officers immediately after the presentation:—

On the afternoon of the 1st of September, 1817, the officers of our regiment, with Sir George Bingham and Colonel Nicol at their head, repaired to Longwood. We called at Marshal Bertrand's, fifty or sixty yards from the residence of Napoleon, to pick up the Marshal, who accompanied us to the billiard-room, were we found Count Montholon and General Gourgaud. After waiting five or six minutes, the folding doors of the antechamber were thrown open, we entered, formed a ring round the room, according to seniority, and in about a minute Napoleon walked into the circle. He was dressed in a plain dark green uniform coat without epaulettes, or anything equivalent, but with the star of the Legion of Honour on the breast, which had an eagle in the centre. The buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon in high relief. He had on white breeches and silk stockings, and oval buckles in his shoes; with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon's first appearance was far from imposing, the stature was short and thick, his head sunk into the shoulders, his face fat, with large folds under the chin; the limbs appeared to be stout and well proportioned, complexion olive, expression sinister, forbidding and rather scowling. The features instantly reminded us of the prints of him which we had seen. On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar, than the hero of modern times. Buonaparte walked round the room with an attempt, as it seemed, at the old dignity, and addressed a few words to most of the officers. Colonel Nicol was first introduced by Sir George Bingham, he and Marshal Bertrand acting as interpreters. The following conversation then took place, which, as well as the whole proceedings on this memorable occasion, I copy from minutes noted down immediately after the interview.

Napoleon.—"Your Regiment has lately arrived from India; coming from that rich country you should wear gold, and not silver. How many years does it take to acclimatize a regiment of Europeans?" *Colonel Nicol.* "Two or three years. A few die the first year, more the second, but the mortality is much reduced during the third."—"Did your officers save much money in India?" "No; the expense of living is too great."—"How many servants did you keep there?" "I had at one time between thirty and forty—I think thirty-nine."—"Do you think a regiment is efficient after twenty years' service in India?" "Yes: it is fed by recruits from home."—"What kind of troops are the Sepoys?" "Those in the British service are excellent troops."—"How many battalions of Sepoys, of equal strength, would you engage with the 66th?" "Do you mean battalions with British officers or without them?"—"Both the one and the other." "Sepoy regiments with British officers are good and steady soldiers. I should not like great disparity of force with them, though I might manage to defeat four or five battalions belonging to the Native Powers with the 66th, and I am pretty sure we could."—"Very good. You are a fine fellow. (Un brave homme.)" "How many officers have you in your mess?" Sixteen at Deadwood."—"You sit very late at the mess, I hear—often till midnight." "O yes; when we have a few good fellows there, we sometimes don't stir till cock-crow."—"But the officers get tipsy then, don't they?" (then in English—"Drunk—drunk—eh?") "O no, no, they don't get drunk."—"Your men, I perceive, walk about very much in the sun, and without their caps. That's wrong." "It is, and we do all we can to prevent it."—"Have you not a Catholic officer in the regiment?" "Yes," (with a nod at Lieutenant M'Carthy, who stood nearly opposite, at the other side of the circle.)—"He has been to Rio Janeiro lately, I hear." "Yes, and is just returned."—"He went there to get absolution for his peccadillos, I suppose?" (Repeated, "Absolution, n'est ce pas?") (Answered by a laugh from Colonel Nicol, and a blush on the honest, and naturally rubicund, physiognomy of the officer in question.) Napoleon then turned to Lieutenant-Colonel Lascelles—"What countryman are you?" "An Englishman." "From what part of England?" "From Yorkshire." —"Were you born in the city of York?" "No." He then passed to the next senior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Dodgin, C.B., who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was, besides, a remarkably fine, military-looking man, much resembling the late Duke of York; and twice on one day, when walking with the Author in London, a gentleman saluted him by mistake for that prince. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal; but as soon as he read that "word of fear," he dropped it instantly, and rather abruptly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot. He then addressed the Colonel;—"You have decorations, I see. Where did you serve?" "In Egypt and the Peninsula."—"Were you at Salamanca or Thoulouse?" "No."—"Was your regiment at Talavera?" "Yes."—"Were you ever wounded?" "Yes—twice."—"Was your name sent home as an officer

who had distinguished himself?" (Here Colonel Dodgin hesitated, when Captain Baird answered for him) "Yes—three times." Buonaparte next addressed Captain Baird:—"You are a Captain of Grenadiers!" "Yes." —"How many years have you been in the service!" "Nearly twenty." —"And still only a Captain?" "Even so." Next Captain Jordan passed the ordeal. He was married to a handsome St. Helena lady, whom he had met in Bengal, whose father's house was not more than a mile from Longwood. The following short dialogue passed:—"You are married?" "Yes." —"Your wife is pretty, I hear? How many children have you?" "Two." Next was Captain Dunne:—"You have been in India?" "Yes."—"How long have you served?" "Fourteen years." Napoleon then glanced at the next officer, Captain E———, a man of most uncouth and forbidding exterior and physiognomy; but not being pleased with his appearance, he passed him by, and proceeded to address Captain L'Estrange, a most worthy little fellow, but of very dark complexion:—"Have you served in India?" "Yes."—"How long have you served?" "Fourteen years—two in India." (There seemed to be some mistake made here by the intrerpreters, in confounding the entire services of this officer with the time passed in India.)—"How is it your complexion is so dark? Were you sick in India?" "No." —"Do you drink?" (and then translating the French—"Drink? Drink?) (Answered by a smile.)—"Which do you think the best town—Calcutta or James's Town? (Repeated in English by the querist) "Veech do you tink de best town?" "Calcutta." Next in the circle stood Captain Duncan:—"How long have you served?" "Upwards of twenty years."—"You have been in India?" "Yes."—"Were you ever in action?" "Yes."—"And ever wounded?" "No."—"Then you are a lucky fellow." Buonaparte then addressed Mr. Heir, the Surgeon:—"You are the Surgeon of the Regiment?" "Yes." "Do you hold any other commission?" (This question was answered by Sir George Bingham) "This gentleman is the Surgeon Major" (not unhappily, considering that my excellent amigo, Heir, was then, and I hope still is, about six feet and a half high;) and then there was some confusion, and the interpreters were a little at fault; confounding Surgeon Major and Serjeant Major; Sir George not being perfect in French, and Marshal Bertrand very defective in his English. At length Napoleon said:—"Lord Wellington promoted several of his Surgeon Majors, I have heard?" Sir George Bingham again remarked, "Pardon, Sire but this Imperial recognition, which had never been sanctioned by the British Government, was evidently a lapsus of the moment), pardon, it was the Sergeant-Majors; several of whom got commissions during the Peninsular war." To Mr. Heir:—"You had a great many sick in India?" "Yes, it is not a healthy climate."—"Many liver complaints?" "Yes."—"Do you prescribe calomel largely?" "Yes." Next in order was Lieutenant Moffat:—"What countryman are you?" "An Irishman."—"Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" (With marked and somewhat indignant emphasis) "A Protestant." Buonaparte now moved somewhat quicker than before round the circle, passing by some of the officers without speaking to them, after individual introduction, and addressing merely a word, as to length of service, to one or two others. When he arrived at the point where I stood, Marshal Bertrand made me a bow of recognition; on which the great man

stopped, and the Marshal formally introduced me as the English Physician who had recently attended his eldest son, Napoleon's little namesake and favourite. He then looked at me with a slight expression of complacency, and said :—"You have served in India?" "Yes."—"You had much professional duty there?" "A good deal, certainly."—"Were diseases of the liver very common in India?" "Yes, they occur there more frequently than in colder climates."—"Your soldiers drink an enormous quantity of brandy in India?" "They are much too fond of spirits; arrack is cheap there, and the climate makes them thirsty."—"Do you bleed and give large doses of calomel there, as the English doctors do here?" "I believe the practice is similar."—"Are you, too, a devotee of the lancet? Ah, God defend me from it! ("Ah, Dieu m'en garde!") "In my opinion it is our most potent weapon."—"To kill or cure, eh M. le Docteur?" "It is our duty to cure." Then Ensign Wardell:—"You are a young man. How long have you served?" "Seven years."—"You entered the service very young, then!" "Yes, but I served in the Navy."—"You were a midshipman?" "Yes." One or two more were asked one question as to length of service, and the round was completed. Napoleon then addressed Colonel Nicol a second time:—"So, the Sepoys are good troops?" "Yes, they are excellent soldiers, respectful, sober, and obedient."—"But yet you would fight five or six of their battalions with your own regiment?" "Not Sepoys with British officers. I should not like to engage two such battalions." A few sentences were then exchanged between Buonaparte, Marshal Bertrand, and Sir George Bingham; and we all bowed and retired."

There is one name which has been much in the mouths of those who have talked and written of Napoleon's captivity, a greatly calumniated name, according to our army-surgeon's representations,—viz., that of Sir Hudson Lowe. The vindication in the pages before us would seem to be the more deserving of notice, seeing that it comes not only from a frank and straight-forward speaker, but one who went to St. Helena prepossessed, as he tells us, against the Governor, and disposed to regard the unhappy prisoner as in the right. If we had room, or did the subject require renewed discussion, we might be tempted to let the Staff-Surgeon be heard *anent* Canadian politics and Canadian Governors. There are of course other grave topics in the volumes that might invite review. But our space is exhausted, and as already said, we have gleaned what we think will be the most acceptable specimen. So, good bye to the army-surgeon, and success to his peaceful and healthful calling in the evening of his days.

ART. XI.—*The Hand-Book of Taste; or, How to Observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues.* By FABIUS PICTOR. Longman.

A TITLE for a seasonable book; and the book, although not equal to the demands of the season, yet such as will be of service in directing the eye and the taste of the ordinary observer to points and

laws, so as to enable him to test with some degree of distinctness, as well as of satisfaction to himself, the merits of works of art. The book fails in that it does not breathe, and therefore will not create, for the inexperienced and uninformed, those high sympathies needful to a correct appreciation of the master-pieces in existence, and still less will it imbue the public mind so that a kindly soil shall be everywhere spread for native genius to take root in it, and for watering with the incense of discriminating praise every effort which is made in the right direction, as well as every triumph of skill in the cultivator. The present is a critical moment in the history of British art, and ought to be seized not only by one capable of telling what has been done already in the most fertile domains, and of teaching the rules which have been observed by masters, but for stimulating to new efforts in the boundless field that now opens for enterprise in national historical painting, and in the highest walks of art.

The Cartoon competition, and its results as viewed in Westminster Hall, abundantly attest that, as in Germany, it requireth but the call and the scope, in order to realize in England, that which the most sanguine contemplate with regard to the grand style in the realms of design. So satisfactory indeed has been the evidence of the ability of British artists, that the Royal Commission now invites them to send in specimens of their skill in fresco-painting, "for the purpose of assisting the Commissioners in the selection of persons to be employed in the decoration of portions of the palace of Westminster,"—for such is the name by which the new Houses of Parliament are officially called. Frescoes of moderate dimensions can be conveniently executed on portable frames composed of laths and other materials; and therefore facilities will be afforded for the tribunal of taste to pronounce judgment upon the specimens. Each artist is allowed to offer three, the subject to be left to the choice of the competitors; but the figures, or portions of figures, in at least one of the three, must be the size of life. Again, "Each specimen is required to be composed of not less than two applications of the superficial mortar, so as to exhibit the skill of the artist in joining the work of two or three days." And again, "Each specimen in fresco may be surrounded by a flat frame or border, adorned with painted arabesques, which may be executed either by the artist himself or under his direction, and either in fresco or any other method."

The Commissioners also invite artists to exhibit specimens of other methods of executing paintings, "free from a shining surface," and fit for the decoration of walls. Each exhibiter is at liberty to send a cartoon also, as a proof of his ability in design and composition.

The specimens to be sent in on the first week in June, 1844; and notice of intention to exhibit to be given on or before the 15th of March, 1844.

We ought to mention that it is also intimated, that the claims of candidates for employment in oil-painting, and in other departments

of the art besides historical painting, will be duly considered; so that landscape and portrait painters may look for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

We notice these things and promises not merely to show that the cartoon competition is considered by judges to afford ample proof of the ability of British artists in the grand style, and to stimulate to other and still larger efforts, but to bear us out when declaring that the present is an era imperiously calling for a *Hand-book of Taste* of the most searching yet plain, the most exalting yet sound, principles of criticism: so that the unskilled and the unlearned may readily be brought to understand and enjoy the essence of beauty and good as these are exhibited in works of design, when executed by the hands of accomplished and eager genius.

The present, we repeat, is an era in the history of British art; for it furnishes an opportunity not merely for the real trial of strength, far beyond what was contemplated in the case of the cartoon competition, but most probably for determining what artists and what style of painting are to be employed. The reward of success, no doubt, will be commissions for executing paintings; and this alone will stimulate artists to an unwonted degree; for if the occasion be lost, another of like magnitude may never occur. But emulation and a due sense of the interests of art at stake, as well as of national honour, will bring out, we should hope, all the strength of the Royal Academy, together with the best of those promises which may abide in the young aspirant, and which may only require a stimulant and a fair field, in order that his genius may be fanned into flame. Much has been said concerning the persons that gained the premiums in the cartoon competition, and about how the prizes were obtained. But in the forthcoming contest, we may rest pretty well assured the highest talent and the greatest skill will be preferred; for, unlike some of the awards in the case of the cartoons already exhibited, any departure from a conscientious line of conduct on the part of the tribunal of taste, will entail deep and permanent disgrace.

The study and practice of fresco painting, we may be sure will be the branch for the greatest straining of nerve. But, to descend from this high arena, we may state that designers in other branches of decorative art are invited to compete. Thus, Designs and Specimens of Ornamental Metal-work for Screens, Gates, Railings, &c., are mentioned. The suitableness of such specimens to the style of the building will be an important standard for testing the merit of the specimens. Arabesque Paintings and Heraldic Decorations for the enrichment of panels, friezes, &c., are also required, and invitations to compete in this department are issued. Even designs of Ornamental Pavements are not overlooked.

The era of the Palace at Westminster, we may reasonably hope, is that when the standard of public taste will be raised, and when art

will assume in England an attitude never before realized in this country,—nay, not perhaps to be kept in the shade by any continental school. The fine arts constitute a sisterhood, just as the principles of taste are universal. Let us cherish the idea that the New Houses will be both the symbol and temple of reformation.

The "Palace at Westminster" is already a massy pile, whose exterior offers to the eye great richness of architectural adornments, and specimens of beautiful execution. So far Mr. Barry is entitled to all the honour, and he will, of course, be the authority and artist throughout the whole of the internal as well as external construction of the edifice. What is more, he will necessarily have much control over the interior decorations and furniture, and in the selection of artists and designs wherever the embellishments are directly subordinate to architectural display. Here, however, as we have heard it elegantly stated, much difficulty will not occur; there being, for instance, in the heraldic blazonries, the wood-carvings, the stained glass, and the pavements, precedents which can easily be referred to by the competitors, who have only to give to their ideas an impress in accordance with the style of the period copied. But with the works of design there will be much greater difficulty, just as there is a far wider sphere for taste and skill to achieve triumphs. In the case of paintings and sculpture it is not enough to cover the walls with pictures, and to stick up rows of figures, as in a museum; for every such piece of superior art should seem essential to the place it fills, and inseparable from it,—a part and parcel of the great whole, and harmonizing with the general character of the building. Here then is scope for genius to work, and an opportunity for unlimited straining over which the architect cannot properly exercise control; and here we look for a new starting to our artists, and the day-spring of masterly achievement.

Before returning to the *Hand-Book of Taste*, from which we have rambled, we shall for a moment invite attention to certain sentiments which were uttered in the House of Commons, when in Committee of Supply, a few nights prior to our preparing the present paper. There is promise in the statement of Sir Robert Peel on this occasion, for the interests of the highest branch of art.

On the vote of £1500 being proposed to defray the cost of monuments to the memory of the late Sir Sidney Smith, Lord Exmouth, and Admiral de Saumarez, Mr. Hawes expressed a hope that the Government would avail themselves of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, for the purpose of ascertaining the best mode of erecting memorials to men distinguished in literature and science; at the same time stating that he did not see why the military and naval professions should engross all the national monuments. The Minister followed up the suggestion in some such terms as these:—

He thought it very desirable that in the case of very eminent scientific men public monuments should be erected to their memory. He saw no reason why the country should pay that tribute only to distinguished naval and military men; on the contrary, it would be a great incentive to exertion in science, if monuments were erected to the most eminent of her sons. He had given a good deal of consideration to this subject since it had been mentioned last year by the hon. member for Lambeth. The first difficulty which struck him was as to the place where such monuments should be erected. There was very great objection to placing them in ecclesiastical edifices, for unless the public had free access to them, no great public object would be attained. If they did not erect them in any edifice—if they erected them out of doors, it was almost necessary that they should be of bronze; then the expense would be enormous. He always hoped that there might be some portion of that great building which was now being erected for the Houses of Parliament, that might be appropriated to the statues of eminent men, not merely of men of political character, but of persons distinguished in literature and science; and if he were assured that there could be any part of that edifice so appropriated, he should not have the slightest difficulty in referring the matter to the Commission which had been alluded to, and which had discharged its duty with the greatest credit to itself. But it was a Commission appointed to consider the properest method of decorating the Houses of Parliament; and if its duties were extended beyond the sphere assigned to it, the Commission might be made a general roving commission for the encouragement of the fine arts in this country. This was a matter requiring consideration, and he was not prepared at once to say that he was disposed to recommend that the Commission should undertake other duties than those which were originally contemplated for it. The site for the statues was the chief difficulty.

But what more of the "Hand-Book of Taste; or, How to Observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues," as the laws and canons are set down by Fabius Pictor? It must be admitted that although the volume contains much trite and bald talk about taste and art, there are yet in it a considerable amount of sound thought, not always borrowed; and that wherever the unlearned and inexperienced may repair to look at pictures, &c., he will be benefitted by having beforehand made himself acquainted with such principles and maxims as those we now quote. Thus, with regard to Art,—

A painter who only knows how to colour, if he colours well, has made himself master of a difficult craft, and deserves such praise as you would bestow upon a good workman; but he is not an artist.—A painter who invents, composes, and colours subjects which are pretty and pleasing enough in themselves, but produce no effect upon the mind, nor any result beyond the visual gratification of the observer, merits undoubtedly the first rank amongst decorators: but he is not an artist.—But the painter who represents ideas exalted, just, and noble, in such a manner as to transmit them from the canvas into the breasts of those who behold it, and to excite in

them the emotions, thoughts, affections, or antipathies with which he is himself inspired,—he is an artist, equal in all respects to the first of orators, poets, or historians.

Taste:—

It is pretended that taste is innate, and not to be acquired. Never was there a greater error. Taste is a standard formed by experience. Taste is knowledge. The organization which constitutes the disposition of an individual is, no doubt, a gift of nature; and that is bestowed in different degrees upon different persons. There are some whose deficient organization renders them incapable of acquiring any sort of knowledge, and amongst others that knowledge which constitutes taste in art. But no man was ever born with an originality and maturity of judgment which would enable him to pronounce an accurate opinion upon the merits of any really great production of the pencil or chisel, without previous study.

Imitation:—

The artist who imitated Nature precisely as she is, would fail entirely in his aim. A representation of what is constantly before our eyes is not worth so much trouble. A country lout, betraying in his attitude and countenance the very picture of rustic simplicity, while he scratches his head to stimulate it for an answer to the plainest question,—a servant girl down on her knees, with sleeves tucked up to the elbows, laboriously employed in scrubbing away at the floor of a room furnished with a couple of straw-bottomed chairs, a deal table of which the legs appear to have a *lien* on the wall, a bandbox of blue paper, and a bed covered with a patchwork quilt,—are, no doubt, quite natural. And when the artist has represented these objects so truly that you feel obliged to listen for the vacant reply,—that you seem to see the flush of perspiration on the housemaid's face,—or fancy for the moment that the counterpane is really made of cotton print,—what have you gained? Would you wish to live in constant intercourse with just such companions at your hearth?—to see the room you occupy bedecked with such materials? Then why do you wish to have them on your walls? No; the real value of art does not consist in pourtraying Nature just as she is, but as she might be;—in depicting that which is not of common but uncommon occurrence,—which, in short, is never seen at any one time, or united in one object. Hence those employed in reproducing images of mere nature are but copyists; and however much manual labour they may bestow upon these copies of theirs, they certainly do not merit any very great degree of praise.

We must not dismiss our paper without recording the fact, that although the number of visitors to Westminster Hall to see the Cartoons has been roughly estimated at 18,000 a-day, all are orderly and attentive, just as are the vast multitudes who, from one end of the year to the other, repair to the British Museum, all being admitted without fee and entirely free. Sir Robert Peel has said in his place in the House of Commons, that damage is wantonly done

to collections, antiquities, and so forth, not 'by persons who are gratuitously admitted, but by persons who pay; and that the people are the best police in such cases. There is yet hope in these facts, for the fine arts in Britain; and proof that a soil exists fit for the highest culture of taste, and the triumph of the good, the pure, and the beautiful, as these are idealized by art.

ART. XII.—*Shiloh's Sceptre; or the Signs of the Times, in connexion with the Pre-Millenial Reign of Christ.* By the Rev. TH. WATSON, M.A. Nisbet.

THE opinion of the Millenarii is very ancient, for it may be traced back almost as far as the time of the apostles. Nay, the hypothesis of the *thousand years* appears to have had its origin in Jewish tradition; for, according to the Talmudical writers, the world would last seven thousand years, typified by the seven days of the week. God was to work out the redemption of mankind in six thousand years (a thousand years being with the Lord as one day), and the seventh would be a millenial sabbatism. But with regard to the belief it obtained in the Christian world, it had its origin from a passage in the Apocalypse, literally understood, in which mention is made of Christ's reigning on earth a thousand years. The notion was held for near three centuries before it was charged as erroneous. It was allowed of and followed under various interpretations by several of the greatest men among the primitive fathers; but did not obtain universal reception, as Gibbon, with a view of serving his own purpose, has represented. Indeed, it never seems to have been adopted by the whole church, nor to have been made an article of the established creed in any nation.

About the middle of the fourth century, the Millenarians appear to have held the following tenets:—1. That the city of Jerusalem should be rebuilt, and that the land of Judea should be the habitation of those who were to reign on earth 1000 years. 2. That the first resurrection was not to be confined to the martyrs; but that after the fall of antichrist all the just were to rise, and all that were on earth were to continue for that space of time. 3. That Christ shall come down from heaven, and be seen on earth, and reign there with his servants. 4. That the saints, during this period, shall enjoy all the delights of a terrestrial paradise. A great majority of the moderns, on the other hand, are of opinion that the millenium is to be a glorious state of the Church, commencing after the fall of antichrist, and the subsequent conversion of the Jews to the Christian faith, in which it shall flourish in peace and plenty, in righteousness and holiness, and in a pious offspring for a thousand years, under the undisturbed though not personal government of Christ over both Jews and Gentiles, who shall then be united into one church.

Having noticed generally the opinions, hypotheses, or notions which have prevailed in the Christian world with regard to the millenial reign, we shall throw out one or two observations which may not be unworthy of attention, when reading any work which undertakes to interpret prophecy.

Prophecy is that department of sacred literature in which no incompetent attempt at interpretation can ever be excused. Some walks in divinity are open, are necessary, to all; and in large pastures, it has been well said, we expect to meet with the young, the lame, and the sick. But the fold of prophetic interpretation must be considered as amongst the most difficult, remote, and unessential points of access. This is the province for leisure, for learning, and for that rarest of all possessions, a just consciousness of ability for the undertaking.

There is to be looked for from him who professes to interpret the scriptural prophecies, the possession of the stores of biblical criticism, of moral disquisition, and of severely sustained intellectual labour. Strong invention with accurate discriminating powers are expected. A well-balanced mind, an unbiassed imagination, a capacity to seize the great because it is great, yet not to neglect the least—not mistaking nearness for vastness,—are among the absolutely essential requisites.

A grand error of the church in every age, when employed in the interpretation of prophecy, has been an excessive anxiety to find in passing events, explanations of what are deemed unfulfilled prediction. Mankind, it has justly been said, are always prone to attach an undue importance to their own times, and to transactions which pass within the range of their own narrow and shortcoming inspection. Under the influence of this very natural exaggeration, students of prophecy are perpetually going before the purposes of Him whose ways are from everlasting.

It may be questioned, indeed, if it formed a part of the design for which prophecy was given, to enable men to unlock the secrets of the future, or even to determine the precise character of passing events. This at least is certain, that every such attempt seems to have failed hitherto, and for this reason among others, we imagine, that no historical events can be seen in their true bearing and relative importance, until they are past. We have had many blundering prognostications; multitudinous and most curious have been the instances of political astrology, purporting to have been founded on Divine prediction, and loud have been the ravings of oracular imagination.

But of the requisites for opening the seals: the interpreter must be a good man, by which we particularly intend—he must be perfectly sincere and honest, cherishing the most entire belief in those words that shall be fulfilled in their season, but feeling the internal

value of that religion of which prophecy constitutes one of the main external evidences. His, too, must be ardent zeal, but denuded of vanity; love for his subject, without enthusiasm; sublimity of thought, without the bombast of emotion or expression. In short, he must seek in humility a ray of that Divine illumination which first gave birth to his subject, and should approach as nearly the moral and religious character of the prophet he attempts to illustrate, as man endowed with the ordinary gifts of the Spirit can hope to approximate to the extraordinary.

How far these general observations apply, or nearly they touch the doctrines held forth in Mr. Watson's small volume, we do not venture to assert. One thing, however, concerning the work is certain, the author is careful to eschew various extravagances of the race of Millenarians, such as the fixing of precise dates for the fulfilment of particular prophecy. We have also to remark, that whatever may be thought of his interpretations, the great tendency of the entire work is to inculcate holiness and preparedness for the coming of the Lord; nothing being more sure than this, that the Last Day is close at hand to all of us, death being, in the case of each individual, the end of this world to him.

The subjects of Mr. Watson's few chapters are these: Messiah in his Person and Glory; Christendom in its Mercies and Judgments; Antichrist in his Rise and Ruin; the Signs of the Last Times; the Rest that remaineth; and the Final State of God's People.

Mr. Watson's mode of interpretation however is loose and perilous, —such, as if followed out, might turn every portion of the evangelical writings into allegory. With regard to the opinion expressed, that the final conflagration is to be considered allegorical, we may with equal consistency conclude the deluge itself to be a fable. It is impossible, we apprehend, to take the one event to be fact and the other to be figure.—The then world lay overflowed with water, perished; but the present heavens and the earth are by the same word treasured up unto fire, reserved against the day of judgment.

With regard to the glorious time which approaches, as contemplated by Mr. Watson, we have this picture:

> The saints of the Most High shall then possess the kingdom; the being of sin, now their torment, shall be done away; instead of being sinful, they shall be during that time clothed with sinless and immortal bodies as well as souls; "this mortal has put on immortality;" actual transgresion also is unknown; there is not one sin that can be laid to their charge, Christ having already made an end of sin, and all its demands against them. Satan cannot hulr them, for the accuser of the brethren is cast out; death is no terror, it is changed into a covenant blessing; "there will be no more death," it is swallowed up in victory; and as for hell, it has lost all its power.

But what shall we say of the abundance of blessings, which have never yet been possessed? Time would fail to name them. There will then not only be Moses and Elias talking with Jesus, but all that have slept in Jesus, will the Lord bring with Him; their spirits already glorified will then tenant again, in indissoluble union, their now ransomed and redeemed and glorified bodies. And is not this redemption of the body the unspeakable blessing, for which all the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, and the whole body of the faithful now on earth, are now waiting and praying? Then will there be mutual recognition; and is there a hope more exhilarating or elevating, than the mutual society of the living saints changed, and the dead raised in glory? Ye who have wept over the grave of dear departed souls in the Lord—ye who have borne the separation with meek resignation, and yet in bitterness of spirit—ought ye not to hail with delight the dawn of that millenial day, which is to re-unite you to those whom you love, and to bind them to you by the ties of a heavenly intercourse, never again to be broken, and never more to be disturbed. And is it nothing to you to behold with your eyes the great Emmanuel—to see *Him* face to face—and the new heavens, and to plant your foot on the renewed earth, overspread with the reign of righteousness and of glory as the waters cover the seas? and is it nothing to realize the idea of the church triumphant united to the church militant, in the open revelation of Jesus Christ, and the visible manifestation of all the countless multitudes of the sons of God?

It will be seen that our author interprets passages which have generally been considered as relating to a future state, as being descriptive of Millenial experience. But we put it to the ordinary reader, if such be the interpretation which he himself would naturally fall into, if left to construe Scripture according to its most obvious and literal signification?

In the section on the Rise and Ruin of Antichrist we have this paragraph:

But who this individual antichrist may be, events, in the course of time, can alone discover; indeed, many of the opinions, which have already been expressed on the subject, are to be regarded in no other light, than as mere conjectures, some of them being the pure creations of fancy, others, eminently speculative or theoretical, which have long ago yielded to others, as groundless as themselves, and while a few have been founded on Scripture, it has been on Scripture perverted,—turned aside from its legitimate bearing and made to speak a language which was never intended. The popish view of the man of sin is of this sort; they consider him to be a person, and the professed adversary of Christ, but to rid themselves of the charge brought against them, they believe that the seat of his empire will be at Jerusalem, in the latter days, and that he will become the seducer of the Jews, but not of the Christians. A good deal of stress has been laid on the nation, that antichrist will be a Jew by birth, and issue from the tribe of Dan, the opinion being founded on the forty-ninth of Genesis and the seventeenth verse, where we read that "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path," &c.; and the fact, that the name of this tribe is omitted, in the num-

ber of the sealed, in the seventh chapter of the book of Revelation, has given additional colouring to the supposition; but in the first reference, there is a manifest allusion to the general character of the tribe, and the latter, were this the proper time and place, admits of a full and satisfactory explanation.

The passages cited will convince our readers that Mr. Watson treats of mysterious themes, and that he speculates venturously. The work however is calculated to awaken solemn sentiments and to leave deep impressions of a truly religious nature; so that whether an entire coincidence takes place in opinion with what our author advances, there is no doubt that his great concern is the good of souls and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

ART. XIII.—*Australia and the East.* By JOHN HOOD, of Stoneridge, Berwickshire. Murray.

MR. HOOD'S book on Australia and the East consists of "a Journal Narrative of a Voyage to New South Wales, in an Emigrant Ship; with a Residence of some months in Sydney and the Bush, and the Route Home by way of India and Egypt; in the years 1841 and 1842." It is a work of first-rate excellence,—informing and attractive at the same time,—full of facts and spirit,—abounding with observation and reflection,—and altogether just such a volume as was needed, at least relative to New South Wales, whether regard be had to the actual condition of the colony or the remedies required for an adequate development of its resources and the practical prosperity of the settlers. The most remarkable and rare features of the volume, are, we think, the vividness with which the author conveys his own uncopied impressions, these impressions being lively to sensitiveness, and the strong common sense, highly improved by experience and well-directed thought, that crams every passage. One cannot but discover everywhere in the book proofs of one of the best constructed and most properly furnished Scotch minds, that we have ever had the good fortune to view through such a medium. Indeed, it would seem that whatever this Northern Squire might talk about, and whatever might be the words he uttered, there would be worth and solidity in all he said; one ground for this assurance being, that we cannot conceive of such a man expressing himself about anything upon which he is not well informed, or giving other than a most faithful representation of what he has witnessed and felt.

Mr. Hood was not a random, hardly a willing traveller, having an important object in contemplation, but yet not of such a contracted nature as to prevent him from scanning life and things widely and thoroughly. Parental duty dictated his extensive journey; for he not only had a son in the East India Company's Service, and another

in New South Wales, who has settled there as an extensive sheep-farmer, but a third who appears to have set his mind upon the same colonial sphere of life, father and son starting together. Having arrived at Sydney, our author remained for several months in the country, viewing it and the state of society as it there exists, in its various forms, with characteristic closeness and an enlarged sweep. His sojourn in India was but brief; nor does his voyage homeward call for remark further than to say, that whether upon land or sea, our traveller cannot fail to interest you both by his substantial matter and forcible manner.

It is as we find him upon New South Wales, that we wish particularly to recommend the work; for in reference to this field the book is, we think, the most pertinent, suggestive, and satisfactory, that has yet been written. For be it observed, independently of the native strength and shrewdness of the traveller's mind, and the direction of his habits, he enjoyed unusual opportunities for arriving at an accurate knowledge of that which he wrote about, at the same time having no motive, no inducement, to utter an opinion or to qualify a fact to serve a selfish purpose. It was neither as an adventurer nor a speculator that he started; and while in Australia, whether in the bush, visiting settler after settler in different districts of the country, or travelling extensively and variously as he did, he not only had his eye continually turned to the most significant tokens, well knowing how and what to observe, but had access to the very best unhesitating sources of information; all which, as already intimated, is delivered with uncommon distinctness and force, leaving a complete and speaking picture.

It is impossible to entertain any doubts with regard to the accuracy of the facts spoken to, or the fidelity of the representations and the good faith of the impressions. Of course, different conclusions may be drawn from these premises; for different theories are held with respect to Colonial policy. Emigration, labour, the sale of land, and a number of matters of vital importance in the government and practical working of our modern Colonial system, admit of discussion, and guide different individuals to different doctrinal results. But for our part, we have such reliance upon Mr. Hood's competency to form and pronounce judgment relative to the weightier matters of his subject, that we should be distrustful of any of our foregone conclusions should it happen that they were in conflict with those at which he has arrived. He necessarily has his own estimate of the evils which afflict New South Wales, and is prepared to suggest remedies. He complains, for example, of the high upset price of land, and for this among other reasons,—that it prevents a class of capitalists from making investments, which would so replenish the Colonial Exchequer as to enable it to pay for the most profitable of labourers, and tend to the rapid increase of a desirable resident population—thus

banishing much that is a drawback to the prosperity of the Colony, and securing the best possible order of purchasers and consumers of the country's produce. According to his view, therefore, the connexion between the price of land and the stock of labourers is intimate; so that the modifications that affect the one cannot fail to influence the other, and consequently the moral as well as physical condition of the settlement.

Mr. Hood's pages present some striking facts, illustrative of the respective national characters, as well as numbers of the emigrants who direct their steps to New South Wales. Among these, the Irish do not appear to advantage when viewed as labourers. We learn that barracks are provided as a place of refuge and support for unengaged hands; and there the natives of the Green Isle appear to form by far the most numerous section, and particularly when contrasted with the *canny* Scotch. Paddy has for the most part a numerous family, and this is a drawback to his acceptableness in the bush. We copy out an account of the state of the Sydney barracks for emigrants, when Mr. Hood was on his travels.

The present state of the barracks for immigrants in Sydney is, in some degree, a commentary on the system of immigration pursued of late: there are 516 Irish, 164 English, and 35 Scotch immigrants, living unengaged at this moment in tents at this place of refuge. Ireland, from the poverty of its lower classes, readily suggested itself to the wholesale agents for the exportation of human beings as the most promising field from which to obtain lading for their ships and bounty for their pockets. Ambulatory decoy-ducks were employed to traverse its Southern (the Roman Catholic) counties, and speechify the unfortunate and discontented into delusive hopes of a better world at the Antipodes.

The Irish are hard-working men at any fixed and certain labour: they can live at home on simple and scanty fare; but on reaching the shores of this country their character changes; they are found to be indolent at their tasks, and troublesome and discontented as to their food. Their families are generally numerous; and the result is, that they find, when too late, that their labour is not in demand. From what I learnt from several families in these tents, it is evident that the Irish are neither liked in the bush nor inclined to make themselves of value; and it is a fact that there are many now there that have been five months on the Government allowance of beef and flour, and prefer living in idleness on that, to taking such wages as were offered to them. One would have expected a different state of things, and that they would be thankful to get a home and employment. Some arrangement is evidently required to combat this injurious sloth: instead of the charity being extended for such a lengthened period, they ought, after moderate wages have been refused by them, to receive that support no longer.

In many respects the Irish are unsuited to a pastoral life: they do not in general make good shepherds; their wives are seldom contented with the bush life; and the expense of removing their families is a great objection to their being employed there.

According to this representation there may be a considerable amount of unemployed labourers, and yet a complaint exist that hands cannot be obtained, seeing that the Colonists may find it impossible to pay the expenses which the idle hands, if hired, would impose.

But we are forestalling, in order in the most summary manner to dismiss Mr. Hood's views of mooted points and questioned doctrines. At any rate, whatever may be the merits of his conclusions, of his admeasurement of colonial maladies, or of his cure for their sure extermination, nothing can be better than his narrative, his pictures of what he observed, and the spirit of his deductions,—these being fraught with originality and a thorough independence of mind.

There was novelty in almost everything which met our Squire's eye from the moment he stepped on board the emigrant ship; and capital is the record of his impressions of the sights and scenes which the boundless and tumbling deep presented. Never have we read anything more striking than passages of the voyage; nothing fresher, at times nothing more startling. But these sketches we must pass over, that we may fall in with Mr. Hood, when he treats directly of men and society, modes of life, and aspects of things as he found them after landing at Sydney. This is his sketch of his first impressions, and of what struck him as peculiar on his arrival at the capital of New South Wales:

When I landed first on the beach, I was naturally desirous of being relieved of my baggage. Small as it was in bulk, I should have in vain waited for anything of the nature of a porter, or cab, or coach. There are no such conveniences in Sydney,—a very extraordinary deficiency in a place of its size. A dray may be had to transport heavy goods landed at this place, if you walk a quarter of a mile into the town: but the lesser conveniences are not to be found.

Evidences of civilization, however, and proofs of one's being in a land of money and of classes, are seen on every hand. They have their theatres, amateur theatricals, promenades, balls, concerts, reviews, bands, and other amusements. The Theatre Royal is a very neat house, and is tastefully ornamented; and the knights and ladies of the sock and buskin are most respectable in character and talent. The exterior of this theatre is extremely good, but the shops beneath take away greatly from its appearance. Signor Dalle Casse has a very unique but neat theatre, next door to my friend Lewis de Bernstinghe's new and handsome shop: his entertainments consist in minor pieces, horsemanship, tomfoolery, and the like. These are among the chief places of public resort in Sydney; but I should not say, as far as my observation goes, that they are much patronized by the *soi-disant* upper classes.

In Sydney one naturally looks for the badge of the country—convicts and shackles. In the morning, forenoon, and evening, large bands of these unfortunate persons are to be seen marching, two, and sometimes three or four abreast, to and from their respective places of labour. They are nearly all dressed alike, in a garb of hodden grey, or duck, and are branded with the

initials of the place of their confinement—as P. B., signifying Paramatta Barracks, &c. Some of the greater delinquents are also to be seen in bands, chained by the ankle, and sometimes to each other, when marching from one place of imprisonment to another. Some few are dressed in piebald brown and yellow cloth; so that should they attempt an escape they may be instantly known.

The *squaler carceris* is generally written in the sunken cheeks and unhealthy countenances of these wretched men. Many have a stupid heavy expression; others have cunning printed most manifestly on their faces; and some have the villain written in every feature. I dare say I may be in error in my observation, that the general colour of eye of these criminals was black; but certainly the eye of the greater part of the offspring of the earliest convicts, the generation now peopling Sydney, is of that hue.

Life on the outskirts of civilization, in the bush, and where the white people most thinly sprinkle the country, has its picturesque attractions in the pages of our author. Peculiarities attach to the most ordinary routine of life, even to the qualities and circumstances of meals.

I had heard so much of the fare of the bush, that the very word "damper" was associated in my mind with something like the black bread of Russia, or the pine bread of Sweden. I am glad to say, however, that it is the very best bread I ever ate. The merino mutton is very excellent, though not equal, in my opinion, to our blackfaced wether; and, what with the hundred shapes which flour assumes in this country, and other aids, living in the woods is as good as any one need desire, albeit the service is not of plate, nor the variety of viands very great. At one house at which I have been, although it was that of an extensive stockholder, and one which might be called a superior establishment in these parts, the remnant of a broken tumbler did service as a mustard-pot, a *silver* salt-celler was the point of attack for every knife, black bottles passed for decanters, and one tumbler did the duty of five.

In many houses tea forms a part of every meal; from the bullock-driver and his mate, to the possessor of one hundred thousand merinoes, all drink green tea. If you go into a cottage, at any hour, the first thing you are offered is a quart pot of tea, with brown Mauritius or Java sugar, and damper. I must add, that in the bush there is a welcome and a simple hospitality not to be met in Sydney.

Mr. Hood gives a brief but a very complete account of the climate of New South Wales, in a single paragraph. He says,—

For my own part, I conceive that the changes of climate here are fully as great as at home, and more instantaneous; and that the deluges of rain that do occasionally fall, the dust that almost constantly fills the air and penetrates everywhere, the heat by day and the cold by night, require as perfect dwellings both for man and beast as in other lands. It is true that the thermometer seldom or never stands at Sydney in winter (May, June, and July,) below 40 degree, and that the average is about 53 degrees: that the aver-

age temperature of summer, (November, December, and January,) is somewhere about 74 degrees in the shade; and that there is a dryness in the air that is singularly salubrious. It is certain also that we have not the extreme of heat known in India, nor the cold of Northern latitudes; but still we have occasional days of overwhelming heat, when the mercury will rise in the shade to 85 degrees, and fall in the night to 53 degrees; and not to mention our minuter foes, the insects, we have hurricane winds, that might be excluded by more substantial and closer workmanship.

The natural features of the country are distinctly sketched in the following passages:—

This want of country is one of the most serious bars, as it appears to me, in the way of the future advancement of the colony. The idea of the settler not finding ample room in so immense a country as Australia may at first seem absurd; but many things are required to form what is called "a desirable run." The feed must be good; the water must be in sufficient quantity not to fail in dry seasons; there must be a passable country betwixt it and Sydney; the land-carriage must not exceed three hundred miles at the utmost, or there must be good water-communication with the metropolis. Now, a very considerable part of the known country where these requisites are combined is already occupied; and without these no station is worth having. * * * * * * * *

To give anything like a correct description of the appearance of this country is very difficult. It is totally unlike any I have seen: it is a succession of mountainous ridges and ranges, with vallies between. The sea during a storm is the nearest-resemblance to it I can draw: every mountain and valley is covered with wood, and the roads leading over the summits of these ranges afford a constant repetition of just the same never-ending forest. In one of our rides over the runs, we had from the top of one of the ranges a bird's-eye view of the country about and beyond Boree. It was a succession of ridges of forest, with the fertile district and vale of Boree lying burnt up in the hollow below. The whole landscape had, as at Rottens Inn, a brown, withered appearance, painful to look at. * * * *

The most striking feature of this country is the universal extent of forest; and there are some circumstances connected with it that may not be generally known. Among the many peculiarities of the Australian forest is the brittleness of some of its timber. Before rain, trees frequently fall, without any warning; and in the slightest wind, gum-trees of the largest dimensions are levelled to the ground in every direction. No one builds a cottage without clearing away all the large trees near the spot, lest they should crush it in their fall. Throughout the unbounded forests of Australia, one sees living and dead trees mingled together, and often as many prostrate as erect. *

I do not suppose that in England the whole of Australia is considered to be one endless forest, with here and there an occasional plain; but that is much nearer the truth than would be imagined. It was long before I could realize the idea, that in looking through the glades of the woods, I saw the pastures of the Merinos, and cattle-herds of the stockholders. But so it is; and one great pleasure in traversing them, is to come unexpectedly upon from five hundred to a thousand sheep, and some hundreds of cattle, in

charge of their solitary shepherd, and roaming at will unrestrained by fence or hedge. The principal plains are Liverpool, Melville, Beardy, and Darling, in the North; Emu, King's, and Bathurst, in the West; and Manero, Goulburn, Yass and others, in the South. Some of them are very fertile, and of large extent; but all are not cleared of timber; and with reference to the extent of the country, they are as nothing; and do not interfere with the truth of the observation that New Holland is one immense forest.

Travelling, and even life in New South Wales are not entirely exempt from danger, supposing you be found in the remoter and less populous districts. But these perils are so comparatively rare, that the people in the bush do not appear to regard them as any important hindrance to speculation or practical efforts. Still, the peculiar character of the colony has led to some customs that curiously affect the circulating medium of the country.

The habits of the colony have introduced a custom in Australia, connected with the circulating medium, which is singularly significant of the state of society. Bills of exchange, as is well known, were invented by the Jews, in consequence of the extortion they were subjected to throughout the world. The same propensity to get possession of the property of others is prevalent in New South Wales, and has forced upon the inhabitants the necessity of substituting for money a species of bill, which is an order upon an agent or banker in Sydney, or in other towns, for the sum required, however small; nobody, therefore, carries money with him. These orders circulate as bank-notes do at home, and very frequently do not not reach the person upon whom they are drawn for many months, and, from loss, or other causes, sometimes not at all. This is, in every way, an advantageous arrangement for the settler in the country, and the only safe one. In settling my bill to-day, I received in payment of the balance a 3*s*. order of my son's, given to some one several months before.

We may, in closing our paper, safely affirm that there is not a page in Mr. Hood's octavo that does not supply pictures, facts, and remarks as striking and as valuable as any that we have copied; and we think higher recommendation cannot be desired or given.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Lives of the Queens of England.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VI.

THIS volume contains a portion of the life and reign of Elizabeth, some twenty years still remaining to be told. It would not be easy to complete the history of this mighty sovereign in one volume, especially where so much industry and gossip distinguish the memoir. Miss Strickland has put

forth her greatest strength in order to come up to the character of the renowned queen; striving to unravel her character with impartiality, and by the aid of every passage in her history, public and private, that can be ascertained, or that seems to afford grounds for a satisfactory interpretation. But it is difficult to read Elizabeth's principles and conduct, presenting as these do not merely so many inconsistencies at every period of her career, but such violent contradictions, if her youth and old age be compared together. In regard to matrimony, for example, what strange proceedings! Few women could boast of so many wooers, and yet shunned them all, one after another. Seventeen make up the list of her professed lovers. Thomas Seymour, the Lord Admiral, appears to have been the first in point of date. The biographer thinks that Elizabeth's attachment to him continued to a late period of her life. Her last matrimonial speculation was with the Duke of Alençon, the heir presumptive of France, she being close upon her fiftieth year, and he only half of her age. She appears to have been far from indifferent even to him. We extract the account of the curious wooing, and its not less diverting termination:

"The Duke of Alençon, who was an accomplished wooer, crossed the seas to plead his cause to his own lady-love. He arrived in November, 1582. Elizabeth gave him not only an honourable, but a most loving reception, and, for a time, appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion. She declared, "that he was the most constant and deserving of all her lovers," and even made political engagements with him without consulting her ministers. On the anniversary of her coronation, which was, as usual, celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors and her whole court, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded by all present, as a pledge of her intention to become his wife; and from that time the prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband. Her conduct, at this time, was either that of the most enamoured of women, or the most unblushing of coquettes. Her gift of the ring was duly reported by the Dutch and French envoys; bonfires and salvos of artillery, manifested the satisfaction of these countries at the prospect of so glorious an alliance.

"Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham, were determined to prevent the marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles, and also a paper, prescribing the rite, for the celebration of the nuptials. This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed, but the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies, who had received their lessons from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing; they surrounded their royal mistress, and throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage, at her time of life, with a youthful husband, by whom she would, probably, be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain, and entreated her not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a Protestant queen, by vowing obedience to a Catholic husband." Elizabeth passed the night without sleep. In the morning she sent for the duke. He found her pale and in tears.

" 'Two more nights such as the last,' she told him, 'would bring her to the grave.' She described the conflict between love and duty, in which it had passed by her, and told him, 'that although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people.' Anjou would have remonstrated, but Hatton, who was present, acted as spokesman for the agitated queen, and, with statesmanlike coldness, stated the objection to the marriage, in terms which proved that they were regarded by the council as insuperable.

" The duke retired, in great disorder, to his own apartment, and, plucking the ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, 'that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island.

" He then demanded leave to depart, but Elizabeth implored him to remain, for 'that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment, but, at present, she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings.' The credulous prince believed, and tarried three months, waiting the auspicious moment, which was destined never to arirve. Elizabeth, meantime, lavished the most flattering attentions upon him, and, like Calypso, omitted no device that was likely to retain this ill-favoured Telemachus spell-bound in her enchanted castle. She danced frequently, and had many tragedies and comedies acted, with masks, and all sorts of entertainments for his delight. On the new year's day he tilted before her, at a tournament given in honour of his visit. He had chosen the following verse for his device:—

'Serviet æternum, dulcis torquet Eliza.'

" The moment the course was over the Queen hastened to him, and if we may believe the report of the Duke de Nevers, who was present in the royal lover's suite, she saluted him repeatedly, and perceiving that he was fatigued, took him by the hand and led him to his own chamber that he might repose himself. The next morning she paid him a visit before he rose. Many reports, even more derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of the Queen, were in circulation, but these, we trust, were the profane inventions of her foes, since they are chiefly founded on the malign gossip of the Countess of Shrewsbury, or the persons who forged the coarse letter pretended to have been written by Mary, Queen of Scots, to Queen Elizabeth. But to return to facts. The states of Belgium grew impatient of the protracted absence of their sovereign, and demanded his return.

"The Prince was weary of the absurd thraldom in which he was held, and finding it impossible to bring his wary inamorata to the desired point, determined to be kept no longer as the puppet of her wayward will. He announced to her the day of his departure—she remonstrated; he explained the necessity of his return to his new subjects. She called them 'villains,' and would only consent to his departure on condition of his promising to return in a month, and insisted, in spite of his avowed reluctance, on accompanying him part of his journey to the coast. He certainly had no wish for this tender attention, and did all he could to dissuade her Majesty from leaving London, telling her 'that the journey would be painful to her, and, that as the weather was fair and wind favourable, he was loth to lose the opportunity of performing his voyage with all speed.' Elizabeth was,

however, resolute, and on the first of February she and all her court, accompanied the Prince on his journey as far as Rochester, where they passed the night.

"The next day her Majesty showed him her mighty ships of war lying at Chatham, and after they had been on board several of them, the Prince and all the great lords of France who were in attendance, expressed their admiration of all they saw, and declared 'that it was not without good reason that the Queen of England was reported to be Ladye of the Seas.'

"The Queen told the Prince that 'all these ships and their furniture were ready to do him service when it was requisite,' for which he most humbly thanked her Majesty, and after a great discharge of the ordnance, they returned again to Rochester. The third day they went to Sittingbourne, where, dining in company, the Queen was served, after the English manner, by the greatest ladies of her court, and the monsieur (as he is styled by our authority) after the French fashion by the gentlemen of his train, which ladies and gentlemen—a pleasant party, no doubt—dined afterwards together. Anjou's impatience to be gone exceeded the bounds of civility. His highness besought her Majesty again to go no further, declaring unto her 'that the fair weather passed away.' But, notwithstanding his entreaties, the Queen went on still to Canterbury. There, after the Queen had feasted the French nobles, she parted from the Prince mournfully, and in tears."

ART. XV.—*Scriptural Communion with God; or, the Holy Bible, arranged in Historical and Chronological order.* By the Rev. G. TOWNSEND, M.A. Part I.

THIS is the Bible with Commentary, Notes, &c., arranged according to a new plan, into sections, Mr. Townsend's avowed object being "to assist fathers, mothers, and heads of families, in their holy labour of preparing the children, the youth, and the servants committed to their charge, for their places in the Church on earth, and the Church in Heaven, *by uniting Scriptural knowledge with spiritual prayer.*" Mr. T. is of the mind that the usual mode followed by commentators, of amalgamating into one mass of notes the various remarks, historical, critical, explanatory, and devotional, as they occur to the mind of the writer; or the confining the attention to one kind of notes only, is not the best that might be adopted. His plan is to separate the Devotional, Historical, and Critical portions. Having made the arrangement of the Scriptures in chronological and historical order the basis of the commentary, he proceeds to divide them into sections throughout. Each consists of *five parts*:—1. A title, informing the reader of the general contents of the section; 2. An introduction, which comprises the historical and expository matter given in the chief commentaries; 3. The portion of Scripture selected for the section; 4. A prayer, founded upon the introduction and the selected portion, embodying the devotional reflections of the reader; and 5. Notes, original and critical, for the benefit of the student and inquirer.

It strikes us that the arrangement of the Bible in historical and chronological order, is an excellent feature in this new edition; for in this manner

the books, chapters, psalms, prophecies, &c., may be read as one connected whole. True, doubts will sometimes occur, relative to the exact order of sequences. In this *first part*, for example, Job with his trials, is placed before the call of Abraham, for which indeed there are strong reasons. But whether precisely right or not, a sufficient accuracy may be observed throughout the canon of Scripture for all practical, and even for critical purposes.

The labours of Mr. Townsend in this new commentary exhibit various reading, extensive learning, great industry, and above all a spirit of devout earnestness which we have never felt to be excelled. His words and thoughts are fraught with unction. Brevity, pertinency, and closeness mark whatever he compiles, or may utter from the fountain of his own knowledge and sentiments.

In looking out for a short specimen of his matter, we have not found any thing that can better indicate his preparedness for the task he has imposed upon himself, nor perhaps of his plain and sensible style, than the following passage from the Dedication to Fathers, Mothers, and Heads of Families. He is speaking of the multitude of commentators, annotators, and expositors of Scripture, and says,—

"The mass of illustration which has been accumulated since the closing of the canon of Scripture by the Ante-Nicene and early Post-Nicene fathers—by the authors of the middle ages, such as Anselm, Bernard, Thomas Aquinas, and others,—by the writers of all communions at the period of the Reformation,—from that time down to the time of the writers commonly known as the Critici Sacri,—by the numerous authors referred to by Pfeiffer,—and by the commentators of our own age, has been so great that no individual industry, even in the longest life, could master it. *As the profound learning of one age, however, may be said to be the alphabet of another, so it has been in theology.* The substance of the learned dissertations, discussions, and intrusions which have been submitted in former ages to the world, have become for the most part melted down, as it were, into the common stock of the commentaries which are now familiar to the general reader. The result of the five great sources of scriptural interpretation, namely, the Jewish Targums, the Septuagist, the Vulgate, the concurrent testimony of Fathers, and the labours of the chief theologians at and since the Reformation—whether they be Reformers, Puritans, or mere modern divines,—may be said to be the rendering, in the more well-known commentaries, the most learned discussions, and the most profound criticisms, familiar to the common reader. Nearly one hundred authors and nineteen councils, for instance, are referred to by Aquinas. The same number are quoted by the Critici Sacri. Poole, in his Synopsis, refers to an hundred more. One hundred and sixty Church of England divines are cited by Mant and D'Oyly; and one hundred more, with the substance of the labours of Henry, Scott, Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby, are referred to by the compilers of the smaller commentary. The mass of illustration which has thus been gradually collected, and rendered familiar to the reader of the Holy Scriptures, may be called the general knowledge which must be supposed to be possessed by all."

ART. XVI.—*The New Punctiuncula Stenographic System of Embossing.* By G. A. HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES is totally blind, having been deprived of sight in 1837. Previous to that calamity he had been in the scholastic profession, and he particularly mentions that he was thoroughly acquainted with Stenography. His Stenographic taste and expertness, no doubt, together with the necessity which his bereavement imposed, drove his inventive powers into the channel which he has followed out to what he considers a perfect and most satisfactory issue. He feels most confident not only that a person who has lost his vision is better qualified to devise a plan for instructing those who are blind, than an individual who is blessed with sight,—for the blind alone, he observes, can really judge what is easy or difficult for all such,—but that his method is by far the most simple that has ever been laid before the public, and vastly superior to any in which embossed type is used. Mr. Hughes hesitates not to assert that by his plan and means the Blind of all nations will be able to emboss for themselves, on any paper, without the use of type, and to attain a perfect knowledge in reading, arithmetic, &c., with unprecedented facility.

The system consists of two dots, one smooth and the other rough, together with the aid of a sign line; the different arrangements and positions to which these may be subjected giving the person who can make a dexterous use of them, an extraordinary command upon paper. Besides paper and the little embossing instrument, a cushion, and a little framework having many small square divisions, called by Mr. H. the formula, are necessary.

The system may be understood by a person having sight in a very short space of time, but its ready practice will come to hand with something of the kind of slowness which attends the acquisition of stenography. In fact, in Mr. Hughes's system the characters are applied stenographically. Still, we do not conceive that there can be any very formidable difficulty in the way of the blind becoming expert in the practice of the system; but on the other hand, we feel assured that the process of acquiring the system would afford an enviable species of amusing occupation, not to speak of the incalculable satisfaction that would accompany and follow the daily use of its helping hand for the purposes of intercourse.

The present is no ordinary case, whether one looks to its literary importance, or individually to the case of the inventor; and therefore let him be heard for a moment:

"George A. Hughes, of Ramsgate, in the county of Kent, aged 34, and totally blind, formerly in the scholastic profession, in the Isle of Thanet, begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the Public to the New System of Embossing, which he has invented for the Blind, and which will enable them to emboss, and record their thoughts without the use of type, with an instrument, occupying no more space than a common pencil-case, and in every way as simple in its construction. Likewise every individual who can read, including the deaf and dumb, will be able to correspond with the blind by post, by only studying the alphabet, and if two leaves of paper are placed on the cushion instead of one, the copy of any letter, &c., will be obtained while embossing the original.

To illustrate the system, the author has been at considerable expense in publishing a work in which he has embodied the letter-press with the embossed characters, thereby enabling those who can read by sight, as well as the blind, who can only read by the touch, to judge at once of the utility and simplicity of the system.

To accomplish his great undertaking, the Inventor makes this appeal to his friends and the public in the full confidence that it will be responded to, in a country abounding with so much Christian charity as is found in England, and especially in a cause which has for its object, the happiness, education, and improvement of the Blind. Several Friends, well-wishers to his system, and "enlighteners of darkness," have come forward to aid him in the accomplishment of his plans, to furnish the Blind with progressive and scriptural lessons, and he doubts not but that many others will be found ready to lend a helping hand towards lessening the expensive burthen, which has fallen so heavily upon himself and his parents, by whose assistance he has already accomplished so much."

Such are some of the interesting particulars concerning this new system of embossing, and its ingenious inventor. We can hardly doubt of its success, which success must be identified with the worldly prosperity of Mr. Hughes, who is about, we believe, to open apartments for the purpose of taking in pupils at his residence in the Strand. His book, together with the other articles essential to the study and practice of the method, we can have no doubt, requires merely to be advertised to attract extensive notice, and to establish for the inventor the character of an enlightened philanthropist.

ART. XVII.—*Felix Summerly's Day's Excursion to Erith, Rochester, and Cobham in Kent.*

THE whole of Felix Summerly's Guide-books have a character of their own; that is, the distinct and superior qualities of their author are stamped upon them. As hand-books they are better than can be expressed by the words *extremely clever;* for they abound with common sense as well as with refined sentiment, with accurate and practical notices as well as tasteful criticism. They are healthy and informing books, not rhapsodies: they consist of the observations and reflections of an acute and matured mind, not of mere random emotions or pedantic twaddle; they are hearty, generous, original productions, not tritenesses or truisms; and theirs is a smiling gladness of thought, or a steady tender reverence, as suits the sunshine of England, or attempers itself harmoniously with whatever is grave and venerable amongst us; not the frivolities of little men, nor the morbidity of affected seriousness and solemnity. The *practical* and the *useful*, as we have already hinted, are leading features in Summerly's guides. Whoever consults him has no excuse, if, for instance, he suffers himself to be imposed upon in the matter of expense during the described excursion. The author speaks from experience, at the same time he is so methodical that nothing which can be deemed necessary or prudent escapes him. We quote a specimen of his sound suggestiveness; and should his advice be followed, benevolence as well as the interest of art might be promoted in the most pleasurable manner possible.

"The admission of the public to Cobham Hall is now circumscribed to one day in the week, and the privilege is obtained by the purchase of a shilling ticket, at the principal Libraries, Caddels' at Gravesnd, and Wildash's at Rochester. Fortunately, Friday, when Hampton Court and Windsor are closed, is the day of entrance here. The money realized by the tickets, we believe, is bestowed in promoting the parish school at Cobham. The charge has been reduced recently, from two shillings, and thus places the access within reach of much greater numbers. This mode of admission appears to be far superior to the ordinary one at the houses of the nobility. A great drawback to the visitation of such places, is the optional fee to the housekeeper. It is difficult to estimate what is due to a fine lady in amber satin, with lace ruffles and tippet—gold watch and seals at her side instead of keys. You don't like to be thought mean, yet you fear to offer so little as half-a-crown. The plan at Cobham Hall is therefore excellent, as fixing a certain sum, and is in all respects commendable, now that the sum is one shilling instead of two. It is good, too, that your own enjoyment and advantage should be made conducive to the advantage of others. It seems a plan worthy of the imitation of the owners of picture galleries in the metropolis. There are many who would rejoice in the opportunity of seeing the Bridgewater and Grosvenor collections by payment of a shilling—and the shillings would soon purchase a fine picture for the National Gailery, and hand down to posterity the name of its benevolent donor."

Mr. Summerly's Handbooks already published by Mr. Bell, form a sweet little library, and quite unique in all that regards artistic embellishment as well as mechanical details.

ART. VIII.—*Notices of the Castle and Priory of Castleacre.* By the Rev. J. H. BLOOM, M.A.

A MINUTE local history, with much of a more general character which might with advantage have been omitted, seeing that in many other volumes the same information may be met with, and in some of these more engagingly. The work, however, is creditably executed, its manner is agreeable, and its matter will interest a considerable segment of the country. Several of the notices are extremely curious; while some are so surrounded with mystery that the creative fancy might work them out in romance with absorbing effect. Here follows an unravelled fact in the history of a sarcophagus, discovered in the south aisle of the neighbouring Priory of Westacre, when clearing away the soil in 1836:—

"The sarcophagus, of thick but friable stones, perfectly plain, and to all appearance of ancient date, had in all probability been removed from some other spot to its present destination. A shallow grave had been dug beneath the pavement of the aisle, and its bottom coated with cement. Upon this the body of the deceased was simply laid, wrapped in a shroud of coarse sackcloth, which was found still retaining its folds and encircling the skeleton; while over all, the sarcophagus, void of any operculum or cover, was *inverted*. It is remarkable, that although the bones were found as described, wholly

undisturbed in their humble shroud, and perfect in all other respects, the most careful search failed to discover any trace of the skull or of the feet!—in fact, it was ascertained upon inspection, that these members had been respectively amputated prior to the interment of the body,—the one from the vertebræ of the neck, the other just above the ankle joint. No motive of necessity could have prompted this expedient, for the sarcophagus was not only of ample length for a full-grown subject, but was furnished with the usual cup-like recess at its upper end for the reception of the head of the deceased. An experienced medical friend, to whom the bones were subsequently shown, pronounced them to all appearance to be those of a female;—and what dark tale of wretchedness, misery, or crime, might they not shadow forth? The whole circumstance, the mutilated state of the body, the penitential character of its envelopment, the singular mode of its sepulture, the conspicuous position of the tomb,—all seem to point to some transaction of grief, or guilt, or tyranny, that may supply ample scope for the exercise of imagination."

We next cite an entertaining story of a relic connected with the Priory of Westacre,—a finger, said to be of St. Thomas.

"Upon some occasion the chapter rather profanely *pawned* this ingenious specimen for no less a sum than forty pounds sterling, (an amount at the lowest computation equivalent to 400*l.* of the present value,)—a pledge which they had not the good fortune to redeem up to the time of the surrender, when the king's commissioners absolutely refused to do so on the plea that it was not worth a fortieth part of the money!"

The parish of Castleacre appears to be notable for its poverty, ignorance, and depravity. Mr. Bloom, while endeavouring to account for this anomaly, comforts his readers by bearing testimony that symptoms of reformation and improvement have begun to manifest themselves. Still, this is part of his remarkable account of the people and their customs:

"The population of Castleacre, according to the census of 1841, amounts to 1494 souls. The inhabitants are exclusively agricultural, and generally of a very humble caste; although abject poverty happily does not exist among them, still their means are exceedingly moderate, and the degree of intelligence prevalent, as usually happens, is proportionate to the extent of their resources. It has been the fashion to single out the parish of Castleacre as the most conspicuous in point of demoralization and general depravity within the circuit of many miles, and until within the last few years there has been, we fear, but too strong ground for the conclusion; but then it is only justice to indicate the main source of this evil, and the still-existing obstacle to its effectual eradication. It is simply this:—A custom has for many years prevailed in the place, and been encouraged by the occupiers in adjacent parishes, to farm out the work necessary to be done on their respective lands to one or two individuals, who shall provide hands to accomplish it in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms. These parties are termed *gang* masters, and a very significant term it is, for surely no gang of wretched slaves beneath the sweltering sun of the tropics, could materially fall beneath the generality of persons thus assembled together, in intellectual debasement and moral depravity."

Mr. Bloom's is a very handsome volume, and beautifully illustrated.

ART. XIX.—*The Flower-Girl, and other Poems.* By RHODA MARIA WILLAN.

A MODEST preface puts us in a mood favourable to the writer. There is much sweetness and tenderness in the pieces. The versification is fluent and musical; and altogether there is good promise in the collection. But see the immediately succeeding notice for further opinion. Both books are published by the Basket-maker.

ART. XX.—*The Storm, and other Poems.* By FRANCIS BENNOCH.

THE author of the Storm, and other Poems, may readily be taken for brother to the lady, in the Muses' family, who has written the Flower-Girl; for while there is a kindred cast of poetic temperament in their productions, they are naturally different,—feminine grace and tenderness pervading the verses of the one, vigour and a bolder range characterizing the other. Both, however, use the poetic forms with facility, yet without sacrificing feeling to the mere sweetness of versification, or nature to puling sentimentality. Still, the lady must be watchful against this latter tendency; and the gentleman ought, we think, while he studies the works of some of our sterling bards, to eschew imitation, but which in his case is not as yet so much that of thought as of semblance of manner. He gives us sundry Scotch pieces, and these are written as a Scotchman would express the ideas uttered. We opine that both writers are young, although not altogether unused to the rhyming art. If our conjecture be correct, let them persevere, let them study the best models, and thus furnished, let them rely upon their own independent powers; always, however, endearing each subject selected by close observation, and strengthening it by those associations that insure a deep impression. In this way they will escape the feeblenesses and the commonplaces which facility and fluency in versifying almost universally result in; and be able, with flexible but nerved pinion, with compact and coy expression, to traverse the upper air, and carry spirits after them.

ART. XXI.—*British and Foreign Traveller's Guide.*

WE have before us the British and Foreign Traveller's Guide for June last, the work being revised and corrected at the end of each month, in order to render its contents accurate on its publication, the first of each succeeding month. The best account we can give of it in a moderate space is to copy out the very ample title, viz:—"A complete Directory to every part of the Kingdom and Abroad, comprising Tables of all the Railways in Great Britain; Times and Fares of the Steamers from every port; an Index of 1100 Towns, with the Steam, Railway, and Coach Conveyance to each; the Continental Railways; Times and Fares of Foreign Steamers from British and other Ports, with an index: a complete Guide to the chief Cities and places of resort in Europe, the Mediterranean, India, West Indies, and America. Value of Foreign Coins—Passports—Tides—Mails and Foreign Postages, and a large variety of useful knowledge."

ART. XXII.—*A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary. Alphabetically arranged.*—By FREDERIC LAWRENCE, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office.

BY far the most intelligible and interesting treatise that we have ever met with on the subject of Life Assurance. The work is as remarkable in respect of brevity, as it is of simplicity and plainness; and, a thing that one would never think of looking for in such a quarter, there is information in it sufficiently entertaining and popular, to keep you reading page after page at one sitting, till the end is reached; by which time, to a certainty, a strong anxiety will have been created to secure in some form or another, the benefits of Life Assurance. The treatise begins with a history of the rise and progress of such institutions; and in due course shows the great good that may thus be effected for the assured whilst living, and for friends and relations after his decease—the applicability of the benefits to every contingency which can possibly occur in mercantile operations; and, in short, explaining the whole subject in a manner that is singularly clear and instructive.

The little book has assuredly not been written for the sake of pecuniary gain, its price being only *one shilling*. Neither has it a particle of the character of a puff, for Mr. Lawrence does not advocate the interest of any one particular office; not even mentioning the name of the establishment of which he is secretary. His object evidently has been to increase the number of policy-holders, and to circulate such an accurate knowledge of the science of Life Assurance as will be sufficient to induce people to enrol themselves amongst those already assured.

ART. XXIII.—*Inaugural Lecture, written for the Opening of the British and Foreign Institute.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

A NEW Literary, Scientific, and Social Institution is on the eve of firm establishment, the scheme having been projected by the author of the present lecture, and after years of anxious exertion and persevering labour brought by him, almost single-handed, to its present state of promise and bearing. At a recent public meeting of the already enrolled members of the Society, one of the resolutions, moved by Lord Brougham and passed unanimously, was to the following effect,—That the increasing population of the Metropolis, and the growing disposition of all classes to cultivate intellectual pleasures and pursuits, make it important to provide suitable institutions for their gratification;—while the increasing number of persons of intelligence and taste visiting London from all quarters of the globe, and especially from our own Colonies and the Provincial Cities of the Kingdom, renders it desirable to facilitate the means of bringing them into personal communion with each other, and giving them easy access to the library circles of the British Capital.

This resolution comprises the principle, and distinctly glances at the main design of the British and Foreign Institute. It is intended to afford every facility for the interchange of the sympathies of kindred minds, and to be a great improvement upon the West-end Clubs, which have ministered chiefly to physical and sensual tastes, and to party purposes and exclusive feelings.

Spacious premises are to be erected. Library, Lecture room, Museum, and Saloons are all contemplated. Prelections, and *Soirees* or *Conversationi* figure in the plan; and not the least important characteristic of the institution will be the admission of the ladies of Members to certain of its privileges.

Already a long list of eminent and influential names figure as having joined the Institute; and its working machinery has been set in motion. Mr. Buckingham, on account of his practical experience as a traveller and author, and his extensive acquaintance with the friends of literature and philanthropy, is to be Resident Director. But to the Inaugural Lecture and its appendices we must refer the inquirer; for there he will meet with an interesting, full, and highly encouraging account of the plan, the intent, and the probable results of a new establishment, which promises to supply a great desideratum in the intellectual and social intercourse of all those persons of mark and aspiration, who reside in, or visit for the future, the capital of the British empire.

ART. XXIV.—*Aunt Martha, or the Spinster.*

A BEAUTIFUL little book, if regard be merely paid to its *getting up*. But it is remarkable in other respects; for while without tale or any distinct purpose, it presents such a truthfulness and amiability of the spinster, a clergyman's daughter, that one cannot but believe that it has been drawn from the life, and that it is the real utterance of the gentle-hearted and cheerful Martha.

ART. XXV—*Rambles in the Isle of Wight, during the Summers of* 1841 *and* 1842; *with Miscellaneous Additions.* By JOHN GWILLIAM.

FIRST, in a prose preface, we have from Mr. Gwilliam a topographical account of the Isle of Wight, containing among other useful information a list of hotels. The "Rambles" are in verse, proclaiming the beauties of the scenery, and written with a heart-felt admiration of its peculiar attractions, that finds utterance in language of force and fluency.

ART. XXVI.—*Monomania.* By DRY NURSE.

THE evidence of the medical witnesses on M'Naughten's trial is the subject of this satire. The writer has made a few tolerably good hits; but when we learn that he could not help delivering himself in the present fashion,—for so he informs his readers,—we ask how happeneth it that these have so little of spontaneity in their forthcoming, and have so carefully to be sought for ere found?

ART. XXVII.—*The Earl of Leicester. A Tragedy in Five Acts.* By SAMUEL HEATH.

WERE it not that Mr. Heath has far too closely followed *Kenilworth* in his version of Leicester's fortunes, we should have been induced to allow him some considerable space in our pages. But his tragedy is properly but a version of the historical romance mentioned, and not unavowedly; for, says the author, it is "an attempt to construct an effective acting drama on the foundation of one of the most beautiful novels in the English language," of course alluding to Scott's creation. Mr. Heath seems to be able to stand unsupported, and to walk without guide or crutch. Let him make the effort, and then, we have no doubt, he will command a longer hearing and a more attentive audience.

ART. XXVIII.—*Westminster Abbey and Life.* By OWEN HOWELL.

MR. HOWELL has far too manifestly followed Byron to win our good graces readily. Somehow we fancy that his verses betray a pretension that is the reverse of prepossessing. He writes to be sure as one skilled in the forms of poetry, but we do not find that the soul of song is there. He is tedious instead of being subtle, vague instead of particular and penetrating, and commonplace instead of originating new thoughts, or condensing and pointing the old.

ART. XXIX.—*A Treatise on Astronomy.* By E. HENDERSON, LL.D., &c.

THIS is a second edition, "enlarged and embellished with numerous engravings" of Dr. Henderson's treatise. It is a good compilation, presenting the subjects that formed the basis of a course of lectures delivered in London in 1835. His object has been to supply those persons who have not received a mathematical education, but who are admirers of Astronomy, with a set of arithmetical rules, to enable them to arrive at approximate solutions and demonstrations of planetary distances, magnitudes, revolutions, &c. The arrangement of the contents is suitable for the general reader, and the entire design appears to have been as well executed as the nature of the method of solution and demonstration can possibly permit.

ART. XXX.—*Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature.* C. Knight & Co.

THE seventh part of Knight's Pictorial Museum has been issued, having for its subject the history of the Dog-genus, in which all the varieties of this large family are described, from the silky poodle and the delicate Italian greyhound, to the wild gaunt inhabitants of Polar-regions,—

"Where the wolf and arctic fox,
Prowl amidst the lonely rocks."

The illustrations are correct representations, and are very numerous.

ART. XXXI.—*The Act for the Registration of Voters, &c,* (6 *Vic. cap.* 18.) By DAVID POWER.

A MORE needful or useful publication can scarcely be named, however uninviting may be the title. Its plainness and simplicity cannot be exceeded, as any one may speedily satisfy himself by trying his hand at popularizing an Act of Parliament. We give a specimen of the common-sense contents of the book, County Registration being the immmediate subject:

"The following are the days in each year, upon or before which the several matters relative to the *county* registration are required by the act to be done:—

"On or before the 10th of June, the clerk of the peace is to deliver his precept to the overseers.

"20th of June, the overseers are to publish their notice directing persons to send in their claims.

"20th July, claims to vote are to be sent to the overseers.

"31st of July, the list of claimants is to be made out by the overseers.

"1st of August, the list of voters to be published.

"25th of August, objections may be made.

"29th of August, the lists are to be delivered by the overseers to the clerk of the peace.

"1st of September, the list of persons objected to is to be published.

"Between the 15th of September and the 31st of October, the registration courts are to be held by the revising barrister.

"On or before the 30th of November, the register is to be delivered by the clerk of the peace to the sheriff.

"This register is to remain in force until the 1st of December in the following year."

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FOR

OCTOBER, 1843.

ART. I.—*Austria, Vienna, Prague, Hungary, Bohemia, and the Danube; Gallicia, Styria, &c.* By J. G. KOHL. Chapman & Hall.

OUR friend Kohl, fortunately took it into his head to traverse the Austrian dominions, after leaving the Russian soil; and with him travelling is synonymous with close and keen observation, minute and racy description, and smart as well as pertinent remark.

M. Kohl's journey commenced at Dresden. He thence bent his way through Bohemia, sojourning for a considerable space at Prague, the capital of the country. Vienna in due course received him, having descended the Danube, after crossing the uplands to Linz on the banks of the river. Exhausting in his own particular way the metropolis of the Austro-Germanic empire, he passed into Hungary, penetrating the territory till he reached what is called the military frontier. He afterwards crossed the country by an unbeaten course, at length arriving at Munich. Here his tour terminated; but Moravia and the Austro-Polish provinces of Gallicia and Bukovina fell within the compass of our traveller's work on Russia, and have now been added by the translator, serving to complete the author's travels.

The series of volumes originally is lengthened, having extended to five in number, although in the condensed translation, even with Moravia and Gallicia added, the whole make only two parts of the "Foreign Library." The process of abridgement and compacting necessarily affects more or less the spirit and the matter of the author. This interference, however, does not, we are persuaded, seriously affect the original; neither vitiating the traveller's meaning, nor essentially varying the quality of his style. This at least is certain,—we find the same sort of painstaking scrutiny, of independent thought, and of graphic writing that distinguished his "St. Petersburg." A similar literary mastership and infusion of learning, together with a variety of agreeable tokens illustrative of the German character, strike the reader; so that altogether the "Austria" is a worthy companion and follower of our author's former esteemed work,

differing only with the subject, and equally participating in the essentials, while the whole wears the stamp of novelty, both as regards substance and shape.

Things which to ordinary travellers would appear dry and unsusceptible of interesting culture, have catching points for the eye of M. Kohl, and readily draw from him the easy yet racy strokes of his pen. It is not alone that his industry is unwearied, his observation felicitous, and his principles cosmopolitan; but that objects and topics which would be bleak and barren to others, teem with riches to his apprehension and fancy. Be it in country or town, he is sure to be constantly alighting upon characteristic matter, that is rife with suggestiveness to him, and in which his mind takes concern. Of course, there are spots and occasions which are uncommonly prolific in his estimation, which obtain his more laboured and searching discourse, and where his minuteness of touch exemplifies the tendency and habit which stamped his "St. Petersburg." In such instances, historical reading, as well as novel and acute noticing, meets the attention, and satisfies the mind; at the same time that there is a composure as well as familiarity of treatment that lets one into the philosophy of the writer's turn and taste.

One feature in the regulraity of our author discovers itself in the systematic sort of fashion with which he goes over a town or district, taking its exterior and different points in order, until he seems to exhaust the whole, his searchings out being microscopic. Prague, for example, occupies him at very considerable length, its antiquities and its bygone condition not escaping attention any more than the condition and manners of its living population. And we like him the better that he does not trouble himself with points of controversy, such as of mystery,—when the speculation and even the solution would not in any sense repay the labour, contenting himself and the reader with a faithful sketch of what he saw, or narrative of what he gathered from others. Thus, with regard to the Jewish cemetery in the ancient capital of Bohemia, we meet with notices which show that it is a place of great antiquity, without, however, pronouncing upon its precise age,—the subject being one of controversy. It is more to the purpose to communicate particulars like the following, relative to the peculiar race, and especially relative to the Aaronite branch.

The tombs of those of Aaron's race are distinguished by two hands graven into the stone, and those of the Levites by a pitcher, to mark the office of the latter to pour water on the hands of the former, when performing their ablutions in the temple. The descendants of Aaron never visit the cemetery during their lives. Any contact with, or even a near approach to, a dead body, is a pollution for them. They may not, therefore, remain in a house in which a dead body is lying. There is but one exception made to this law, namely, when the father of an Aaronite dies, in which case the son may come within three ells of the body, and follow it to the burying

ground, till within three ells of a grave. The Jewish laws even prescribe the distance at which an Aaronite must keep when passing a burying-ground, which distance, however, is not calculated from the outer wall, but from the nearest grave. Now, in Prague, it happens that one street passes close to this wall, and that just in this spot the graves not only reach up to the very wall, but that some are even supposed to lie under the pavement of the street. This would, consequently, be a forbidden road to every Aaronite, had not particular arrangements been made to provide a remedy. This has been done by undermining that part of the street, and the empty vaulted space thus obtained, protects the Aaronite against pollution, for, according to the law, one hundred ells of vaulted space are deemed equal to one thousand filled with solid earth.

Belonging to the subject of relics and legends, is a picture seen in the Cistertian convent, Osseg. It is of

A Cistertian of the name of Daniel, who studied and read so indefatigably in his solitude, that the flame of his holy zeal issued forth at his fingers' ends, so that he could hold them, at night, like so many little tallow candles before his book. This allegory is a beautiful one; for no doubt there is within the human breast a self-illuminating power, that enables the possessor to read the mysteries of God without the aid of a teacher; but in the way the painter has placed his subject before us, it loses all dignity, and looks rather as if the artist had designed to turn the matter into ridicule.

The Metropolitan church of Prague contains amongst its treasures the following costly articles:

In one cabinet I counted no less than 32 golden mitres. I took several of them in my hand, and observed to my guide that I thought them heavy. "And yet, sir," said the man, archly, "our gentlemen are so very fond of wearing them!" In various drawers are preserved no less than 368 priestly vestments for the service of the mass, many of them of astonishing richness and splendour. One of them was of a material that might have furnished a mantle, either for a beggar or a prince; it was of common straw, but plated and worked with such surprising art, the the whole looked like elaborate embroidery. Most of these vestments are gifts from Bohemian nobles, and the history of some of these presents may contribute to illustrate the character of the country. Thus, one vestment has been made up from the bridal dress of a Countess Tshernin, another of the coronation robes of Maria Theresa. One of the richest of all, and which is only displayed on occasions of great solemnity, has been decorated by the Prince Schwartzenburg with a number of golden bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, and with all the buttons worn on his wedding coat. Each of these buttons is a jewel of considerable value, fashioned into the form of an animal, and set in gold. What wasteful profusion! and what a strange whim, to dedicate the wedding dresses of lords and ladies to the service of the church!

In the University library there is a curious Hussite hymn book, being written and illuminated with singular splendour. The book, says Kohl, must have cost many thousands of florins, being the contributions of every guild and corporation of the city. Each of these

bodies had a few hymns written, and pictures painted to accompany them, and several noble families did the same, each family or corporation placing its arms before its own portion of the book; and hence was formed this gorgeous rarity.

Our tourist has something to say of the celebrated Huss and his followers, whom persecution utterly extinguished. The reaction in this case has had few equals, fire and the sword in many instances adding vigour to sectarianism, instead of utterly rooting out the novelty. Says Kohl,—

Poor Huss raised a flame in which he himself was burnt, as well as many that came after him, but from that flame posterity has derived neither light nor warmth. The history of the Calixtines of Bohemia is a sadder one than that of any other religious sect, for no doctrine ever made its way amid acts of greater violence, and none was ever annihilated by a more ruthless re-action. Lutheranism was also cradled amid fearful storms, but the tempests have spent themselves, and millions have become peaceful participators in the blessings at which Lutheranism aimed. The Hussites raised a mighty conflagration, of which the Austrians succeeded in treading out the last spark; the Lutherans lighted a roaring fire on their own hearths, and their homes, in spite of pope and emperor, have been warmed by its genial influence ever since. Yet Huss, despite of his heresy, lives in the affections of his countrymen. I have often observed in them a strange struggle, on this score, between religion and nationality. As Bohemians they love to take credit for all the great things that the Hussites did, though as Catholics they cannot, of course, approve of them.

It is proper to observe that our worthy friend M. Kohl does not exhibit any decided sympathy with the offenders against state or church establishments. He is a man for *order*, even when enforced by a ruthless autocrat; how much more when representing the case of a *paternal despotism?* Just listen to his manner of speech when describing the conduct and condition of the Italian political offenders incarcerated at Szegedin in Hungary:—

Szegedin is known to contain no less than five hundred and sixty political Italian captives; a fact which occasioned a great deal of discussion in the last Hungarian Diet, when the celebrated orator, Gabriel Klauzal, Deputy for the Tshongrad Comitat, in which Szegedin is situated, proposed a petition to Government for their liberation. The motion was adopted unanimously by the Chamber of Representatives. Many dreadful stories are circulated in Hungary of the miserable situation and of the ill-treatment which these prisoners have to endure. I shall here simply record the result of my own observations, which I think will suffice to prove the falsehood of some of these culumnious reports.

We passed through the old Turkish gate, and entered a court-yard full of Austrian soldiers, which was divided from an inner court-yard by a wooden grating. At this grating sat women with baskets of fruit, needles, cotton, and other trifles; the inner court-yard was filled with the Italian prisoners themselves. They looked neat and clean, and were dressed in strong gray linen,

with caps of the same material on their heads. I had heard that their aspect would excite compassion and pity, on account of the harsh treatment it indicated. Compassion and pity their aspect certainly did excite, for these men were exiles from their country, and deprived of their liberty; but there was no sign whatever of their having suffered from close confinement, bad air, and scanty food. They all seemed in good health, and moved about in the large court-yard—I will not say with gayety, for that would have been strange indeed—but at least with animation and activity. They had plenty of time allotted them for exercise in this court-yard; during which time they can buy any trifles they want, of the women at the grating, and at the same time sell the products of their own labour. They manufacture many little articles of horn, wood, and paper, such as needle-cases, saints' effigies, folding-sticks, little baskets and boxes, little rings of plaited horse-hair, &c. They were all standing about the grating; and as soon as ever they appeared in the outer yard, they stretched their arms and hands out as far as possible, holding out their various merchandise, and screaming with much animation, in a strange jumble of Italian, German, and Hungarian, "*Nobile! kaufend Nobile! gigi! gigi!*" (*gigi* is an Italianized corruption of a Hungarian word for rings); or "*Nobile! kaufen! Napoleone! Napoleone!*" The countenance of the great Corsican is repeated upon almost all their little wares, and most of them had their hands full of Napoleons.

We have little patience for this philosophic composure and method of balancing grievances with blessings. Kohl expresses himself as a person who regards oppression, if inflicted by mighty rulers, in the light of a matter-of-course thing, or at least as being twenty-fold better than the condition, where man respectfully utters the language of his strong convictions, and would innovate improvements for the good of the whole fraternity. Listen again to the speech where he seems to indicate a conviction, that although the prisoners be persons of influence and sway,—men of education and of high honour as members in social life, yet their position is to be construed as that merely wherein no degrading service or necessity occurs, and where gentlemen are to feel satisfied with the permission to sell their various merchandise, outstretching their arms and screaming with animation, so as to attract customers.

Round various inner-courts were ranged the separate habitations of the prisoners, which were formerly the casemates of the soldiers. They were all above ground, very spacious and airy, and at regular distances from one another. The bedsteads were clean and good; and indeed, I have seen many barracks, in our best German cities, where the soldiers were not so well lodged as were these prisoners. Over each bedstead was inscribed the name and birthplace of the prisoner to whom it belonged: for instance, "Giovanni N. N. of Rodrigo;" "Martino N. N. of Verona;" "Ludovico N. N. of Venice," &c. "The national jealousies of these people are continued even here," said one of the Austrian officers to me: "the Milanese and Venetians here, for instance, are sworn foes to each other."

The casemates are lighted from the inner-courts, but some of them have also strongly grated windows on the outer side. Many prisoners had hung

up little stores of grapes on their window-bars, and others had little singing-birds in cages in their cells. I did not see their food, but their appearance proved that they did not suffer from hunger; and I have no reason to doubt the assurance of the Austrian officer, that they not only had abundance of meat and bread, but also a small portion of wine every day. They also procure themselves many little comforts, partly by the merchandise that they sell, and partly by the money sent them by their Italian friends and relatives. It is said that these five hundred and sixty prisoners annually receive no less than 40,000 florins from Italy. If one could but learn the history of the various little savings which make up this important sum, what proofs of tender constancy, generous self-denial, and yearning affection, might they not disclose!

The workshops of the prisoners were separate from their sleeping-rooms. Their work is not voluntary but compulsory. Each is obliged to follow the profession or trade that he practised at home, or else to choose for himself another. This compulsion is truly a benevolent one; for nothing is more likely to render captivity endurable than regular occupation, particularly when, as is here the case, it is neither excessively laborious nor continued for an undue length of time. Some work as carpenters, others as turners, and others again manufacture articles in papier maché, &c. They are divided into various workshops, according to their occupations; and over the door of each workshop the names of the trades carried on there are inscribed in Italian. In one of the turning-rooms I found a great many little busts of Napoleon in different stages of progression; in each of which, the characteristic features, indelibly impressed on the retentive memories of the prisoners, were accurately repeated from recollection alone.

But to shun reproof and difference-finding, let us return to Prague, where female beauty is almost universal, and where we find the author gladsomely speculative. He thus describes and philosophizes:—

That the little ugly, squalling, red-faced creatures (for all newly-born babies are alike) should grow up in Prague into such remarkably beautiful girls, is one of these phenomena of nature which I cannot take upon myself to explain. Some have attributed the fact to the mingling of German with Slavonian blood, but this the Slavonians protest against most loudly, telling you that in the villages of the interior, where no such mixture of the races has taken place, much finer specimens of female beauty are to be found than in any of the frontier districts. The members of the Bohemian Patriotic Association boast, moreover, that by far the richest display of beauty is to be seen at their balls, where nothing but Bohemian is ever spoken, and where, consequently, the bulk of the company must be genuine Slavonian; nay, even the far-famed beauty of the Hungarian ladies is attributed by these zealous patriots to the mixture of Slavonian blood with that of the original races. The theory is not one that I would at once reject as absurd. On the contrary, I often fancied, in the course of my subsequent wanderings, that I saw reason to believe there was some ground for it. Be this, however, as it may, Prague is decidedly a very garden of beauty. For the young ladies of 1841, I am ready to give my testimony most unreservedly, and many an

enraptured traveller has left us his books as living witnesses to the loveliness of the grandmothers and great grandmothers of the present generation. The old chronicler, Hammerschmidt, and his contemporaries, dwell with equal pleasure on the sweet faces that smiled upon them in their days, and the picture gallery of many a Bohemian castle is there to testify to the truth of their statements. One witness there is to the fact, whose right few will question to decide on such a point. Titian, who studied the faces of lovely women for ninety-six years, and who, while at the court of Charles V., spent five years in Germany, tells us, it was among the ladies of Prague that he found his *ideal* of a beautiful female head. If we go back beyond the times of Titian, we have the declaration of Charles IV., that Prague was a *hortus deliciarum*, and whoever has read the Life of that emperor, will scarcely doubt that beautiful women must have been included in the delights of a capital so apostrophized. Nay, the time-honoured nobility of the beauty of Prague, may be said to go back even to the earliest tradition, where we find it celebrated in the legends of Libussa and Vlasta, and the countless songs composed in honour of the *Deviy Slavanske* or Tshekhian damsels.

In the time of Huss, Bohemia was the arena of one astounding revolution; and now in her latter days she is making a movement concerning which M. Kohl reports the statement of a gentleman of the country, in the terms now to be quoted:—

"It is a kind of luxury," said he, "in which a few idle young men indulge, and in which they are encouraged by the professors and antiquaries; but it is no movement originating in the wants, or emanating from the wishes of the people. All that is eminent with us is German. Our men of education read Schiller and Goethe in preference to any other writers; every official man, down to the humblest clerk, writes and speaks German; and as every Bohemian feels that he cannot get on in the world without a knowledge of German, he seeks to learn it himself, and teach it to his children, and has no time to trouble himself about the fantastic visions of the Tshekhian patriots. Besides, the German language is taught, *ex-officio*, in every school, and many of our gentry do not even understand the patois of the country. With all these mighty agents at work, what avail the efforts of a few enthusiasts? The government, meanwhile, feels itself strong enough to let the Tshekhian party go their own way. Foreigners, moreover, are deceived, if they attribute to politics all that is done here in the way of Slavonian investigation. The inquiring spirit of the time, the revived fondness of everything that tends to the illustration of antiquity, has led to similar efforts in other countries, as well as in those inhabited by Slavonians. Every province in Europe has been burnishing up its recollections; every city has been turning over the leaves of its chronicles, and repairing its cathedral or its town-house. Not only the Slavonian provinces, but all the provinces of Austria, have been collecting their antiquities, dusting their records, and new binding their chronicles. The same has been done in the provinces of Prussia, and indeed in the provinces of almost every European country. We have seen Ossian's literature rescued from its tomb in Scotland, and in Germany we have seen Voss writing poems in *Platt Deutsch*; we have seen Westphalian, Saxon, and Brandenburg Associations, not to

speak of hundreds of other provincial societies; and thus the fashion has reached Bohemia at last. It is not any inclination on the part of the Western Slavonians to accept the fraternization offered them from the East, that has led to all these Slavonian journals, grammars, dictionaries, and poetical anthologies. In England, and even in France, books and newspapers have been printed in the local dialects, and so in Russia have works been of late published in Lettish and Esthonian languages, of which, some years ago, no cultivated man made use, unless perhaps in the pulpit. It is not to be denied, that the provincial, literary, and patriotic movements in the Slavonian provinces of Austria, acquire a peculiar character from the spirit of Panslavismus, of which so much has been heard of late years. No nation, while yet a breath of life is in it, becomes reconciled to the loss of its independence; and though the Bohemians, the Slovaks, and the other Slavonians would do better to attach themselves more and more to the mild sceptre of Austria, than to stretch out their hands after the questionable independence which seems to be offered them from the East, yet nations, like individuals, are not exempt from acts of folly, prejudicial to others as to themselves; and for their own sakes, therefore, as well as for Austria's, the Bohemians must be watched. The classes, however, which have most influence in the country, are the least disposed to sympathize with Russia. The clergy and the nobility know how little they would be likely to gain by exchanging the sovereignty of Austria for that of Russia. Recent events in Poland have likewise much contributed to cool the enthusiasm formerly manifested for Russia. The less instructed Bohemians, indeed, look upon much that they hear of Russia as mere German calumnies; but those among us, who stand higher, have had opportunities, many of them, of seeing with their own eyes. In short, should it ever come to a struggle between the Slavonian and German elements, the Tshekhs, in spite of their sympathies and antipathies, will be found fighting on the side of the Germans, and it will be for their own advantage to do so."

Being upon the subject of advance, improvement, and novel lights, let us attend to the monster-marcher, and hear what is to be said concerning a Bohemian railway :—

The Linz-Budweis railroad is the grandmother of all the railroads on the European continent; and taking this into consideration, we must not deem it matter of surprise to find it manifesting occasionally some symptoms of the debility of old age. It was the *coup d'essai* of Baron von Gerstner, who afterwards laid down rails in Russia, and died in America. He had great natural difficulties to contend with in the mountainous region over which his road had to be carried. To overcome these difficulties he was obliged to make his railroad take so circuitous a route, that though the distance between the two towns, in a straight line, is not more than ten (German) miles, the railroad has a length of seventeen After arriving at Linz, the railroad is carried ten miles further to Gmüden, for the convenience of the government salt-works at that place. The railroad from Budweis to Linz cost 1,700,000 florins. It consists of a single pair of rails, with arrangements at intermediate stations to enable two trains to pass each other. The rails are partly of Styrian, but chiefly of Bohemian iron; partly cast and partly

wrought. In many places they seem sadly in want of repair. Some have been completely worn away, others have lost their nails, and stand up from the wooden sleepers to which they were originally fastened. Sometimes a very sensible jolt of the carriages reminds the passengers of a striking difference between the respective altitudes of two succeeding rails; at other times a drag must be put upon the wheels, to prevent the train from rattling down the hill at too rapid a pace. My journey was performed immediately after rainy weather, which had made the rails extremely dirty and slippery; and I find, from a memorandum in my journal, that our wheels occasionally sunk into soft earth. It is evident from all this, that this railroad must have been left in a very neglected condition; but its importance to the commerce of the Danube is so great, that the government will be obliged, before long, to step in, and, by a timely treatment, endeavour to save this grandmother railroad from an untimely fate. The trains on this railroad are drawn by horses, and owing to the inequalities of the ground over which it passes, there is little likelihood that steam locomotives can ever be introduced there. One horse generally draws two or three carriages; but sometimes two or three horses are yoked on, in which case the train consists of six, seven, or even eight carriages. On an average, a horse is able to draw from seventy to a hundred cwt. at a slow walk. The trains for passengers travel at a smart trot. On the common road, in this mountainous district, a horse cannot draw more than twelve cwt.

Leaving Bohemia and Prague for good, let us hie towards the more attractive city of the Austro-Germanic territory; for in Vienna M. Kohl seems to have encountered every variety of novelty and enticement. Here, for instance, *placard-printing* furnished excellent food for digestion, and a phase of life indicative of manners and feeling.

There is a printing-office in Vienna, the sole employment of which is the announcement of these fêtes, plays, and concerts: nothing else being printed there but placards. The proprietor of this establishment, Mr. Hirshfeld, has many people in his service, who thoroughly understand the most striking way of announcing such matters to the street public, by the judicious arrangement of the alluring words "Bal Brilliant," "Magic Illumination," "Rose-tinted Garments of Pleasure," &c. I visited this printing-office; where the readers were employed in correcting the style and orthography of waiters, &c., and preparing their eloquent productions for the press. The monster types are all of wood; the effect of the great black letters upon men's eyes and fancies is always speculated on; and the pictorial announcements of estates for sale by lottery, when all the letters are composed of pictures of castles and rural views, and where every million is represented entwined with the elegant flowery wreaths of hope, are really masterpieces in a psychological as in a xylographic point of view. The unusual words, or those that do not frequently occur, are composed, as occasion may require, from single letters; but the celebrated names, Strauss, Lanner, im Sperl, Elysium, Prater, Golden Pear, &c., are cut out of single blocks, and many duplicates are always kept ready for use at Hirshfeld's. It is the same with the standing phrases, such as "Splendid Illuminations," "Dancing Soirée," &c.

Whoever has arrived at the honours of stereotype in Hirshfeld's printing-office, may deem himself a celebrated man within the walls of Vienna.

It is somewhat remarkable, although natural enough, that even these kind of announcements and posting-bills, on which the most innocent things in the world are made known to the public, are subject to the censorship, in fact to a double censorship,—firstly, to the supreme censorial authorities, who bestow the "imprimatur;" and secondly, to the subordinate police authorities, who make any emendations held necessary according to circumstances and localities.

"They play them a trick for all that, sometimes," said my bill-sticker, whom I encountered in the night as before mentioned. "Lately there was a ball at Sperl, where they danced till six o'clock in the morning, although they announced on their bill that it was to end after midnight; and when they were called to account by the police, they said that six o'clock in the morning was after midnight.

Not altogether unconnected with placard-printing is the subject of trades at Vienna, especially the account of certain branches that minister more immediately to the people's taste.

Among the articles made in large quantities in Vienna are theatrical decorations, wherewith it furnishes all the stationary and locomotive theatres of the Austrian empire. Many shops confine themselves to the sale of frippery of this kind, particularly diadems, and jewelled finery for the queens and princesses of the mimic scene. Great numbers of these diadems are made by the goldsmiths of Vienna. They make use of a peculiar composition of lead, tin, and bismuth, called "stage composition." It has so good an effect that at a little distance the deception is complete. The small cut sides of the metal are not raised, but put together in a concave form: when the light plays on them, they have all the appearance of precious stones.

It is a remarkable fact, that the people of Hamburg have learnt only within the last fifteen years how to bind a ledger. Before that time the great folios were generally sent for from England. The people of Vienna have not yet mastered this apparently simple art; for Girardet, the most considerable bookbinder in the city, who employs thirty-six journeymen, maintains among them three Englishmen for all the solid and difficult work, and nine Frenchmen for that requiring delicate handling and taste. These people understand their work thoroughly, and what they do is admirably well done. They work apart from the German workmen, in order to preserve the mystery of their craft. There are many kinds of leather used for this purpose which are not to be had in Germany, so that the stuff as well as the tools and the workmen must be had from France and England. Nothing can exceed the beauty, elegance, and solidity of Girardet's bindings, and their variety is quite as admirable. Every two months there is a general clearance of old forms and patterns, to make way for new ones.

It would be easy to fill an entire number of the Monthly Review with sketches, notices, and sentiments as informing and racy as any contained in the passages cited above. But we must preserve room for other writers, and therefore abruptly dismiss the intelligent traveller, cherishing a hearty welcome for him whenever he may again be presented to us, with fairness and a sufficient completeness.

ART. II.—*King Henry the Second. An Historical Drama.* Pickering.

THIS should be called a dramatic poem, if not a dramatized chronicle of Henry the Second's reign; for while the story and action extend over that page and era in Englands's annals, the incidents are so numerous, and the progress so rapid, that little space is left for passion, or even for the delineation and display of character. Besides, the author having manifestly taken *Philip Van Artevelde* for his model, a philosophic calmness predominates through the piece, and scarcely with a touch of emotion, or an indication to thrill the feelings and carry them into the deeper spheres of sympathy. It is a cold as well as a quiet production, with, however, as much thought in it and suggestiveness for the reasoning powers, as would, if cast into another form, make a valuable book,—one full of matter for study and earnest home-application. In short, "King Henry the Second" is not so much a drama as a creation in which crowding historical events are forced to become the texts for wise and profound utterances,—not so much a poem, as an energetic and eloquent yet prosaic development of ideas and abstract principles. Even when a character is to be described, one does not discover identity and individuality, but certain general truths which address themselves to the judgment and to sober reason; and therefore the author appeals to the understanding of the moralist and the metaphysician, instead of awakening the sympathies of the meditative, or stirring the soul to thrilling. Take a powerful but essentially a cold, philosophic specimen.

> There goes my man of points and differences.
> And if the business of our life were such things,
> A greater man would not be found; but greatness
> Is not a cherisher of aught that's captious:
> To extend, exalt, combine, and harmonize,
> Is what it lives for—and even in its fits
> Of wild subversion has a thought to build again.
> As for these cunning trains of argument,
> Which sometimes startle by their cleverness,
> But lead to nothing; and come from a man
> Who cares for nothing but his own acuteness;
> I hold them as the garlands hung on statues,
> Which do not grow.—Now that Justiciary,
> How at every turn, his office shows in him!
> Indeed it's sad to see how many men
> Are quite o'ermastered by the art they practise.
> Poet or painter, statesman, warrior chief,
> They do not make their craft an instrument,
> A thing for service or for safety to them.
> But they're its slaves, and it absorbs them wholly.

There are two grounds for especially regretting that the mind and the composition of the author should have taken the tone and the shape which we find them to have done in the present instance. First, it is manifest that he is capable of producing a much finer dramatic work; he is a writer of original powers; and above all, when looking out for a model upon whom to form himself, should he eschew the master he has followed in this case. All imitations are to be avoided, and chiefly when the faults of the original are redeemed only by many gleams of genius of a rare sort, and which to copy is necessarily a vain attempt; the effort in any such instance being an extravagancy instead of a natural beauty,—an exaggeration in place of an excellence. The author of *Philip Van Artevelde* and *Edwin the Fair*, is not cold, though calm; nor passionless, though subdued both his utterance and measured his bearing. On the contrary, feeling, zeal, and earnestness, are seen to swell his chastened composition beyond its literal compass, while intense and genial sympathies triumph over all questionable peculiarities and pedantic affectations.

But secondly, what other historical subject in our annals, that has not heretofore been appropriated or exhausted, can there be named, which for tragic interest and largeness comes up to that identified with the life and reign of Henry the Second? Indeed, the story of this King, the epoch in which he flourished, the vicissitudes he experienced not merely as a sovereign but as a father, and the lineaments of his personal character, each and all yield grand elements for the heroic and the passionate muse's culture, and might supply materials for several tragedies. Thomas à Becket, in fact, has happily been made the hero of one distinguished dramatic effort; and several other persons and passages of Henry's time, stand out so prominently and appear so prolific of all essential to the constructive hand and the vivid imagination of a high-souled poet, that we think sundry masters and originalists might be tempted to take the field, and each win independent laurels in it for himself.

How much that is exalted, massive, and grave,—how much that is tender, beautiful, and joyous,—how much that is gorgeous, robust, and national, do we find in Henry's reign! How much, in short, that a writer with the mental gifts, the reflection, and the imaginative power of him who is now before us, might build up into a high tragical drama! But he has failed partly, we think, by chronicling in a dramatic form far too many incidents to admit of concentration of interest or distinct delineation of character; and still more by the adoption of a cold and unexciting philosophy,—sounding well enough in speeches, and preaching very sound lessons, but incapable of enchanting the ear or filling the eyes. The mind is informed or tempted to adopt the train of reflective sentiment; but the heart is not melted—hardly warmed.

There is much that is solid and sensible in this historical piece, the sentiment often rising to a composed dignity and a well-reasoned

truth. For example, Henry confers the primacy in this cool and considerate fashion:

> My Lords, our Chancellor is summoned here,
> That we might bring a matter to an end
> Which brooks delay no longer; since the death
> Of that good priest, the venerated primate,
> We've looked throughout the land with nicest scrutiny,
> And none, my lords, have found in all respects
> So worthy to succeed to that high office
> As this man. [*Lays his hand on Becket's shoulder.*
> We know the loss that it will be
> To us, and ours, to turn him in the least
> From his great mastery of this world's business;
> But we have ever held it most unworthy
> To make a man's deserts the chains to bind
> Him down, and not the stepping stones to honour.
> That were to deal most niggardly with merit,
> The worst economy a king can show.

We cite a much longer passage, presenting a continuous and connected specimen, in which we have argument well sustained, and glimpses of character; cold declamation, however, and actionless philosophy predominating.

Open space before the Convent of Canterbury.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *attended by a multitude of Peasants singing. The Parish Priests with their crosses in their hands come in procession. The Monks of Canterbury receive the* ARCHBISHOP *with ringing of bells, and a hymn.*

CHORUS.

> A sound of holier joy pervades the earth
> Than bells of marriage or of birth;
> He comes: our guard on earth, our guide above,
> The angel-bishop of our love.

MONKS.

> The captains of the world against him strive,
> And wicked men his fall contrive;
> In vain: there floats a halo round his head
> Of heavenly powers; he knows no dread.

PEASANTS.

> His face unto the poor was ever mild,
> As father to a dying child;
> With tears, for wounded hearts the balm and oil,
> He comforted the sons of toil.

CHORUS.

A sound of holier joy pervades the earth
Than bells of marriage or of birth;
He comes: our guard on earth, our guide above,
The angel-bishop of our love.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Hark now, the hymn! they love you with the love
Their predecessors bore St. Anselm.

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

My dirge it is that they are singing; brother,
Do not imagine that I have returned
To peace and safety; I am come to die.
But while I live, no power of holy church,
Entrusted to my care, shall ever languish.
Already have the letters of the Pope
By my contrivance reached those priests of Baal,
And in such presence too, they dare not treat them
As the petty summons to some Baron's court.
They thought to have carried off by force these letters,
And to waylay me sent De Broc; as if,
Forsooth, ecclesiastical authority
Were to be met by rapine.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Oh, my lord,
Would that you had delayed these fearful missives,
If only for a time; your enemies,
Then seeing your forbearance, might in turn
Have ceased to vex you further.

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

Brother John,
Such counsel savours more of worldly wisdom
Than quite beseems a man of thy integrity.
I loathe these compromises; well enough
For marts, and for the money-lending tribe.
If this man's love of pelf, and that man's greediness
Would drag their victims widely-different ways,
And if at last a middle line be found,
It is a gain for both; but of this be sure
There cannot be a righteous compromise
Between a man's self-interest and his duty.
To find the path of duty may be hard:
That done, nothing of choice remains, but that
With singleness of heart we keep this path.
Where it may lead to is at best a question

For idle and for curious men, but fraught
With danger if it make us for a moment
Go faltering on our way.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Think of the perils
That now beset the Church! The Pope himself
Depends on the allegiance given to him
By Louis and the King of England.

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

So, brother, it may seem to worldly eyes,
And yet if all the kings on earth fell from it,
The church would undiminished still abide.
As some great rock left bare by fickle waves,
Which knows no kind of change, but is a beacon
Only to be further seen by their receding.
It is from such forbearance as you counsel,
That worldly powers grow insolent, and dare
To trample thus upon our privileges.
For be assured, my friend, authority,
Like other things in this decaying world,
Oft perishes from desuetude alone.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

All this is true, my lord; but are there not
Due times and seasons——

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

When authority
Is suicidal if it shrinks from contest.
And such a time is this. I say at once
That if St. Peter's sword had not leapt forth,
And met King Henry boldly, never more
Would it have been a terror to the nations.
We must not yield to force or blandishment.
Only in our last conference at Freitville,
The King spoke thus—"Ah, why not do, my Lord,
What I desire, and then should I put all things
At once into your hands."—I only thought,
Who in the wilderness it was that said,
"All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down
And worship me."—
This Henry is a prodigy of craft,
But had he been sincere, I humbly hope
That I should not the less have been unyielding.
Not to conciliate princes, but to control them,
Was power conferred on him who occupies
The see of Rome.

And now I feel as if returning homewards—
What home?

[*The King slumbers for a few minutes.*

EARL OF ESSEX.

Can this be sleep? Oh, how his features move!
Like wounded scorpions.

[*The King slumbers again. The Earl of Essex endeavours to lead Geoffrey away. The King starts up.*

KING HENRY.

Geoffrey, I'm happier now—more air—more light—
More everything—

[*The King dies—the Lords lead Geoffrey out.*

FIRST ATTENDANT.

How sad and stern he looks!

SECOND ATTENDANT.

I fear him more
Than when alive.

[*The Monks commence the "Dies iræ"—the curtain falls.*

ART. III.—*The History of Etruria. Part I.—Tarchun and his Times. From the Foundation of Tarquinia to the Foundation of Rome.* By Mrs. HAMILTON GRAY. Hatchard.

MRS. GRAY is not only an enthusiastic but an enlightened and laborious archæologist, having made ancient Etruria and its people the especial object of her investigations. She is far more critical than might be expected in a lady-writer, or one whose pen is so graceful and taste refined; pursuing her favourite studies with very considerable severity, and fortifying herself with scholarship of no mean amount. To be sure, she draws largely from the theories and the discoveries of modern investigators into the dim and distant; but she also has consulted many original authorities and evidences, has completely made her own all that was previouly known or conjectured relative to her theme, at the same time that she has subjected her mind to that philosophy that has been gathered from close and patient reflection on the history and institutions which have prevailed both in ancient and modern times. In a word, her collateral knowledge, her habits, and her zeal, are all presumptive arguments in favour of the present work.

It is not easy to convey in a brief space a distinct view of the theory entertained by Mrs. Gray, much less by any few and curt extracted passages, to show how that theory is buttressed and illus-

trated by her. To persons totally unacquainted with the progress which archæologists have made in their investigations, with respect to the condition of the ancient world, nothing perhaps can appear more vain than their attempt, nor more presumptuous than their enunciations where the field happens to be so distantly removed and so mysteriously shrouded as that of Etruria. Must it not be all conjecture and lost labour when there does not remain even one ancient authority or relic to guide us through the gloom?

On the other hand, persons who are conversant in any measure with subjects and researches of the present kind; who, for example, are aware what has been achieved in regard to the antiquities of Egypt, will at once admit that a learned examination of monuments, a strict comparison of symbols, a philosophic observance of etymological laws, a scrupulous collecting of traditions and historical notices, as well as other disjointed morsels brought from very different sources, may result in precious knowledge, leaving little room for conjecture; especially when all these scattered fragments are skilfully arranged and dexterously subordinated.

We do not say, for we do not think, that Mrs. Hamilton Gray has incontestible authority for all her conclusions; but certainly she brings delightfully together a multitude of highly interesting evidences, and frequently leaves no room for reasonable doubt. Even when conjecture is the principle element in the doctrine or theory, she fails not to awaken a generous curiosity, and also to throw out valuable hints. In this latter way her work will be of service in pointing out to the student of history, important ideas and facts towards the tracing the progress and vicissitudes of civilization, and filling up the past history of our race.

With regard to the work before us, it will perhaps be generally thought by competent judges that it excels rather as giving a full and popular view of obscure and scholarly dry points, than as the development of an authoritative theory. Be this as it may, this theory amounts to something like the following:—

The problem which Mrs. Gray first of all undertakes to solve regards the region originally inhabited by the Etruscans, as well as the period, manner, and cause of their coming to Italy. They emigrated "from the great and ancient city of Resen, or R.S.N. as it is written in the Hebrew Bible, the capital of Aturia, in the land of Assyria." Now, the name which the Etruscans took was Rasena, Rasnes, or Rasn, the radicals of these words being R.S.N.; for it appears this people made little account of the vowels. The Greeks called them Tyrseni, or ty R.S.Ni; the *t* being merely a servile letter. But there is a remarkable likeness between the religion and customs of the Egyptians and Etruscans. A portion of the latter therefore most probably settled on the banks of the Nile as conquerors or as adventurers, but were at length expelled; which event is placed about 1250 years before Christ.

This last-mentioned emigration, it is maintained, occurred under the leadership of Tarchun, who became the great lawgiver and founder of the Etruscan people in Italy, where he landed. Even his progress thereafter is sought to be traced, guided by traditions and the ruins of cities, which she holds must have been founded by him, because they are identical with his religious and political institutions, which Roman adoption has handed down to us. From the time of Tarchun the history advances till the period of the foundation of Rome.

This very meagre outline conveys no idea of the combined force of the theory, of the numerous quotations and illustrations intended to fortify it, or of the vivacity and attractiveness of the narrative. Neither can any person acquire a just notion of the variety of matter and suggestion, or of the learned reviews and fitting digressions that occur in the work, even when the period may appear most obscure, and the theory most conjectural, unless the entire production be consulted and digested.

It now only remains for us to present a sample or two which will enable our readers to judge with considerable accuracy of the manner of the writer. And first take an account of the ancient augurs:—

The first and highest power in Etruria, as afterwards in Rome, was that of the augur; who in the case of Tarchun, Romulus, and many other founders of states, was the same with the king, though ostensibly his power related to sacred things only. If Tarchun introduced augury, then all the Italian augurs and all the earliest augural institutions must derive from him; and hence we refer to him the facts relating to their office, which are preserved to us in the narrative of others. The augur was, in plain words, the representative of the Divinity upon earth—the absolute and despotic declarer of the Divine will, whom it was blasphemy to contradict and rebellion to disobey. The Divine Being, however, whom he represented, and in whose character he must act, was pictured as the constant father and protector of his people, with his eyes ever upon their actions, his heart ever alive to their interests, and his ears ever open to their prayers. He cared for the least of his children as much as for the greatest; punishing equally their crimes, rewarding equally their virtues, and rendering it obligatory upon them all, from the sovereign to the peasant, to walk by one law and to observe one rule. The augur expounded the will of the gods, consulted it himself according to a written code, and declared it to the people. Without him there could be no election to any office; and in Etruria every office was elective, though many were for life. Without the augur there was no king, no dictator, no pontifex, no ruler, no vestal, no fecial, no priest. The Etruscan maxim was, that "there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God:" and therefore alike in the meanest and in the grandest and most important of their deliberations concerning the public weal, the *will* of the gods was consulted.

The person of the augur was sacred, and his office endured for life, in order to raise him above fear in the discharge of his duty; and he was supported at the public expense, that he might have no temptation to bribery.

He was always a Lucumo, no man of low caste being eligible; and he must have been possessed of a competent knowledge of military affairs, for no general could cross a river, or a frontier of any kind, or fight, or divide among his soldiers the conquered land, without the augur's permission. There could be no marriage nor adoption in the lucumonal houses, and no meeting either of themselves or their vassals, without him. There could be no public function without auspices, and the auspices must not be consulted if the augur forbade. He could dissolve any assembly, and nullify any election, by declaring, however untruly, that he heard thunder; and the only bounds to his power, or check to his subtilty, was in the equal power of the other augurs his copartners. Such a multitude of affairs would necessitate, at the very least, one augur in every great city; and there were probably three or four, according to the population and the extent of labour which devolved upon them. Romulus appointed an augur to each tribe, to interpret dreams, oracles, and prodigies, and to tell whether the thing decided upon, by them or for them, should be fortunate or not. In Rome, Romulus elected three besides himself; and it is not unlikely that Tarchun may have set the example, and have left it as a rule that each tribe in every state and city should have one augur.

When this great officer died, his place was filled up by the remaining augurs, either with or without the Lucumoes. Tarchun established colleges for these men; and in the early days of Rome, the patricians filled the vacancy, if one died, by electing another in concert with the actual augurs; who might reject the person chosen by vote, if they pleased. Should an augur, touched with human passion, pronounce a decree which was evidently self-willed and injurious to the public interests, another augur might oppose him, and by lightning revoke his decree, otherwise it must stand. As not above three instances of this kind occur in history, we gather from it that the augurs were always men diligently educated to understand their science and to govern themselves; and that they were carefully chosen from among their equals, as the persons who were supposed to understand best the public interests, and to care most for them.

The institution of augurs maintained its influence in Italy for many hundred years. Hence Mrs. Gray infers that there was much reality connected with its foundation, that its members had a real belief in Divine guidance, and that they were usually upright and skilful in the exercise of their office.

Our other specimen exhibits Mrs. Gray to advantage and in one of her frequent habits, viz., discovering close illustrations of ancient manners and institutions in those of modern times and familiar countries.

The Lucumo, (senator or noble) as we gather from Livy, was the governor, judge, priest, and general of the people. The clansmen, on the other hand, were the members who supported the chief; they laboured for him, traded for him, and fought for him. The glory of his house was their glory, and the misfortunes of his family were their misfortunes. They paid his debts if poor, ransomed him if prisoner, and followed him into banishment if ex-

iled. This we know from the fate of Tarquin and others. They found their wellbeing in him, and he found his wellbeing in them. The connexion between them, like that of every primitive people, was patriarchal; and they had even their share in the government of their country, by voting on his side.

Men who despise, as slavish or degrading, the relation of patron and client, should visit, with eyes and ears open, the mountains of Scotland. There they may still witness the hardy independence and intrepid daring, the warm affections and the generous impulses, which grow up as the fruits of such a system. It is consoling to know that romance, when it exhibits and works up the noblest feelings of our nature, has its elements founded in truth. It is gratifying and delightful to our better minds, though it may be humbling to our pride and selfishness, to see among the poor Highlanders, the contempt for all that is mercenary, the value for all that is elevated, the refined tone of feeling which marks the poorest cottage, and the spirit of self-sacrifice and sublime magnanimity which will display itself in word and action, the moment that chord is touched, which lies deep in the Highland heart, of the connexion between the clansman and his chief. This spirit is not yet quite extinct; and oh that it never might be! There are still districts in which the old bond has not been broken; where poverty can walk erect and be warmly welcomed in the houses of the great, if it bear but on its front the ancient badge of integrity, fidelity, and courage. Throughout the British empire, and indeed throughout Europe, we can find men who will give, and proudly give, their heart's blood for the man or the principle they love. But in the Highlands we find the poor and uneducated, who will give it from depth of filial sentiment, without faction, without bigotry, without self-interest, and who have not learned, and never will learn, to sell either their minds or bodies for the price of gold.

The spirit of lofty honour and profound affection, though doubtless in some respects the result of peculiarities in the Highland temperament, yet, from having been so general, proves itself also to have been the effect of the Highland institutions: and where the cord has been loosed or the tie dissolved, it has in no instance been on the side of the people, but on that of the alienated chief, who has been brought up for himself, with foreign feelings, in a foreign land. * * * *

The reasoning Lowland Scotsman, and the calm phlegmatic Englishman, who consider all these feelings as visionary, will no more believe that they existed of old throughout the land of Etruria, than that they are to be found in the Highlands now. Because they find no such devotion in themselves to their highest or first of kin, they cannot credit it in others; not considering that their state of society is differently ordered, and that their institutions do not call such emotions forth. Where the head boasts of caring nothing for the body, as in England, the body, in return, will care nothing for the head; but in Etruria no man lived for himself, he lived for his country and his kindred. And this is as free and as happy a state as the bulk of a nation can ever know; for among the clans any continuance of domestic tyranny was impossible, the good will of the people towards the chief being even more necessary than the good will of the chief towards his people; and there can be no doubt that, if a tyrant did arise in Etruria, he was put

away for the next of kin more worthy, even as has occurred in various instances among the clans in Scotland. We shall find examples, as we proceed in this history, which show that the Etruscans, though patient, peaceable, and orderly, were no more enduring of unjust wrong than brave men have been in any other climate, or under any other other form of social life.

ART. IV.—*On Feigned and Factitious Diseases, &c.* By H. GAVIN, M.D. Churchill.

FRAUD and simulation, perhaps, nowhere find such ample scope in respect of modes as in the department of disease; for while almost every evil and suffering of the kind may be feigned and made the occasion of a sham, many maladies, on the other hand, may be dissimulated and deceptively hidden. The motives for these false practices are not so numerous and diversified as the modes by which they may be performed. But still they are far more abundant and complicated than the superficial observer will readily admit. Think of the multitude of begging impostors and their motives. Nay, the instances are not few where a mere mischievous spirit, or a vile love of excitement and notoriety, appear to be the only grounds for simulating disease, without the most distant prospect or desire of pecuniary gain, or any real personal advantage. But it is among the soldiers and sailors that the frauds we are alluding to are most rife and ramified; for in the army and navy not only are the inducements to practise deception most forcible, but the classes who enlist into these services consist of persons generally the most likely to be unscrupulous and reckless. Not a few of them have enlisted and obtained a bounty,—having dissimulated by concealing real ailments: but a far greater number, getting tired of the service, and desirous to secure an unpromised and unmerited reward, simulate disease with the view of getting a discharge and a pension for life.

Marshall in his work on the "Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers," has given under the head of "Diseases and Disabilities, which disqualify Soldiers for service in the Army," a comprehensive and interesting view of the feigned and factitious diseases of the class of men termed *malingerers* in the army and *skulkers* in the navy.

Some diseases and disabilities, this writer observes, such as deafness or stammering, are much more easily feigned than others, and, consequently, the imposture is more difficult to detect. Indeed, in all cases of which the symptoms are obscure, periodic, or intermitting and uncertain, great care should be taken not to come to a wrong conclusion. Instances of this melancholy nature have been known:

men have died in making exertion above their strength, after having been looked on and treated as malingerers, and others, where slow decay and uncontrollable disease have carried them off. In short, there are some real and not unimportant diseases, which are not indicated by a change of the pulse, or by any remarkable alteration of the colour or temperature of the body, or by any evident derangement of its functions; while on the other hand, there are other diseases which are capable of being simulated by the use of certain drugs, or by external applications. Hence it becomes clear that an intimate knowledge of the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the human body, and of the effects of the articles of Materia Medica becomes essentially requisite to prevent a medical officer from occasionally arriving at false conclusions, especially in obscure cases.

Very numerous are the diseases which soldiers simulate in order to obtain their discharge and their pensions. Mr. Marshall, as Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, and whose experience as a military medical officer, we believe, has been extensive, has arranged the disabling infirmities under ten heads, the simulations being as various; although he bears his testimony to the gratifying fact, that there is a great diminution of these feigned cases, "probably there not being now (in 1839) two malingerers for ten who were found in the military hospitals thirty years ago."

Diseases of the eye—partial or total loss of sight: this forms one of the classes. The means employed in factitious ophthalmia appear frequently to be lime, corrosive sublimate, tobacco, &c. Dr. Cheyne in his "Letter to Dr. Renny," gives a frightful picture of the practice of exciting inflammation of the eyes, which at one time prevailed in our army. He says, "I may take the present opportunity of observing, that I never saw a more humiliating picture of depravity or perversion of reason, call it what you may, than I have witnessed in a ward filled with soldiers labouring under ophthalmia,—most of the cases, as I learned from the surgeon in attendance, being factitious. Inflammation artificially excited is most painful, and is kept up under every privation which can make life miserable;—locked up in a dark ward, and permitted to have intercourse only with the officers of the hospital, nurses, and orderlies; confined to diet which, from the absence of every stimulating material, is most disrelishing; suffering under painful external applications and nauseating internal medicines, phlebotomised and leeched till their complexions are bloodless, their pulse hæmorrhagic, and the frightful train of nervous symptoms which excessive blood-letting produces, is established in the system. All these evils, in many cases, have no effect, but to confirm the soldier in his determination to destroy one or both of his eyes, that he may be dismissed from the service with the chance of a pension."

A total loss of vision, in one or both eyes, from a paralytic affection of the organ of vision, is sometimes feigned, the use of a certain

decoction along with snuff having the effect of dilating the pupil of the eye corresponding with the nostril into which the snuff is introduced. Nay, the work of actual destruction has been known to take place. "The late Mr. C., surgeon to — Regiment, brought two men before a court-martial, one for submitting to have an eye destroyed, and the other for actively abetting him. The instrument employed was a common table-fork. Mr. C. saw the operation performed through the key-hole of the ward in which the men were accommodated."

With regard to feigned diseases of the ears,—*deafness* and *dumb-deafness*, it appears that the best way to effect a discovery, is to have recourse to finesse or accident. Mr. Marshall reports the case of a man who was admitted into the hospital complaining of want of hearing. He was put upon spoon-diet, the hospital doctor paying not the slightest heed to him for nine days. On the tenth he felt his pulse, and made signs to the soldier to put out his tongue. "He then asked the hospital serjeant what diet he gave the man. *Spoon diet*, replied the serjeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and in a low voice said, Are you not ashamed of yourself, the poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beef-steak and a pint of porter. The soldier could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he addressed Dr. Davies by saying, 'God Almighty bless your honour; you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a-day.'"

Diseases of the organs of respiration and circulation, including *stammering, consumption, asthma, spitting of blood*, &c.; and a variety of other ailments, infirmities, and lesions, amounting to the number of classes already named, occupy Mr. Marshall. Mutilation, for example, is no very rare occurrence, for what is the loss of a thumb, a great toe, or the index finger of the right hand, to the loss of vision?

Mutilation has been long practised by soldiers for the purpose of obtaining a discharge. In France, Prussia, and other continental countries, the thing is familiar. In ancient times it was also resorted to. Several of the Roman emperors enacted severe laws to check and to chastise such desperate acts. With regard to the British service, the practice of self-maiming appears to have been epidemic; the explosion of the soldier's own gun being almost the invariable plan adopted, and the injury confined to foot or hand. We cite one case, mentioned by Marshall, which took place under very extraordinary circumstances, for it was even during a conflict with an enemy:

"During the insurrection of the Kandians in 1818, a private, and a tailor by trade, belonging to — Regiment, and who had been only a short time in the service, was on sentry a little in advance of a

post occupied by British troops, and while on this duty he was occasionally fired at by the enemy from the surrounding jungle. This man was found severely wounded, the calf of the left leg being greatly torn, the whole charge of a musket having passed through it. He attributed the wound to a shot from the enemy; but the black charcoal on the leg, the nature of the injury, and the recent explosion of his own musket, told a different tale. He was, however, along with other men of the regiment, discharged, and received a pension of sixpence a-day. When I was on duty in Edinburgh as staff-surgeon (1823), a pensioner applied to me to report on his case, in consequence of an alleged aggravation of the disability for which he had been discharged, with a view of moving the Lords Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital to increase the pension. He complained of a pectoral affection; but I learned from his 'instructions,' that he had been discharged on account of a gun-shot wound in the leg, the cicatrix of which he uncovered with great reluctance, and by this means I recognised my old patient the tailor. He disappeared without repeating his solicitation for me to report upon his alleged pectoral complaint."

Diseases and lesions of the nervous system are often feigned, such as *palsy*, *epilepsy*, and *mental alienation*. In fact there is no end to the ingenuity of imposture, any more than to the number, variety, and interminable complexity of the infirmities, the liabilities, and the positive illnesses to which the human body and mind are subject. But the matter taketh even a wider scope than this; for the deceptions with which a medical officer has to contend are often of such a mixed and half-simulated nature, as to be exceedingly perplexing, and to forbid every step in the shape of final decisiveness, either for or against the honesty of the party.

The contest between the medical officer and the patient, be he an utter pretender or not, is keen and very frequently protracted. Be the fraud entire or grafted upon a natural infirmity,—be the disease the result of fraudulent practices yet real, or partly simulated and partly real,—in a word, be the case one of sheer imposture, falsehood, and sham, or of exaggeration, creation, and morbid condition, so many difficulties and ingenuities may have to be encountered, that a continual rivalship of invention and perseverance may have to be waged between the patient and the prescriber. Nay, it is shown by Dr. Gavin, there may be gross deception practised without guilt, as appears by the following statement:—

Perversion of reason, rather than the attainment of a discharge, or the evasion of duty, would sometimes appear to give rise to the simulation of diseases. In corroboration of this statement, Dr. Cheyne says, that he has no doubt that soldiers are often actuated by the same wayward fancies, so perplexing to the physician, which influence hypochondriacal or hysterical patients in the middling or upper ranks of life. Dr. Hennen states, that

some of the diseases of soldiers derive their character from a certain state of mental hallucination. Some soldiers, indeed, without any ulterior object, seem to experience an unaccountable gratification in deceiving their officers, comrades, and surgeon: and Marshal remarks, that the simulation of disease, in some instances, seems rather to be a consequence of insanity, than a rational attempt of a man to improve his future prospects. He instances a man who divided the tendo-Achillis with a razor, and prevented as much as he possibly could its reunion, who bore an excellent character, had served twenty-six years, and might have been discharged with a good pension when he pleased. It is stated in the "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," that there are cases which indubitably show, that the simulation of disease has frequently been practised without the existence of any interested motive, indeed without motive of any kind; that there is, in short, a species of moral insanity of which this simulation is the characteristic.

It is clear that in cases of the kind just mentioned, the medical officer must not risk the adoption of any test that might possibly end in extreme cruelty and tyrannous oppression.

We have cited from Marshal several cases as well as remarks, that will interest the general reader, and set his mind to speculate concerning feigned and factitious diseases. The subject grows and opens the longer you reflect on this chapter in the history of human nature. But we shall now do little more than cull from Dr. Gavin's volume a few cases of a parallel nature with those already quoted, or that point to other features and experiences, in the same department of medical duty.

We have heard something of deafness and dumb-deafness. Dr. Gavin has this extraordinary story to tell concerning the latter form of disease, which is a favourite method of fraud with mendicants and persons who are conscious that their previous history cannot readily be traced by the persons they attempt to dupe: it is of an impostor,

Whose remarkable ingenuity resisted for four years an infinity of investigations by the most scientific men in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy, but whom the Abbé Sicard afterwards detected by his writing as he heard, not as he saw. This case, however, would not have been detected, had he not foolishly stated himself to be an élève of the Abbé Sicard. He was put to the most trying proofs, he was tempted by a young and beautiful woman, who offered him her hand, but without effect. In the prison at Rochelle, the turnkey was ordered to sleep with him, to watch, and never to quit him. He was repeatedly violently awakened, but his fright was expressed by a plaintive noise, and in his dreams guttural sounds alone were heard. The hundred prisoners who were all ordered to detect him if possible, could discover nothing from which they could imagine deceit. The following extracts will serve as a specimen of his writing, and afford an illustration of the ingenious manner in which he was detected:—"*Je jur de vandieux; ma mer et né en nautriche; quhonduit* (pour *conduit*); *'essepoise* (pour *espoir*): *torre* (pour *tort*); *ru S. Honoret; jai tas present* (pour *j'étais présent; jean porte en core les marque* (pour *j'en porte encore les*

marques)." It will be observed that in this letter Victor uses *q* instead of *c*; and from this Sicard inferred, that he had heard and knew that the sound of these gutturals was similar.

Other strange cases are thus described:

The impostor frequently forgets himself during sleep, when any one calls him by name. He endeavours to escape from danger when there is a great noise. The dumb man, when he is attacked at night, as if by a murderer, forgets his part in defending himself, and cries out; whereas he ought merely to give a kind of screech. Extreme pain often entices from him articulate tones,—though Cheyne mentions the case of a man pretending this complaint, who was shot in the ear by an awkward recruit, yet did not forget himself, and only expressed pain and consternation by a variety of motions and contortions. This man exhibited this disability for no less a period than five years, and only recovered his speech when he was discharged from the service. Very frequently the deaf hear, and the dumb speak, when an operation threatens them. This, however, was not the case with a seaman on board the *Utile* frigate, who pretended to be deaf and dumb. The surgeon, appearing to be deceived by him, made very formal and ostentatious preparations for an operation upon his throat, and while his attention was thereby engaged, he applied a lighted candle to the man's fingers. He resisted this test, however, and represented his case to the Admiralty, who caused the surgeon to be dismissed his ship for cruel, or at least unprofessional treatment of his patient. The person afterwards, finding that the deceit was productive of no advantage, gave in. This man was of a very different temper from the simpleton of whom Parr speaks,—"How long have you been dumb, my good friend?" says a passenger, with the most insidious humanity. "Three weeks, sir!" replied the incautious deceiver. Foderé says, that a good way to detect pretended deaf-dumbness, is to say something deeply interesting to the patient in his presence, and mark the effect it produces on his countenance. Sir Walter Scott illustrates this admirably in "Peveril of the Peak," where Fenella betrays herself on hearing that Julian is assassinated.

A perusal of Dr. Gavin's volume will convince the reflecting reader that it is only those careful and constant observers, and those master-dissectors of human nature that ever succeed, when an attempt is made in a tale of fiction, faithfully to pourtray disease. If this remark hold true with respect to bodily maladies and the infirmities of the physical frame, how much more searching and subtle must the romancer and dramatist's watchfulness and scrutiny have been, when it is the *mind diseased* that he professes to exhibit and illustrate! To quote the precise words of Dr. Gavin in one place, "Among the numerous delineations of insanity, presented in the writings of poets and novelists, there is scarcely one in which there could not be pointed out the most glaring deviations from nature, so much so as to strike any one competently informed and versed in the history of the disease." Our author adds, "Shakspeare, Goethe,

and perhaps a few others, might stand the application of the severest test; but nearly all others have completely failed in their delineations."

It is natural to presume that in proportion to the subtlety of the disease and the numerous forms into which it is seen to be modified in actual life, so will be the difficulty of simulating it. Dr. Cheyne has said that it is extremely difficult to feign insanity, so as to deceive those who are familiar with the phenomena of mental disease. But he also observes, "that we are in more danger of supposing insanity simulated when it is real, than of supposing that disease to be real which is only pretended." The remark is of especial importance at the present time, when the subject of crime, imposture, and insanity have so agitated the public mind.

But even within the range of diseases of the mind there are certain forms which are much more difficult to counterfeit than others; being, of course, far less understood also by the many than the more uniform, complete, and outrageous kinds. Monomania, for example, has the oddest ways, and is most imperfectly known, requiring long and exact observation to penetrate its nature and vagaries; so that this is a form that baffles most impostors. For—

The simulator is deficient in the presiding principle, the ruling delusion, the unfounded aversions, and causeless attachments, which characterize insanity. He is unable to mimic the solemn dignity of characteristic madness, nor recurs to those associations which mark this disease; and he wants the peculiarity of look which so strongly impresses an experienced observer. His feelings are not so concentrated as to be almost inaccessible to impressions unconnected with the subject of his melancholy. No moral abyss separates him from all objects and sentiments that present no relation to his fears or delusions. No periodicity or exacerbation characterizes his disease. It is most difficult for him to sustain his part, and to cause no false vibration of the chord upon which his exclusive idea is accounted to depend. The mental and physical peculiarities of partial mania are of a kind that do not obtrude themselves on the observation; and instead of loudly proclaiming his crazed condition, and soliciting the attention of the beholder, some investigation is required in order to discover them. This, however, is contrary to the purposes of the simulator; which require an immediate and powerful impression to be produced on the minds of his supervisors. The real monomaniac never troubles himself to make the subject of his delusion accord with other notions having relation to it, and the spectator wonders that he fails to observe the inconsistency of his ideas, and, that when pointed out to him, he should seem indifferent to, or unaware of this fact. In the simulator, the physician will discover an unceasing endeavour to soften down the palpable absurdity of his delusions, or reconcile them with correct and rational notions. This marked anxiety to produce an impression, is widely different from the reserve and indifference of the real disorder, and will of itself furnish almost conclusive proof of simulation. Marc states, that a real monomaniac is strongly prejudiced in favour of his opinions; that the slightest

contradiction excites his temper; while the simulator readily overlooks this essential point in his part, if the contradiction be skilfully managed.

Dr. Gavin speaks of what he calls *moral insanity*, in which the intellectual faculties appear to have sustained but little injury, whilst the feelings and affections are perverted and depraved, and the power of self-government is lost or greatly impaired,—as being another form that is but very indistinctly understood, even by physicians. Here—

In some instances, the *impulses* and propensities to which the patient is subject, or which he has indulged, are so exalted or disordered as to constitute the sole manifestations of insanity, as ably insisted upon by Reil, Hoffbauer, &c. Dr. Pagan states, that "disease of the moral faculties may exist, when it is impossible to discover any intellectual disorder." * * * Marc relates facts which, he observes, display a struggle in the mind of the individual between the instinctive desire which constitutes the whole manifestation of disease and the judgment of the understanding still unaffected and struggling against it. Prichard remarks, that "individuals labouring under this disorder, are capable of reasoning or supporting an argument on any subject within their sphere of knowledge, and often display great ingenuity in giving reasons for their eccentric conduct, and in accounting for and justifying the state of moral feeling under which they appear to exist." "There are madmen," Esquirol observes, "in whom it is difficult to discover any traces of hallucination; but there are none in whom the passions and moral affections are not disordered, perverted, or destroyed. I have in this particular met with no exception."

It is under this division of insanity our author observes, "that the commission of acts of violence frequently occurs. In many it displays itself in an irresistible propensity to commit murder (homicidal moral mania, and suicide), in others to commit theft: in some the principal or sole manifestation, is a propensity to break or destroy whatever comes within reach of the individual." He adds, that many lunatics of this class "have felt themselves impelled to set fire to buildings often of the most venerable description." But this is a form of insanity which English lawyers are slow to admit; and for one obvious reason, we presume, that moral insanity is generally the result and natural effect of long habit of voluntary and deliberate indulgence of the worst passions and purposes. However, the doctors differ from the gentlemen of the long robe. Says Dr. Gavin—

Facts well authenticated, and the opinions of practical men, established upon the ground of experience, authorize a very different conclusion. Abroad Otto, Esquirol, Gall, Spurzheim, Broussais, Orfila, Andral, Marc, Georget, Michu, Guislain, Ray, Rush, Reil, Platner, Ethmuller, Henke, and many others, have avowed their belief in the various forms of homicidal insanity while in this country, Drs. Prichard, Elliotson, Burrow, Mayo, Pagan, Conolly, Dr. Wake of York, Drs. Bompas Fox and Symonds, of Bristol, Mr. Hitch of Gloucester, and many others, are among the supporters of the

doctrine. The German writers, Hoffbauer, Reil, and Heiroth, admit, more or less distinctly, the existence of moral insanity, or of a mental disease consisting exclusively in undue and morbid excitement of the passions and feelings. But neither they nor Pinel have assigned to moral insanity so general a description as the truth warrants, nor have they referred to it all the different forms which belong to it.

What then has been ignorantly perpetrated, according to these medical authorities?

Dr. Georget believes that madmen have died upon the scaffold, and that others have undergone every mark of infamy. Marc likewise observes, that homicidal monomania has brought to the scaffold many deplorable victims, who merited compassion rather than punishment. Prichard also states, that it is not to be doubted that men have been occasionally executed as criminals, who, if they had been kept in confinement, would have proved to be insane. Ray states, that of the double homicides to which this affection has given rise, there can be no question which is most to be deplored; for shocking as it is for one bearing the image of his Maker to take the life of a fellow-being with brutal ferocity, how shall we characterize the deliberate perpetration of the same deed under the sanction of the law, and with popular approbation? It has been well remarked, that until the existence of moral insanity is distinctly recognised, there will always be a danger of this event ensuing on the trial of mischievous lunatics.

Dr. Gavin describes homicidal monomania further under the two following divisions,—the intellectual and the moral:

In the first form the murderer is hurried on by a strong but delirious conviction, by the exaltation of a wandering imagination, by false reasoning, or by maniacal passions; is always excited by an acknowledged and unreasonable motive; the understanding is disordered under the influence of a false perception, or of a delusion momentarily entertained, and the insane person acts under an error of judgment, and always offers sufficient signs of partial aberration of intelligence or of the passions. This class is undoubtedly *monomania*—partial intellectual mania. In the second form, the homicidal moral maniac shows no appreciable alteration in his intelligence or passions [save only the insane passion for blood]. Reasoning and judgment are suspended; he is led on by a blind instinct—by an idea—by some undefinable feeling—which prompts him to kill. This insane impulse impels and directs the will without any effort of the understanding or of the moral powers to prevent the act. Even when his conscience recoils with horror from the act which he is about to commit, the unbalanced will is overcome by the force of that feeling which hurries him on. The murderer, uninfluenced by delirium, or emotion, or passion, and almost without consciousness, is led on by an irresistible power; by a force which he cannot overcome: by a blind and instantaneous impulse; by an undeliberated determination independent of the will, and before which reason and judgment are for a moment entirely prostrate; one cannot divine that which prompts him—without interest, without motive, without intellectual aberration,—to an act so atrocious, and so contrary to the laws of nature.

These further distinctions and tests suggest most important considerations for the distribution of justice:—

Homicidal moral maniacs are lonely, without accomplices who can excite them by their counsels or their example, and are frequently hereditarily predisposed to insanity. Criminals have their companions in immorality and debauchery, and usually their accomplices, and do not exhibit this predisposition. In the history of the homicidal moral maniac, it will be found that the impulse to destroy has been powerfully excited by the sight of murderous weapons, by favourable opportunities of accomplishing the act, by contradiction, disgust, or some other equally trivial, and even imaginary circumstance. The criminal has always a motive; the murder is for him only the means to an end; it is to satisfy a more or less criminal passion, and has an obvious reference to the ill-fated victim, and is nearly always complicated with some other criminal act.

Again,—

The criminal never sheds more blood than is necessary for the attainment of his object; the homicidal moral maniac often sacrifices all within his reach to the cravings of his murderous propensity. The criminal lays plans for the execution of his designs; time, place, and weapons are all suited to his purpose. The homicidal moral maniac, on the contrary, for the most part consults none of the usual conveniences of crime. If, as sometimes happens, he does prepare the means, and calmly and deliberately executes his project, his subsequent conduct remains the same.

And again,—

The criminal selects his victims from those who may present obstacles to his designs, or who may inform against him. The acts of the moral maniac are in opposition to the influence of all human motives; he immolates those beings to whom he is indifferent, or who have the misfortune to come in his way at the time when he is seized with the idea of murder; but more frequently he chooses his victims among those who are most loved and cherished by him; and it is remarkable how often they are children, and especially his own offspring. A mother kills her infant and not the child of a stranger; a husband destroys the wife with whom he has lived in harmony for twenty years; a daughter wishes to murder the mother whom she adores.

The subsequent conduct of the moral maniac is generally characteristic of his state:—

When he has accomplished his momentary design, he has no more upon his thoughts; he has killed, he has finished everything, his end is attained; after the murder, he is collected, and does not think of concealment. He testifies neither remorse nor repentance, nor satisfaction. Sometimes, satisfied, he proclaims that which he has done, and surrenders himself to the nearest magistrate; and describes the state of mind which led to the perpetration of the deed.

Like every other work on insanity that we have read, when written by a competent inquirer, the volume before us furnishes additional grounds for the opinion, that the study of the diseases of the mind is far from complete, and consequently that the jurisprudential practices of this and many other countries must undergo vital changes, ere they can reach a rational state of perfection. The legal will have to wait on the medical development in this division of science.

ART. V.—*Essays on Partial Derangement of the Mind in supposed connexion with Religion.* By the late JOHN CHEYNE, M.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., Physician General to his Majesty's Forces in Ireland. With a Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Longman and Co.

THE legal must wait on the medical professionalist, we have predicted, in the future progress and improvement of science and practice relative to insanity. At the same time it is matter for gratulation that many of the necessary forerunners and pioneers in this most exacting and interesting field for advancement, are pressing forward to explore and to culture it; while several of the highest eminence, whose career on earth has recently ended, have bequeathed to their successors the fruits of their wide experience, and the lessons drawn from their concentrated wisdom. Of the departed inquirers and practitioners, Dr. John Cheyne was one of the most distinguished. He was a Scotchman by birth, and the son of a medical practitioner in Edinburgh, in whose footsteps he may be said to have trod in more senses than what are merely professional. Being duly qualified, he became an army surgeon, passing through its various stages and routine offices. He next practised along with his father; but a tempting situation opening, he went to Dublin, where he attained his highest eminence, both privately and officially. At length his constitution began to give way, when he retired to Sherington in England, with the hope of being absent from his duties but for a season. He, however, was doomed in this respect to disappointment; for by degrees his strength and health lost ground. His death took place in his fifty-ninth year, and in the year of our Lord 1836.

It is unnecessary to remark that Dr. Cheyne's experience in respect of the diseases indicated by the title of his essays, must have been unusually large; and that even in the more particular sense, as limited to *partial derangement*, he must have had many special opportunities for observation and arriving at a distinct judgment. Not only must his military and public medical offices have lent him peculiar advantages, but the private and almost unlimited confidence which a first-rank physician commands could not fail to afford him

excellent occasion for studying the nicer and more delicate cases which occur. And this, be it observed, in the metropolis of a country torn by religious faction; where, too, miracles are alleged to be wrought, and where the people are apt to exhibit their eccentricities and whatever idiosyncracy may be in force, with unwonted candour and alacrity.

Having alluded to the subject of miracles, it may not be amiss to cite a short paragraph, which not only contains distinct directions, but illustrates Dr. Cheyne's common sense as well as professional manner. He says,—

Whether a Roman Catholic miracle is to be attempted by a living or a dead priest, by Prince Hohenlohe or the Abbé Paris, by the holy sacrifice of the mass or the holy thorn, there are certain qualities in the subject of the miracle scarcely to be dispensed with, if success would be insured. If the disease to be removed be seated in a vital organ, it ought to be a disease of function not of structure: the imagination ought to be powerful; there ought to be a strong tendency to hysteria; and the party ought to be of the female sex; and, by the way, these are the very qualifications which entitle an individual to the benefits of animal magnetism. If any new leader of a sect would bolster his sanctity by pretensions to supernatural power, let him not lose sight of these hints.

Dr. Cheyne treats of partial derangement, and of conditions which few of the million, not even many of the more intelligent members of the community, will regard as other than singularities, caused as they think by some occasional or superinduced circumstance and agency; not admitting these conditions to be those of lunacy or madness, unless and until they result in the fuller development, and are then seen to have formed the germ of the extreme display.

The points to which the Doctor has particularly addressed himself, regard the causes and bases of derangement, which when settled and ascertained, must guide with a measure of clearness to the treatment that is to be adopted both as a cure and a preventive. Let it suffice for us to say, that his doctrine traces all insanity to bodily disease, and therefore urges the necessity and use of medical treatment. It follows, according to his facts and reasoning, that true Gospel religion never operates as a cause of derangement; such an apparent cause being merely an accident, a hobby taken up at the turning point, or after the disease has taken a decided hold; being a sign and illustration, rather than an originating principle or cause. Religious madness, be it more or less violent, according to this view, is only demonstrative of a morbid condition already in existence; divine truth studied by a sane mind being strongly calculated to soothe and to provide against every sort of derangement,—in short, the best moral prescription that can be ordered. Indeed the madness which many would denominate *religious*, is irreligious. For example,—

Some who, while in health, apparently have no sense of religion, when they fall into melancholy are engrossed with the terrors of judgment—their

certainty of punishment—the endless night of despair—the worm that never dies; they declare that they seem to perceive the fire kindled in which they are to agonize—hear its flame crackling—are scorched by its heat—and are already living under a sulphurous canopy: yet these are, of all men, the least ready to listen to the Gospel, to the philanthropy of Christ, and the certainty of recodciliation to God. Tell them that you can insure their recovery, and they will listen to you with interest, although they may affect to disbelieve you; but talk to them of Jesus, and probably you will confirm their despair.

We must refer our readers to the *eleven* essays themselves for the development of Dr. Cheyne's theory, mode of treatment, and numerous curious illustrations, he having during the leisure of his last few declining years occupied a good deal of his time in collecting the import of his extensive experience and earnest study. There is a prevailing sentiment of piety and religion in the volume that will be particularly acceptable on the part of many.

But we must not dismiss the volume without a distinct mention of the autobiography which enriches it; for it is an exceedingly interesting narrative, full of lessons to the novice and the professionalist, and crowded with instruction for all, agreeably conveyed. We cite a few paragraphs, which require no comment, and which significantly speak for the deceased author.

Consulting physicians may profit by the following hints:

As I was much more generally employed as a consulting than as an attending physician, I endeavoured to escape interruption in my chief line of business. I returned to my house at appointed times, to form new engagements; but I left no account of my route when I set out from home. When I was tracked and obliged to yield to an unexpected requisition, the patient for whom I was sent was perhaps dead; or he was dying, and I was unable to leave him; or the attack was over, and he was again well, and my sole recompense was a complimentary speech; or I was led to supersede the family physician engaged elsewhere, which gave rise to explanations, and to a negotiation to replace him in the attendance. In the mean time, disappointment to those patients and their medical friends who were waiting for me necessarily occurred; and thus a ruffle of the spirits, very unfavourable to the consideration of a difficult case, arose, and continued for several hours.

Had these interruptions taken place frequently, the character for punctuality which I was exceedingly anxious to establish and maintain would soon have been destroyed. I had often observed that punctuality, which is not much practised in Ireland, is nowhere regarded with more complacency. Punctuality precludes the necessity of explanations and excuses, often awkward, and more frequently than we are aware of not strictly true. Punctuality is considered by junior and subordinate members of a profession as manifesting respect for their feelings and occupations: it is felt to be a compliment; and it is a compliment in which there is no surrender of truth. When a case of disease was assuming an unfavourable aspect, and when the question was mooted—to whom shall we apply for further help? it has, in

a multitude of instances, been decided in my favour solely by the consideration that I would appoint the earliest hour for a meeting, and that I might be expected to appear within five minutes of the appointed time.

I always endeavoured to prevent changes of the medical attendants in a family, unless in cases of obvious neglect or ignorance; and even then I never hinted at a substitute. If requested by a patient to recommend a surgeon, accoucheur, or apothecary, to attend in his family, I mentioned the names of three or four men of established character, and advised my patient to discuss their merits with his friends, and decide at his leisure.

Closeness never more needed, it would appear, than in the families of the medical.

I was much employed in the families of my medical brethren. I found this a painful distinction. Perhaps I was selected, not by the father of the family, but by the patient, his son or daughter; or by the mother, contrary to the father's wishes, which would have led him to introduce a friend of his own. I often had to bear all the responsibility of an attendance on a case of which I had not the complete direction. Again, nothing but necessity can induce many medical practitioners to admit a physician into their families; perhaps they idly think that thus they acknowledge their own incapacity. Then, if a case proves fatal, and the treatment has deviated one hair's-breadth from that which the head of the family would have adopted, he connects the issue with the infatuation which led him to place confidence in one who, he now thinks, was his inferior in skill and experience. Still, an attendance in the family of a respectable medical practitioner cannot be declined, and, moreover, it is often highly useful; and hence it was my endeavour to make it as little irksome as possible. I made it a rule never to acquaint any one, not even my own family, with the names of the patients who were under my care. When I went into the family of a medical practitioner, I ordered my carriage to stop in a neighbouring street, and walked to the house in which the patient lay: I fully and explicitly stated my opinion to the head of the family, and avoided all explanations with others; and I generally declined writing the prescription which was to go to the apothecary. My closeness, which was proverbial, and my deportment, which was as little assuming as possible, kept these invidious attendances from being materially injurious, except from the great anxiety which they caused.

The doctor will do well to avoid talkativeness about his patients: the rule is more general still.

Professional success, like every other good thing in this life, has in its nature many of the seeds of decay. The same circumstances which tended to bring the present favourite into general repute are probably already operating in behalf of his destined successor. Thus, the physician, to whom his fellow-citizens award the possession of most skill, is generally called upon to assist when all assistance is too late, and sarcastic remarks tending to promote his downfall are made when the patient dies and becomes the subject of ephemeral talk. As there are everywhere those who judge of merit by success, it is perhaps insinuated, that before long the favourite of fortune, who so frequently appears as the undertaker's provider, will be reduced to his

proper level. I recollect a time when seven of my patients, in families who were in easy circumstances, died of fever within a week: five of them, it is true, were in a state almost hopeless when I first saw them, but this would not have preserved me from distrust. I owed my immunity to their belonging to different classes of society, which had no knowledge of each other, and *to my rule of not talking of my patients:* had the fact been known, it would probably have given a shock to my reputation from which it might not easily have recovered.

Dr. Cheyne's *Hohenlohe cases.*

The physician who possesses the confidence of the public is able, in an extensive class of obstinate diseases, to effect improvements in the health of his patients which appear to the ignorant almost miraculous. The cases to which I allude are those in which disease, however occasioned, is prolonged by depression of the mind, which excludes all hope of recovery. In such cases, a physician, unless he obtains dominion over his patients, so far from affording relief, fails in every prescription; nay, prescriptions unexceptionable in all respects appear uniformly to aggravate the symptoms which in general they alleviate. The physician is felt to be a chief cause of the patient's suffering; but instead of looking to those influences which improve the general health—such as a proper regimen, air and exercise, change of scene, and amusements which do not exhaust the spirits—he is led by disappointment to the exhibition of medicines more and more active, till the patient in despair refuses all further aid, or seeks help from some other quarter, or very generally, if affluent, goes to the metropolis to consult the Radcliffe or the Mead of his day. A popular physician, with a composed yet decided and rather unyielding manner, to such a patient appears almost like a ministering angel. The most obvious directions appear like words of inspiration; the merest placebo that ever was stuck upon an apothecary's file is a panacea, or is combined with consummate skill, and restores health and enjoyment of life. I have witnessed many of these *Hohenlohe cases*, as they are called in Ireland. In Dublin, many a patient under my care has been restored to health by the same means which have signally failed in the country: thus, in certain cases, reputation promotes success, and success continues to uphold reputation.

Art. VI.

1. *A Week at Killarney.* By Mr. and Mrs. Hall. How.
2. *Ireland: Its Scenery and Character.* By the same.

"A Week at Killarney" vies with any one of the annuals in respect of engravings and high mechanical finish; but it is superior to most of them in regard to literary attraction. Nowhere have the writers gone more felicitously to work, and nowhere has the subject been more fertile of charming matter for description, and nationalities for characteristic delineation. The volume, in short, gives you the riches of one of the best sections of the "Ireland," the still larger work, besides all that other matter requisite in a Guide of the unrivalled

Lakes; so that it has all the features of the ephemeral class to which at the outset we have likened the book, and others of a much more permanent nature.

When the earlier numbers of the "Ireland" at first made their appearance, we remember to have introduced the publication to our readers, and to have warmly recommended its scheme and the execution so far as it had proceeded, entertaining not the slightest doubt of the fulfilment of its promise. Now that the whole is finished, it is but fair that we renew our testimony, and with that still stronger assurance which reality affords over expectation. It is worthy of remark, that the care of the authors has manifestly not in the least slackened as they proceeded; while practice and constantly accumulating materials were necessarily making more perfect. There will be differences of opinion on various Irish points; but there can be no dispute with regard to the discreetness, liberal and kindly feelings, which have guided the authors throughout. And then the facts are so numerous and significant, and the portraiture so faithful, that any person may come to his own conclusions, and without finding offence with those in the book, although differing.

The work occupies three extremely handsome volumes, the letter-press being abundantly illustrated, and traverses the entire of the Green Isle; taking county after county, and in a natural enough order. Of course it presents a great deal of descriptive matter, much that is historical, many anecdotes and personal traits. But its special and more valuable features consist of particulars which enable you clearly to judge of the country and its people in an economical and social sense, and chief of all, of those sketches, tales, traditions, and dramatic touches, for which Mrs. Hall's pen is so celebrated; her knowledge being equal to her manner, her sympathies to her perceptions, whenever she sets foot on Hibernian ground. You both feel for and see the race depicted, as found in the most unsophisticated state; being carried into the cabins of the poor, and made familiar with them in all their wild as well as affecting or impressive conditions. You admire, laugh, and weep by turns; you pity, shudder, and predict with the rapid change of an April day. But this is the prime thing, and the best that can be said of the book; you hope for and like the people better on closing a volume, than you can have done before opening it; because there is in and about them more loveable things than the world's prejudice and usage have allowed; and the pen, whose vocation it has here been to pourtray them, does it heartily and skilfully.

Our few extracts shall be taken as much as possible with the view of indicating the variety and the real value of the matter of the book. But still the attempt will fail of doing justice to "Ireland," seeing that the cleverest parts in it, as well as the most significant things, are extended through tales, or given at such a length as

to forbid insertion, at the same time that they would greatly lose in curtailment.

Irish beggars have been a constant theme for remark by tourists. This is the account by Mr. and Mrs. Hall:

In Dublin they are exceedingly insolent and repulsive; in Cork, merry and good-humoured, but most provokingly clamorous; in Waterford, their petitions were preferred more by looks than words, and a refusal was at once taken; in Clonmel—we were there during a season of frightful want—they appeared too thoroughly depressed and heart-broken to utter even a sentence of appeal; in Killarney they seemed trusting to their utter wretchedness and filth of apparel, as a contrast to the surpassing grace and beauty of nature all around them, to extort charity from the visiters; and in Wicklow, where we encountered far fewer than we expected (always excepting Glendalough), they laboured to earn money by tendering something like advice as to the route that should be taken by those who were in search of the picturesque. One had followed a friend of ours, to his great annoyance, for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, had the modesty to ask for a little sixpence. "For what?" inquired the gentleman; "what have you done for me?" "Ah, then, sure haven't I been keeping yer honour in discoorse?"

And this is the testimony given of the services which women have contributed for Ireland by their writings.

It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel, or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "mere Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every-day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman." When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion, of Irish nature—it was a glorious effect, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it, boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

A locality rich in literary associations;

Glasnevin is a village rich in historic and classic associations; the ground, now converted into a botanic garden, was formerly the property of Tickell the poet, from whose representatives it was purchased. One of the original walks—a straight avenue of yew trees—was planted under the direction of his friend Addison; and tradition states, that underneath its branches he composed the exquisite ballad of "Colin and Lucy." At a short distance is Hampstead, once the residence of Sir Richard Steele; and a little farther was the glebe-house of Finglas, in which lived the poet Parnell. More immediately in the neighbourhood is Delville—a demesne laid out by Delany, the friend of Swift; and here, it is said, the witty Dean not only composed, but actually printed some of the most biting of his satires—which no printer of Dublin would have dared to put to press. The belief that they were produced in this calm retreat received, according to Dr. Walsh, confirmation strong about the beginning of the present century, when "in removing the lumber of an out-office, preparatory to its being pulled down, a printing-press was found concealed among it."

Version of an old Irish song overheard, when loitering to look upon a fair landscape:

"I went forth at early morn, the sun of summer was shining,
I hear'd the winding of a shout—and the sweet music of birds;
The badger and the hare were abroad; and the woodcock with the long bill;
I heard the son of the rock (i. e. echo), resounding the noise of guns,
The red fox was on the rock, the thousand shouts of hunters arose.
The woman was at home in sadness, lamenting her geese;
Now the woods are falling,—let us haste o'er the sea,
John O'Dwyer of the valley,—you are without pastime."

The writers do not shun public questions. This is their view of that of National Education, the most important and the most embracing, after all, of those from which the distractions of the most convulsed of countries emanates.

It has been a too common error, that "National Education" ought to emanate from "the Church," and not from "the State;" losing sight of the all-important fact, that very many who are sincerely attached to the latter are hostile to the former; and that, in this age, we have learned to question "the wisdom of our ancestors," who considered coercion more effectual than persuasion.

It is not our province to point out where the institution is capable of improvement; no doubt, time will have directed public attention to many matters connected with it, into which changes or modifications may be beneficially introduced; and no doubt, also, they will be taken advantage of by the parties more interested in its welfare,—*if they are sought to be effected gradually, temperately, and with due regard to the varied and conflicting interests, and prejudices, that will be involved, and must be taken into account.* But it is certain that any serious or extensive alteration of the existing system will do incalculable mischief—and consign to another generation the great, good, and merciful work of educating the Irish people.

We trust we shall not be considered presumptuous, however, if we venture to suggest that the readiest and most certain way of meeting and overcoming the difficulty, is *to exclude all direct religious education from the schools*, and to intrust that most essential part of the training of youth to the pastors and teachers of the pupils, either at their own homes or in their own places of worship. This is the course invariably pursued in all *day* schools for the upper and middle classes, and why not in those for the humble and the poor.

The State would thus hold itself NEUTRAL in the contest—if a contest there must still be—afford means for supplying a good and sound *literary* education, under salutary rules and judicious regulations:—contributing, *to any body of Christians*, aid in proportion to their want of it; and leaving to the natural guardians of the pupils the selection, not only of their spiritual teachers, but of the times when, and the places at which, they shall be taught.

There is more of novelty, though not of grave matter, in our next and last specimen.

"If any person imagines," observes Mr. Lewis (p. 279), "that the Whiteboy code is abrogated, whenever outrages are not daily committed, let him ask the Tipperary or Limerick landlord, to what extent he is a free agent in the letting of his land, and what would be the probable duration of the life of a new tenant who violated the Whiteboy rules."

To remedy so grievous an evil, to alter a state of things so ruinous, to render the landlord and the tenant mutually dependent, there can be but one way; to destroy the lawless associations that actually control the country, and which in the dark secrecy of their proceedings and the certainty with which their orders are obeyed, vie with the "Vehmic tribunals of Westphalia." But, under existing circumstances, to effect this object is next to an impossibility. Immense rewards have been offered to induce "approvers" to give evidence against the plotters and instigators to murder, without the smallest effect. Occasionally, indeed, they are procured; but the "informers" are, almost invariably, so utterly worthless and depraved, that, unless their testimony is corroborated by collatteral proofs, juries cannot be found to convict upon their evidence.

The worst feature in these outrages is, that they are for the most part committed by men who have received no kind of injury from their victim; whose passions have been stimulated by no wrong; and who are ignorant of everything, except the name, of the person they are ordered to assassinate.

God forbid that we should lead the reader into the error of believing that the horrible system we have referred to is by any means *general* in Ireland, or that it is promoted or encouraged by the better classes of society. The members of such societies are almost, if not exclusively, confined to the very lowest orders; although want or oppression may occasionally mingle worthier men among them. It is, as we have stated, only in reference to "Land" and matters appertaining thereunto, that the "legislation" of such associations is directed; and very frequently their proceedings are accompanied by such startling traits of unselfishness, generosity, honesty, and justice, as go far to strengthen the evil—by depriving it of much of its odious and revolting character. In fact, the natural "goodness"—the word expresses much—of the Irish peasant is never altogether obscured; and his worst crimes often verge upon the best virtues.

ART. VII.—*The Works of Montaigne.* Edited by W. HAZLITT. Templeman.

A NEW edition of this most charming of Essayists, and by that genial authority, W. Hazlitt, ought to be heralded even upon the promise of the name of the editor. From the way in which he has put forth his father's work,—a man of real and ripe genius,—from the considerateness and kindred-mindedness which marked his editorial performance, we should, upon the strength of this simple announcement, pronounce the offered contribution to be worthy not merely of reception, but of warm acceptation.

There is no beguilement, no dereliction in the present case. We have the old man of Montaigne as truly set before us, as he exists in Cotton's translation, and this too without the errors, inaccuracies, and lapses which mar that work. Besides, we have Mr. Hazlitt's own translation, a new contribution of Montaigne's travels through Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, a work only second in characteristic qualities to his famous effusions. To these is prefixed a memoir and literary notice, together with an instructive array of the criticisms that have been pronounced upon him by some of the first-rate authorities in the great *republic*.

Montaigne himself has been the theme of many *essays*; for like most men of genius he has not been wholly or even equally understood. The grand thing would be in his case, to try how he sought and succeeded, in respect of knowing himself,—for that seems to have been the main study, and the extraordinary execution of this genius. His *egoism* has been one standing topic for discussion and vituperation. For our part we agree with that section of his critics who like him the better for this quality, it being a large part of his real self—unaffected, undesigned, and proportioned with beautiful exactitude to his entire philosophy. He was a home-going metaphysician, a perfect self-philosopher. Never was there a truer comment on his writings than the writings themselves,—never a better portraiture, than that of which it unpretendedly but honestly undertakes to be. For artlessness, simplicity, and delightful earnestness nothing ever exceeded the outpourings of the composed and sunshining spirit of the olden Frenchman.

We do not think it necessary in a notice of this best edition of the best English translation of the lively old Gascon, to enter into a discussion of his peculiar merits, or vindication of his character as a man and as a writer. A proof of his eminence exists in his lividness,—of his excellence, in the protracted strife that he has occasioned. Talk of him as an egotist, what more true and beautiful in his history than this *oneness!* If he had done otherwise he would have been a hypocrite and deceiver, and he would have had no authority and

rank in the army of the world's teachers. Most beautiful of all,—while aware of his idiosyncracy, he was honestly its apologist and vindicator. He observes, in one passage,—

Every one, as Pliny says, is a good doctor to himself, provided he be capable of looking closely into himself. This is not my doctrine, 'tis my study; and is not the lesson of another, but my own, and yet, if I communicate it, it ought not to be ill-taken. That which is of use to me may also, peradventure, be useful to another. We hear but of two or three of the ancients who have beaten this road. Not one since has followed the track: 'tis a ticklish subject, and more nice than it seems, to follow a pace so extravagant and uncertain as that of the soul; to penetrate the dark profundities of her intricate internal windings, to choose and lay hold of so many little graces and nimble motions; and a new and extraordinary undertaking that withdraws us from the common and most recommended employments of the world. 'Tis now many years since that my thoughts have had no other aim and object than myself, that I have only pried into and studied myself; or if I do now and then study any other thing, 'tis to lay it up for, and to apply it to myself. And I do not think it a fault if, as others do by much less profitable sciences, I communicate what I have learned in this matter; though I am not very well pleased with what progress I have made in it. There is no description so difficult, nor doubtless of so great utility, as that of a man's self. Custom has made all speaking of a man's self vicious, and positively forbids it, in hatred to the vanity that seems inseparably joined with the testimony that men give of themselves—

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.

I find more evil than good in this remedy.

Here is doctrine and confession in one utterance,—principle and practice at the same moment, given with unsurpassed freshness.

Take another *real* testimony and argument.

They fancy that to think of one's self is to be delighted with one's self; that to frequent and to converse with one's self is to be over indulgent. But this excess arises only in those who take but a superficial view of themselves, and dedicate their main inspection to their affairs; that call meditation raving and idleness, looking upon themselves as a third person only and a stranger. Because Socrates had alone digested to purpose the precept of his God "to know himself," and by that study was arrived at the perfection of setting himself at nought, he only was reputed worthy the title of a sage. Whoever shall so know himself, let him boldly speak out, and make himself known.

Here is more of the white-souled and joyous Gascon, whose cheerfulness was based on equanimity and self-knowledge:

The most certain sign of wisdom is a perpetual cheerfulness: her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis Baroko and Baralipton that render their disciples so dirty and ill-favoured, and not she. They do not so much as know her by hearsay. 'Tis she that calms and appeases the storms and tempests of the soul, and

who teaches feminines and fevers to laugh and sing. She has virtue for her end, which is not, as school-men say, situate on the summit of a steep, rugged, inaccessible precipice. Such as have approached her find it, quite the contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing plain, whence she easily discovers all things below her; but to which any one may arrive, if he know the way, through steady, green, and sweet-scented walks and avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth descent, like that of the celestial arches.

How inspiriting the eloquence! how beautiful the illustration!

Montaigne was an originalist, yet a most persevering borrower: he drew from the ancients without ending and without compunction; because what he took he not only made his own, but seems to have excogitated before he ever met with it in the shape given by another hand. He was, if the truth did not put the matter upon a different footing, but different by a nice process of perception, a great pedant in respect of quotation, but it was quoting the venerable men of Greece and Rome—Plutarch, Seneca, and Cicero, and such worthies, were his apostles and prophets.

His Essays abound with these and other crisp traits; but not less distinctly, although necessarily more rarely do his travels proclaim Montaigne, for he was the most discursive and digressive of moralists and tourists. His were the oddways and byeways,—the new and unstudied observation,—the simple, quaint, and uncopied sketch. With regard to his religious creed,—a test by which most men may be strictly tried, we do not venture to speak positively. If he was anything in this way, he was, naturally, a Catholic; but he was also an acute and painstaking reporter of the good and the bad of what he discovered in the professors and tenets of every creed. He bears this agreeable *evidence* of a minister of Zurich:

To-day he got into conversation with a minister of Zurich, a native of that place, who had just arrived; and he found that their first reformed religion had been Zuinglian: from which they had approximated to that of Calvin, a somewhat milder form. When this minister was asked about predestination, he replied that they themselves held a mean between Geneva and Augusta, but that they did not embarrass their flocks with the dispute. In his own particular judgment, he rather inclined to the extreme doctrines of Zuinglius; of which he proceeded to make a high eulogium, saying he considered them to approach the nearest to the primitive Christianity.

But the Lutherans were far more liberal than the Zuinglians and Calvinists, if we may judge from the following illustration. The question put to the Lutheran pastor was, "Whether they permitted dancing?" and the answer of the free-and-easy hater of Geneva doctrine was,—

"Why not?" To another question: "Why on the windows and in the decorations of the new organ, they had painted representations of Jesus

Christ and other scriptural subjects?" he replied "That they did not prohibit images which were merely for the purpose of instructing men; all they forbade was the worshipping of them." To the rejoinder, "Why, then, had they removed the old images from the churches?" he replied: "That it was not they who had done so; but that their worthy disciples, the Zwinghians, incited by the evil spirit, had committed this outrage, as well as several others;" which was the same reply that others of the same profession had already made M. de Montaigne; and in particular, the divine at Isne, who when he was asked, "Whether he hated the figure and emblem of the cross?" exclaimed: "How! do you imagine me such an atheist as to hate an emblem so dear and glorifying to all Christian souls?" adding: "that such a thing would be perfectly diabolical." The same person declared very roundly, when at dinner, that he would rather hear a hundred masses than participate in one of Calvin's sacraments.

Montaigne did not like the Reformed religion, and went the length of admiring and proclaiming the Jesuits; and for this among other reasons, because they exposed and denounced the malversations of the Romish priesthood. Strange to say, the people of Bavaria seem to have sided with the lascivious order.

Kinief, six leagues; a miserable little village in the same duchy. The Jesuits, who have great influence in the government of affairs in this country, have been making a grand movement, which has drawn upon them the hatred of the people, for the purpose of forcing the priests to dismiss their concubines, under great penalties. From the degree in which the priests are sympathised with on this occasion, it would seem that formerly the practice thus invaded was so generally tolerated that it had come to be regarded as perfectly legitimate; and the whole community are at this moment engaged in getting up remonstrances to their duke, in behalf of the priests.

We have never met with anything out of Sir Thomas Browne more to our liking than the following, reported by the secretary of the diarist, who writes the greater part of the tour; the subject is the remains of ancient Rome:

There is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of Rome at least remained, said more than they were warranted in saying; for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honour and reverence for its memory; nothing, he said, remained of Rome but its sepulchre. The world, in hatred of its long domination, had first destroyed and broken in pieces the various parts of this wondrous body; and then, finding that, even though prostrate and dead, its disfigured remains still filled them with fear and hate, they buried the ruins itself; that the few indications of what it had been, which still tottered above its grave, fortune had permitted to remain there as some evidence of the infinite greatness which so many ages, so many intestine and parricidal blows, and the never-ending conspiracy of the world against it, had not been able entirely to extinguish; but that in all

probability, even the disfigured members that did remain, were the least worthy of all those that had existed, the malignant fury of the enemies of that immortal glory having impelled them to destroy, in the first instance, that which was finest and most worthy of preservation in the imperial city; that the buildings in this bastard Rome, which the moderns were raising upon, or appending to, the glorious structures of the antique world, though they sufficed enough to excite the admiration of the present age, yet seemed to him to bear a close resemblance to those nests, which the rooks and the swallows construct upon the roofs and walls of the churches in France, which the Huguenots have demolished. Nay, when he considered the space which this tomb occupies, he feared that the real extent, even of that, was not known; he doubted whether the greater portion of the grave itself had not been buried; it appeared to him that the enormous pile which, years ago, was formed merely of such miserable diggings-up, as bits of tiles and broken pots, a pile which had attained the height and size of many natural mountains (for he considered it to be as high as the hill of Gurson, and twice as large), was an express ordinance of fate to let the world thoroughly understand, by this strange and amazing proof of grandeur, how surpassing was the glory and pre-eminence of the city against which they had conspired. He said he could not at all comprehend, when he saw the limited space of some of these seven hills, especially the most famous, such as the Capitoline and the Palatine; how they could have held so great a number of buildings as have been ascribed to them. Merely looking at the Temple of Peace, the site of the Forum Romanum, the ruins of which look like a mighty mountain, just fallen asunder, he could hardly understand how two such edifices could stand even on the whole space of the Capitoline-hill, yet, besides these, there were on the hill twenty-five or thirty temples, besides a number of private houses. But, in truth, many of the conjectures which one has formed from pictures of the ancient city, are not at all borne out, when you get there, for even the site has undergone infinite changes; some of the valleys are filled up, even the deepest of them, such, for instance, as the *Velabrum*, which, on account of its lying so low, was selected as the main sewer of the city, and formed a water-course, even this has now become as high as the other natural mountains which surround it, and this has solely been done by the gradual agglomeration of the ruins of old Rome; so, the *Monte Savello* is nothing but the heaped-up ruins of part of the theatre of Marcellus. He fully believed that an ancient Roman, could one be brought back, would not be able to recognize the place. It has more than once happened that, after digging a long way down the workmen have come to the top of some high column, which still remained standing on its base far beneath. The modern architects never think of looking for any other foundation for their houses than the tops of old buildings, the roofs of which ordinarily form the floors of modern cellars, deeming it in no way necessary to make any examination as to the foundation of the old edifice itself, or the stability of its walls; they securely base their own structure upon the ruined tops of the structure below, just as chance has happened to dispose them during the lapse of ages, and here they raise their modern palaces, as firm and as safe as though the foundations were solid rocks. There are many whole streets, that stand above the old ones, full thirty feet.

But how happy the searching and healthy-minded tourist while in the city of *seven hills!* The old aristocrat was not troubled with your shopocracy.

The city is nothing but court and nobility; everybody in it participates in the universal tone of ecclesiastical idleness. There is no trading street to be seen, except, perhaps, a small one or two in the suburbs: there is nothing but palaces and palace-grounds. They have no Rue de la Harpe or Rue St. Denis here; I was reminded of nothing at Paris but the Rue de Seine the Quai des Augustins. There is hardly any difference discernible between a holiday and a work-day; all the week through there is something or other going on, in the way of festival or show, and as great a crowd of spectators on one day as on another: the whole population seems made up of prelates, nobles, and ladies riding about in carriages, and forming processions, and of idle sight-seers looking at them.

Let the Gascon speak of a procession which could hardly be looked for in any other city than that of the *scarlet lady*.

Between the ranks walked a file of penitents, who every other minute whipped themselves with cords; there were five hundred of them, at least, whose backs were torn and bleeding in a frightful manner. This part of the exhibition is a mystery I have not yet been able to make out; they are unquestionably most terribly mangled and wounded, yet, from the tranquillity of their countenances, the steadiness of their motion and of their tongue (for I heard several of them speaking), you would have formed no idea they were engaged even in a serious occupation, to say nothing of a very painful one, and yet many of them were lads of but twelve or thirteen years old. As one of them, a mere child, with an exceedingly agreeable and unmoved countenance, was passing just close to where I stood, a young woman near me uttered an exclamation of pity at the wounds he had inflicted on himself, on which he turned round and said, with a laugh: *Basta, disse che fo questo per li sui peccati, non per li miei.* Not only do they exhibit no appearance of pain, or of being reluctant thus to mangle themselves, but, on the contrary, they seem to delight in it; or, at all events, they treat it with such indifference that you hear them chatting together about other matters, laughing, running, jumping, and joining in the shouts of the rest of the crowd, as if nothing ailed them. At certain distances, there are men walking with them, and carrying wine, which they every now and then present to the penitents; some of whom take a mouthful. They also give them sugar-plums. The men who carry the wine, at certain intervals, moisten with it the ends of the penitents' whips, which are of cord, and get so clotted with gore that they require to be wetted before they can be untwisted. Sometimes the wine is applied to the sufferers' wounds. From the shoes and the breeches worn by these penitents, it is easy to perceive that they are persons quite of the lower class, who, at all events the greater number of them, let themselves out for this particular service. I was told indeed, that the shoulders were protected by some flesh-coloured covering, and that the appearance of the blood and wounds was artificial; but I was near enough to see that the cuts and wounds were quite real, and I am sure

that the pain must have been very severe; and, besides, where is the merit of these penitential exhibitions, if they are merely a trick and imposition?

Nothing more fresh and lively need be sought for even towards the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, than the thoughts and portraitures of the Essayist; and nothing in the way of editorship should be more welcomed by the host of British readers, than Mr. Hazlitt's present enlargement of their stores.

ART. VIII.—*Mary Stuart.* A Tragedy. Translated from the German of Schiller.

"MARY STUART" is scarcely a favourable subject for dramatic composition. The wonderful events that crowded so thickly together in the life of that unfortunate princess—rendering her career, though unnaturally brief, one of the most remarkable in the records of history—are not precisely of that nature which is most susceptible of being wrought into a play, nor are the sufferings of the queen, and the fortitude and resignation displayed under them, such as the poets of the theatre could depict with most success. The ingratitude she experienced at the hands of unworthy friends, or disloyal servants—her unfortunate marriages—her long imprisonment, and cruel death—present fit subjects, it is true, for poetical embellishment, but not exactly for the dramatic muse, which demands something more startling, and, we may say, boisterous in action, than would comport with the facts recorded, or the character of the lovely, hapless sovereign. Some detached passages from her life may indeed be susceptible of a theatrcal dress. The assassination of Rizzio, for example—exhibiting the petulant cruelty of Darnley, the bloodthirstiness of Morton, and the base-born Douglas, the cold-blooded atrocity of Ruthven and their brutal accomplices, Ker of Fawdonside, de Balantyne, and the rest—with the unavailing anguish and just resentment of the outraged queen, would form a striking scene. So it might be with Darnley's murder—the festival, the dance—the boldness of the profligate Bothwell—the unsuspicious innocence and princely gayety of Mary, imprudent in the bestowal of her favour, yet guiltless of a thought of wrong—these might be successfully brought into contrast with the dark conspiracy—the broodings of guilty ambition, the deep deceit with which the traitor's snares are laid for the victims—the hopes and fears—the terrific catastrophe! But here the chief places in the action are filled by others—not by the queen; she is herself comparatively passive, while the deeds belong to her turbulent nobles. Alfieri has constructed a tragedy upon this portion of Mary's history, partly with the purpose, as he himself avows, of testing his success in an unpromising subject. It is not a little interesting to observe how the Queen of Scots and the fiery nobles of her court look in the 'Athenian garment' with which the

classic genius of the Italian poet has invested them. He has handled the matter, perhaps, with more skill than could have been expected from the total want of harmony between the material and his peculiar genius; but the absence of local colouring in his play, the severity of his style, and his rigid exclusion of external objects and secondary personages, serve to divest the picture of life. The author himself acknowledges his drama deficient in action, feeble, and cold; and we have no reason to differ from his opinion. One emotion, however, is excited in the perusal of the piece; it is that of wonder that aught so uninteresting could have been written of Mary, by a poet of undisputed ability. The prophetic frenzy of the second-sighted *La Morre*, which has met with favour in the author's eyes, we cannot regard as happy.

The queen's death is still more destitute of incident suited to dramatic purposes. A decapitation cannot be represented on the stage; and the monotonous display of preparation, the grief of her adherents—even the triumph of malice, and the resignation of the victim—are but scanty materials for the dramatist. The termination must necessarily be foreseen from the first; no interest, therefore, arising from curiosity can be excited. The scaffold frowns in full view, from the very opening scene; and we approach it as it were through an avenue of cypress. Hence the chief interest must depend on the delineation of character; and here it is that Schiller has shown himself so masterly. He has been compelled to distort history to furnish incidents for his drama; the love of Mary for Leicester, her communication with him through the impassioned Mortimer, the meeting of the two queens, and the interview that hastens Mary's death, are freely painted by the fancy of the writer. None but a poet would have conceived a task like this; none but a poet would have accomplished it as Schiller has done. It would be a bold enterprise indeed to attempt the fanciful embellishment of an image which the muse of history, seeming to have dipped her lavish pencil in the most luxuriant hues of fiction, has portrayed so freshly and so vividly. The image of Mary Stuart—to which even the pictures of the romancer, warm and glowing in the richest tints of poetry, have failed to add a single enchantment—familiar to every heart as some admired and beloved object known in actual life—familiar as the embodiment of all grace, and loveliness, and majesty, in the woman or the queen! The intense interest that has been felt, even through the lapse of so many centuries, in every circumstance of her life, has drawn forth the most minute and copious biographies and histories of the unfortunate princess, and left little to be done by those writers who avowedly depart from severe historical accuracy. The subject even forbade the indulgence in that poetical imagery, and those beautiful strains of reflection, with which Schiller has delighted to adorn many of his dramas; the incidents

have an importance too grave and momentous to permit any diversion of the imagination, and there would have been risk of injuring the *vraisemblance* of the picture, by any departure from the simplicity of actual truth. With all these disadvantages, Schiller's work, in plan and execution, is truly noble and worthy of the subject; and to say that, is to award it all praise. Some trifling faults interfere with and lessen the grandeur of the whole; but the dignity of the last scenes more than effaces any unfavourable impressions. The poet has bestowed his greatest care on the character of the Scottish queen; and the result of his labour has well rewarded his skill and pains. Her first appearance on the stage is highly effective. Paulet, her keeper, with rude force, has possessed himself of her private papers; and the vehement and bitter complaints of her nurse, Hannah Kennedy, are checked by the entrance of the illustrious captive, whose beautiful calmness puts the stern knight to shame for the indignity he had offered her. "You have forcibly possessed yourself," she says, "of what I had with my own free will delivered up to you;" then, without reproaching him, she requests that the letter found in her casket, addressed to the Queen of England, may be delivered to her royal sister by his own hand, not sent by the faithless and cruel Burleigh. It contains Mary's petition for a personal interview with Elizabeth:

They've summoned me
Before a court of men, whom as mine equals
I cannot recognise. Unto no heart
'Mong them, can I appeal. Elizabeth
Is of my stock—my blood—of my own rank;
To her alone—the sister—queen—the woman—
Can I unbosom me.

PAULET.

Too often, Lady,
Have you your destiny, ay, and honor, trusted
To men who were less worthy your esteem.

MARY.

For yet another favor I must sue,
A prayer inhumanity alone
Would ne'er deny. Full long a prisoner,
I've lacked the consolations of the church,
The blessing of the sacrament! I deem
They who have robbed me of my crown and freedom,
Who threaten now my life—will not so close
The gate of Heaven against me!

When left alone with her nurse, with how much sweetness and humility does she reply to the murmurs of her aged servant against the brutal ferocity of their gaolers:

MARY.

Ah! in the days of our prosperity
We've lent the flatterer a too willing ear!
Just is it now, good Kennedy, we list
The accents of reproach!

The review of her eventful life, her expressions of regret for past weaknesses and imprudences, and of deep remorse for the derelictions form the strict path of duty which conscience lays to her charge, form an affecting scene, before her mind is again disturbed by the delusive visions of hope, called up by the unexpected disclosures of Mortimer. The conspiracy of this youth and his friends to effect the queen's deliverance, contributes to give action to the piece; though we cannot but regard the display of the ungovernable fury of his wild passion as offensive to good taste. The exhibition of his violence in the park is the more to be regarded as a defect, since it is quite unnecessary, and only injures the effect of the previous scenes. Mary's interview with Burleigh, the lord treasurer of England, her relentless enemy, developes her character still more admirably. With a dignity and spirit that baffles and disconcerts her persecutor, she vindicates her own rights, and exposes the mean subterfuges of her foes; the severity of her keen sarcasm visits for a moment the characters of those selected to be her judges—but not condescending to dwell on them individually, she assumes the broad ground of the improbability that impartial justice should be received at their hands by one of a strange faith and country, citing the proverb so long current among both nations, that pronounced doubtful at any time the evidence of a Scot against a native of England, or a Southron against a Scot. This national hostility, she adds, will never be at an end, till the whole island is united under one sceptre and one parliament.

BURLEIGH.

——This blessing shall a Stuart
Bring to the kingdoms.

MARY.

Why should I deny it!
Ay, I confess—that I the hope have nourished
Two noble nations to unite in joy
Beneath the shadow of the tree of peace.
Alas! I deemed not that myself would be
The offering of their hate! Their jealousy,
The fretful soreness of the olden discord,
I hoped in that full sunshine to efface;
And as mine ancestor the rival roses,
After long strife, did twine in amity,
To bind in one the crowns of sister kingdoms.

When Burleigh announces the decision of her judges, and the sentence under which she is to suffer, her exposition of its injustice is so clear and unanswerable, that the stern courtier is forced to shun the argument, and change the subject of discourse. Beside his portrait of Mary, Schiller has delineated the other personages of his drama with a pencil not less happy—the haughty and selfish Elizabeth, the noble and honorable Talbot, the savage Burleigh, the feeble and dissimulating Leicester, and the stern but upright Paulet, are all painted in striking and discriminating colours. The somewhat lengthened dialogue between Paulet and Burleigh, where the latter vainly attempts to instigate the knight to the secret murder of his prisoner, is characteristic. The lord treasurer dwells on the apparent necessity of Elizabeth's pardoning her rival:

BURLEIGH.

———O, also holy justice
Ecapes not blame. The popular judgment sides
With the unhappy, ever; and pale envy
Doth follow in victorious fortune's wake.
The sword of law, wherewith man girds himself,
Is odious in a female hand. The world
Confirmeth not a woman's righteous sentence,
When woman is the victim. 'Tis in vain
That we, her judges, with free conscience speak;
The queen hath still the royal right to pardon,
And she *must* use it; 'twere insufferable
She should the law's relentless course allow!

PAULET.

Therefore——

BURLEIGH.

And therefore—she must live? No—no—
She must not live! No!—This it is—even this,
Disturbs our queen—this it is banishes
Sleep from her couch! I read her bosom's strife
In the queen's eyes: her lips speak not her wish—
Yet meaningly the silent glance doth ask:
"Is there among my servants none, will spare me
The hateful choice—to tremble on my throne
In daily fear—or to abide the shame,
And bring a crowned head, of mine own blood,
Unto the block?"

PAULET.

That is necessity
Which may not now be shunned.

BURLEIGH.

It may be shunned—
The queen would say—had she but heedful servants.

PAULET.

Heedful, say you?

BURLEIGH.

Who knew but to interpret
A mute command.

PAULET.

A mute command?

BURLEIGH.

And who,
Were some envenomed dangerous serpent given
Into their charge, the intrusted enemy
Would not as some dear holy jewel guard.

PAULET.

A noble jewel is unsullied fame,
The blameless reputation of a queen;
This—this—my lord, cannot too well be guarded!
Act II. *Scene* 8.

The political sagacity of Elizabeth, as well as her haughty self-will, is exhibited in her interview with the ambassadors of France, where she dismisses them without deciding on the suit of their monarch, and cuts short their faint attempts at intercession in behalf of Mary; and her violent and imperious temper breaks out in the privy council with her lords, on the subject of her hated rival. Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, scruples not openly to counsel a magnanimous conduct toward the prisoner, while Burleigh urges her immediate execution, and Leicester, whom the poet represents as a lover of the Scottish queen, recommends moderate measures, on the ground that Elizabeth has nothing to fear from one fallen so low, whom he ventures to stigmatize as the

"Homicide and husband-killer."

But only a faint and most inadequate idea of the power of these scenes could possibly be conveyed by the closest analysis of the dialogue; and we are sure none who can read the volume, would thank us for a meagre outline. Their beauty lies in the dignity and completeness of their execution; the characters wear the truth of history; and if characters of this nature fulfil expectation, they merit eminent praise. Expectation in this case exacts much. The cowardice and irresolution of the Earl of Leicester, on the receipt of Mary's picture and letter, conveyed to him by Mortimer, excites indignation, and his duplicity to Elizabeth contempt; but no false gloss is thrown over his character. He prevails on his mistress to afford the prisoner an interview, by suffering an apparently accidental

meeting to take place, while Elizabeth is hunting in the park of Fotheringay. To effect this purpose, Mary is on that morning allowed to leave her dungeon for a walk in the open air. The third act opens with this scene: Mary, exhilarated by the intoxicating sense of new fredom, the cool breath of morning, the view of the limitless landscape, and the distant music of the bugle-horns, comes bounding forward, and in her almost delirious enjoyment seems to forget that she is still in thraldom. Her wild delight is poured forth in lyrical measures adapted to her varying emotions; and the scene is so beautiful, that we shall yield to the temptation of presenting it to our readers, though the translator has merely given us a literal and prosaic translation of this interesting and touching passage.

Enter MARY, *from the shade of the trees;* KENNEDY *following slowly.*

KENNEDY.

You hurry on as you had wings indeed;
I cannot follow you.

MARY.

Let me enjoy my new freedom; let me be a child again! and be thou so with me! Let me traverse the green carpet of this lawn with light and winged steps! Have I ascended from the darksome dungeon? Doth the doleful pit indeed no longer hold me? Let me unchecked, with thirsty lips, drink in the free heavenly air!

KENNEDY.

O my dear lady! but a little wider
Your prison! You behold not here the walls
That shut us in, because the trees' thick foliage
Doth hide them.

MARY.

O bless, bless the friendly green foliage, that hides from me my dungeon walls! I will dream myself free and happy: wherefore disturb the sweet vision? Doth not heaven's wide vault surround me? My glance, free and fetterless, roves through illimitable space. Yonder, where the gray misty mountains rise, stretch the borders of my dominions; and these clouds, floating through the noonday sky, seek the distant seas of France. Speeding clouds! mariners of the breeze—who wanders—who sails with you? Bear my greeting to the land of my youth! I am a prisoner—in chains—ah! I have no other messengers! Free is your path through the air—you owe the queen no homage!

KENNEDY.

Alas, dear Lady! you're beside yourself;
Your long sad durance hath bewildered you!

MARY.

Yonder lies a fisherman in his boat; that wretched instrument could save me, could bear me swiftly to friendly shores. Heedfully doth the needy man cherish it. I would load him richly with treasure—a draught should he make such as he never made: fortune should he find in his nets, should he take me hence in that rescuing vessel.

KENNEDY.

Vain wish! lo! yonder in the distance, following
Our steps, the spy!—a cruel prohibition
Scares all that can feel pity, from our sight.

MARY.

No, my good Hannah; trust me, not in vain
My dungeon door is opened. The slight favor
To me proclaimeth a far greater fortune.
I am right. 'Tis the active hand of love
I thank for this. Lord Leicester's powerful influence
I recognise herein. Thus by degrees
They will enlarge my prison, and inure me
From small to great—till I that face behold
Which shall unbind my chains—for ever.

KENNEDY.

Ah!
I cannot reconcile this contradiction;
But yesterday announce your death to you—
To-day this sudden grace! Your chains shall fall—
You shall depart—but to eternal freedom!

MARY.

Hear'st thou the hunting horn? Hark to its peal! The mighty call through field and wood! Ah! to vault upon the eager steed, and join the cheerful greenwood chase! Yet more, O familiar voice, full of sad, sweet remembrances! How oft have I heard it with joy, in the breezy Highlands —when the clamorous horns summoned to the chase!

The poor queen is ill prepared at such a moment to encounter the presence of her "good sister," who comes to exult in her calamities; but encouraged by the counsel of Talbot, she collects herself for the approaching emergency. As many of our readers will probably feel curious to see how the poet has managed such an interview we shall be excused for extracting a part of it:

ELIZABETH (*to Leicester.*)

What is the place called?

LEICESTER.

Fotheringay castle.

ELIZABETH (*to Shrewsbury*).

Send all our followers before, to London.
The people crowd the streets too eagerly;
We seek diversion in this quiet park.

(*Talbot dismisses her train; she fixes her eyes on Mary, while she continues speaking to Paulet.*

Too dear our people hold us: passing reason,
Idolatrous, the tokens of their joy.
A god is honored thus—and not a mortal!

MARY (*who during this time has been leaning half insensible upon her nurse, lifts up her head, and her eyes meet the full gaze of Elizabeth. She shudders and throws herself again on Kennedy's bosom.*)

O God! out of those features speaks no heart!

ELIZABETH.

Who is the Lady? (*universal silence.*)

LEICESTER.

You are at Fotheringay, gracious queen.

ELIZABETH (*looks surprised and astonished, then darts a stern look at the Earl.*)

Who has done this to me?—Lord Leicester?

LEICESTER.

My sovereign—it hath chanced—and now, since heaven
Your steps has hither led, let generosity
And soft compassion conquer?

TALBOT.

Let me pray you,
O royal mistress, look on the Unhappy
Who passes now before you!

(*Mary recollects herself, and offers to approach Elizabeth, but stands half way, shuddering and motionless; her features express the strong conflict of her feelings.*)

ELIZABETH.

How, my lords!
Who was it told me of one bowed so low?
A pride I find, by suffering no ways softened!

MARY.

So be it! to this also will I stoop:
Away thou powerless pride of the free soul!
I will forget even who I am, and what
I've borne; I will before her cast me down,
Her, who hath brought me into this reproach.
(*she turns to the queen.*)

Heaven hath decided for you, sister! Crowned
With happiness and victory is your head.
The GODHEAD I adore, that lifts you up! *(kneels.)*
Be you now also noble-minded, sister—
Let me not kneel unworthily! Stretch forth
Your hand—extend to me the right of princes,
And raise me from abasement!

ELIZABETH *(stepping back.)*

Lady Mary!
That is your place; and grateful I adore
The grace of God that would not suffer me
To lie at your feet as you now lie at mine.

MARY *(with rising emotion.)*

Think upon human life's vicissitudes!
That there are gods who haughtiness chastise!
O honour, reverence them, the Terrible,
Who thus have bowed me to your feet!
* * O honour
In me yourself! profane not nor disgrace
The blood of Tudor,—which in my veins flows,
As in your own. O God in heaven!
Stand not so stern and so immovable,
Like the proud rock, which some poor shipwrecked wretch
In his extremity, vainly strives to grasp!
Mine all doth hang—my life—my destiny
Upon my words—upon the force of tears!
My heart unburden that I yours may reach!
If still that freezing glance you bend upon me,
Shuddering, the channels of my heart are closed,
My tears are checked—an icy horror locks
The word of supplication in my breast!

ELIZABETH *(coldly.)*

What would you, Lady Stuart, say to me?
You wished to speak with me. I have forgot
The queen, the deeply injured, to fulfil
A sister's gentle duty—granted you
The craved boon of my presence. I obey
A generous impulse, tempting a just blame
For that I stoop so far—for well you know
That you have willed my murder—would reward it.

In allusion to the injuries she has sustained at the hands of the English qeeen, Mary studies to avoid reproach or bitterness. She has hoped everything from this interview—and will not, by giving way to the impulses of resentment, throw away the chance of success. Hence her language is mild and conciliating.

MARY.

I've met unworthy treatment at your hands;
For I too am a crowned queen—but you
Have held me in a base captivity;
I came to you a suppliant, and you
The holy law of hospitality,
The sacred law of nations, violating,
Shut me in dungeon walls—my friends and servants
Torn from me, and myself condemned to want—
Before illegal judges dragged for doom:
No more of that! Oblivion eternal
Cover the woes endured! Lo! I will call them
Inevitable fate. You are not guilty—
I am not guilty: some bad spirit rose
From the abyss, hate in our breasts to kindle,
That disunited us in years of youth;
It grew with us, and ill-designing men
Fanned the unhappy flame, and insane zeal
Officious hands armed with the sword and dagger.
It is the wayward destiny of kings,
That they, divided, rend the world in hate,
Let loose the furies of fire-eyed discord!
Now is no stranger's tongue to plead betwixt us;
We stand before each other. Sister, speak!
Name me my fault; you shall have full redress!
Ah! that you then had granted me a hearing,
When I so earnestly besought it of you!
It had not gone so far; nor in this place
Of sorrow had this hapless meeting chanced.

ELIZABETH.

My lucky star preserved me from such fate,
The viper on my breast to lay. Not fate,
Your heart accuse; your house's wild ambition.
There was nought hostile yet had chanced between us,
When your proud uncle, that imperious priest,
Who stretched his bold hand to prophane all crowns,
Taught you my arms t'assume, my royal title
To take upon yourself—for life and death
To battle it with me! Whom called he not
Against me? The priest's tongue, the people's sword,
Infatuate zeal's fierce weapons! Even here,
Here, in my kingdom's peaceful heart, he strove
To fling the scathing fire-brand of revolt!
Yet God is with me, and the haughty priest
Discomfited. My kingly head was threatened—
'Tis yours that falls!

MARY.

I am in the hands of God.
You will not vindicate in blood your power—

ELIZABETH.

What hinders me? Your uncle the example
Gave to all kings on earth—now with his foes
Peace is concluded. St. Bartholomew—
Be that my school! What's consanguinity
To me—or law of nations? Duty's bonds
The Holy Church divides; the breach of faith
She sanctifies—the shedding royal blood!
I practice but the lesson of your monks.
Tell me, what pledge or warrantry have I,
Should I with generous pardon loose your chains?
What lock shall keep your faith to me secure,
That soon St. Peter's keys will not undo?
The hand of power's the sole security;
There is no covenant with a brood of serpents.

The quarrel that ensues is not so well; yet there is infinite dignity in the anger of Mary, when driven by the cruel insults of her rival to reply with taunt for taunt. The introduction of this scene was probably suggested to Schiller by the letter which it is known the Scottish queen wrote to Elizabeth, full of the most biting sarcasm, and which unquestionably hastened her doom. The revenge thus taken by the captive, she is here allowed to take in person, and to witness her triumph; Elizabeth, pale and speechless with rage, is led off by her lords.

The discovery of Leicester's correspondence with Mary, compels him to the basest falsehoods, to vindicate himself in the eyes of his jealous mistress; and he consents to give the demanded proof of his sincerity, by witnessing and superintending the execution of the victim. Mortimer is arrested, and puts an end to his own life, professing his belief in the Romish church, and his devotion to the imprisoned queen. The pretended reluctance of Elizabeth to consent to the execution and sign the death-warrant brought her by the secretary, Davidson, and the stern determination she veils under a show of human scruples, are admirably painted; the picture of the pitiable state of mind into which uncertainty, fear, jealousy, and hatred, have thrown the English queen, is truly impressive, and convinces the reader at once of the impossibility of her pardoning a rival so near her own throne. The attempt upon her life that is described, and the impatience of the people to be assured of their sovereign's safety, and the punishment of the criminals, is taken advantage of by her nobles, to excuse the eagerness with which they press on her an immediate decision; but it is not needed to confirm

her own resolution. She cannot disguise from herself that her title to the English throne is regarded by many as inferior in justice to Mary's. She would in vain hide the stain cast on her birth by her own father.

ELIZABETH.

——— Opposing hate
Hath stripped it bare, and places in my sight
This Stuart—an eternal threatening spectre.
No, no! this fear shall end;
Her head shall fall! I will at length have peace!
She is the restless fury of my life,
A torturing spirit sent by fate to haunt me!
Where'er a budding joy doth spring—where'er
I have reared hope—there lurks the venomed serpent,
For ever in my path. 'Twas she that robbed me
Of the beloved—the bridegroom! MARY STUART
Is each misfortune named, that smites me down!
Let but *her* name be blotted from the living,
And I am free—free as the mountain air!

Act IV., Scene 10.

Her scene with the secretary is curiously characteristic. She leaves the fatal warrant in his hands, without directly commanding him to deliver it to the lords, and Burleigh, entering immediately after, snatches it eagerly. A painful but a more elevating scene is displayed in the fifth act, in the apartments of the doomed queen, on the morning of her execution. From the shufflings of policy, and the machinations of malice, we turn to this exhibition of a resigned and forgiving spirit. How deeply do the gentleness and calmness of Mary sink into the heart! There is truly a poetical elevation in her language. The scene is in her ante-chamber; Hannah Kennedy, clad in deep mourning, and exhibiting every sign of the keenest grief, is busied in sealing pacquets and letters. Paulet and Drury, likewise in mourning, enter, and are followed by servants bearing gold and silver vessels, mirrors, pictures, and other valuables, which are ranged in the back-ground. Melvil also joins the group, and the queen's ladies, and lastly, the queen herself. She is magnificently arrayed in her robes of state; from a small chain round her neck is suspended an *Agnus Dei;* a crucifix is in her hand, and she has a crown upon her head. Her long veil is thrown back. At her entrance, all those present range themselves on either side, suppressing the signs of deep sorrow. Melvil has sunk upon his knee.

MARY *(looking around tha circle with quiet dignity)*

What grieves you? Wherefore weep? Ye should rejoice,
Ye all, with me, that now the end approaches
Of all my woes; the captive's fetters fall,
My dungeon opens, and the glad soul mounting
On angel wings, soars to eternal freedom.

Then, when a victim to my haughty rival,
I bore indignities, it ill beseemed
A free-born queen to bear—then was the time
To mourn for me! A power beneficent,
With healing and salvation, Death, draws nigh,
A friend in earnest! With his gloomy wings
He covers my reproach! The last great doom
Ennobles man—the sunken soul doth raise:
Once more I feel the crown upon my head;
A noble pride fills my expanding heart!

(advancing)

Ah! Melvil here! Not so, most noble Sir!
Stand up! You come unto your sovereign's triumph
Not to her death. Fortune is kind to me;
Kind beyond hope; for that my fame lies not,
After my death, all in mine enemy's hands!
I have one friend, confessing mine own faith,
A solemn witness in the hour of death.
Say, noble knight, how hath it fared with you,
In this inhospitable land, since you
Were severed from my side? The thought of you
Hath often troubled me.

MELVIL.

No want oppressed me,
Save grief for you, and mine own powerlessness
To serve you.

MARY.

How with Didier hath it fared,
Mine ancient chamberlain? That loyal servant
Must long ere this have sunk to his last sleep,
For he was well in years.

MELVIL.

God hath denied him
This grace, my queen; he lives, your youth to bury!

MARY.

Oh, had it been my lot, ere death, to lean
On some beloved and kindred breast! I die
'Mong strangers—by no tears bewailed, save yours!
Melvil, my last dear wishes for my friends
I leave in your true breast. I leave my blessing
With the most Christian king, my brother-in-law,
And all the royal house of France; mine uncle,
The Cardinal, Henry Guise, my noble cousin;
And with the Church's Father, Christ's vicegerent,
Who blesseth me again: the Catholic king,
Who would have been my saviour and avenger,

All are remembered in my testament;
My gifts of love, however poor they be,
Will not in their regard be lightly held.
(turning to her attendants)
I have commended all of you, kind friends,
Unto my royal brother of France: his care
Will give you a new country. As ye hold
Sacred my last request, stay not in England.
Let not the haughty malice of our foes
Feed on your ills; look not upon *my* dust!
Swear by this image of the crucified,
When I am dead, to leave this luckless land!

MELVIL.

I swear it in the name of all!

MARY.

What I,
Poor and despoiled, yet own—whate'er is left me
Free to bestow, I've shared among you all:
They will respect, I trust, my latest will.
What I wear, too, upon the way to death,
Belongs to you. Let me this once cast back
An earthward glance upon my path to heaven! [*To her Ladies.*]
To you my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamond,
I give my pearls, my robes; your youth delights
In such. Thou, Margaretta, nearest claim
Hast on my liberality—left behind
The unhappiest of all. That I revenge not
Thy husband's guilt on thee, my will shall show.
Thee, my true Hannah, gold nor gems allure;
Thy dearest jewel is my memory.
Receive this cloth; with mine own hand 'twas wrought,
Embroidered for you in my heavy hours,
And many a bitter tear is woven therein.
With this, my Hannah, shalt thou bind mine eyes
When I shall need. This last and solemn service
It is my wish that thou dost render me.

KENNEDY.

O Melvil! I can bear no more!

MARY.

Come, all!
Come, and receive my last adieu!
[*She holds out her hand; one after another they kneel and kiss it, with loud weeping.*]
My Margaretta—Alice—fare you well!
Thanks, Burgoyne, for your faithful service. Gertrude,

Thy lips are feverish—I have been much hated,
But O, much loved! A noble consort bless
My Gertrude; love that burning heart demands:
Bertha, thou hast well chosen the better part,
The spotless bride of Heaven! Haste to fulfil
Thy pious vow. Deceitful are earth's pleasures;
Learn that from me, thy sovereign. No more!
Farewell—farewell—eternally farewell! *Act V., Scene 6.*

Her confession to Melvil, who comes as a priest to administer the last consolations of religion, is detailed at length; and this scene, though a singular one, is not without its effect. It completes and softens the picture. Burleigh and the other lords then appear, to conduct her to execution. Leicester remains in the back-ground, without daring to look upon her. The queen gives her last requests to Burleigh with dignity.

MARY.

Since my body
Is not in consecrated earth to rest,
Let leave be granted to my faithful servants
To bear my heart to France, among mine own.
Ah! it was ever there!

BURLEIGH.

It shall be done;
And aught yet farther——

MARY.

To the queen of England,
I send a sister's greeting. Say to her
With all my heart I pardon her my death;
And pray her pardon for my violence
Of yesterday: God keep her—
Send her a happy reign!

* * * *

[*Her women crowd round her, with lamentations; she addresses Melvil.*]

You, worthy Sir,
And my good Hannah, will accompany me
On this last journey. Sirs, deny me not
This grace.

BURLEIGH.

I have no power to grant it.

MARY.

How!
This small petition can you then deny?
Bethink you of my rank! Who is to render

Me the last services? It cannot be
My sister wills my race in me should suffer
Indignity! Men's rough hands to unrobe me?

BURLEIGH.

No woman must ascend the scaffold's steps
With you; their cries and lamentations ——

MARY.

They'll not be heard! Myself will be the surety
For mine own Hannah's steadfast soul. Be kind,
My lord. O separate me not in dying,
From my true nurse and hand-maiden; she bore
Me living, in her arms—and she will lead me
With gentle hand to death

Her words prevail, and as she turns to depart, Mary encounters the glance of the Earl of Leicester; at this sight she trembles, and seems about to fall, which the Earl perceiving, he supports her with his arm. She fixes a stedfast look upon him, which he shrinks from, in guilty consciousness.

MARY.

You keep your word, my lord of Leicester!
You said your arm should bring me from this dungeon,
And now you lend it me!

She bids him, however, a dignified farewell; forgiving his selfishness and duplicity to her, and wishing him the reward for which he had sacrificed her. The conscience-stricken Leicester sees her depart to death, and hears, soon afterward, the announcement that all is over.

From the author's too careful anxiety to deal poetical justice on Elizabeth, the impression left on the reader, at the close of the foregoing scenes, is considerably weakened before the end of the tragedy. The agitation of the English queen, her pretended surprise and displeasure at finding her warrant had been executed, her attempts to make Burleigh and the secretary the scape-goats of the iniquity whose stain she fears will rest on herself—the resignation of his office by the disgusted Shrewsbury—the intelligence of Leicester's sudden departure for France—and the deep chagrin manifest through the forced calmness of Elizabeth—while they satisfy the demands of dramatic justice, tend to dismiss the reader with feelings approaching to indifference. Had the play ended with the execution of Mary, the picture might have been less complete, but much would have been gained by leaving undisturbed those feelings of admiration, pity, and indignation, which the poet had succeeded in awakening. It is all important to the *effect* of a tragedy, that the strongest emotions excited should remain in their first strength and vividness.

ART. IX.—*The Local Historian's Table Book.* By M. A. RICHARDSON. J. R. Smith.

WE are always pleased with Mr. Richardson's Table Book, a part of which is delivered to us as punctually as month succeeds month, or as its chronology of local remarkable occurrences is regular. No district of the island abounds with a greater number of historical facts, traditions, legends and ballads, than the counties of the North, more immediately embraced by this publication; and the selection is made with good judgment and a proper sympathy. Indeed, we know not where a more agreeable variety can be met with, or how we can be surer of providing a half-hour's entertainment for a large class of our readers than by resorting to some of the pages of recently received portions of the work. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, Durham, and in short the whole of the classic Border lands, are traversed and ransacked by Mr. Richardson, commencing with the earliest times at which dates can be affixed, and regularly descending to the present period, besides giving a rich feast in the shape of fabled records and rhymed story. How much of contrast does there exist in this publication, exhibiting the feuds and the features of barbarous times with the civilization of our familiar day, —the clannish warfares, the feudal heroism, with the courtesy and smooth surface of modern manners. But still the romantic in scenery remains; or rather ruin and age have hallowed many a traditionary spot; and shed impressive romance around what in nature is merely beautiful, or perhaps bold and uninviting.

On one or two occasions we have drawn copiously from the pages of this serial publication, and again recur to the work for a few more paragraphs and verses, both with the view of giving a hearty expression of the favour we cherish for its plan and execution, and in order to offer an inducement to other collectors in other parts of the country to gather in the stores which everywhere throughout the island abound for local table-books. How plentiful in poetic associations as well as historical records and curious anecdote is every corner of our land. How interesting merely to mark the progress into the complete formation of English character, of the nation's full manhood. The day was when the people were of the aboriginal stock. Since that time there have been many infusions and commingling. Chiefly have Saxon and Norman been blended into one stout and amply fashioned person, standing forth in grave but passionate John Bull,— in the broad-breasted and honest tender-hearted men of England. Much over all the breadth and length of the country is to be read of change and revolution, and also of fulfilment and consolidation,—of decay yet of maturity. And valuable it is to preserve from oblivion the finger-posts of transition.

Transition and characteristics are often as plainly indicated by tale, fiction, and superstition, as by stern truth and unyielding reality; and one is hardly less gratified in learning the fable connected with a particular spot, than the particulars of an event which figures in national history. We like to visit, for instance, those

> Lone caves, yet rife
> With airy images; and shapes which dwell
> Still unimpaired though old.

It may be a tale of enchantment, and to the brighter knowledge of our day of most extravagant invention,—an Arthurian legend in short, and originally indicating malignant mystery and rudest ignorance. But now they come shorn of their darker traits, and carry no danger with them; while they afford an insight into the state of society as it existed in times long gone by. They have other uses which Mr. Richardson has well characterized, viz., in the ameliorated influence they exercise over the imaginations of those who still own their power to fascinate and gratify. "Under this aspect they may be compared," he observes, "to the hoar frost, that in the diminished temperature of evening has fallen within the recesses of the hills, which if enveloped by a rigorous atmosphere, blights and chills the plant which its elegant christallization served to ornament and beautify, but if touched and gently dissipated by the cheering sunbeam, it 'leaves a saving moisture at the root,' to quicken and refresh."

The legends of King Arthur assuredly stand at the head of all those extravagant tales in which supernatural agencies are reported to have been at work. No other source of fiction has resulted in so many stories for childhood's ear, for grown-up credulity, or for poetic imaginings. Every thing told in these stories of this hero is extraordinary, his celebrity being as widely circulated as his deeds were superhuman and destiny mysterious. But nothing is more remarkable regarding him than the obscurity and the miracles associated with the legends of his death, the burden of most of those current in this country being that he was carried into Fairy-land, and will at some period be restored to avenge the wrongs of Britain perpetrated by the invading Saxons. Very different, indeed, are the spots assigned as the place where he sleeps, one of these, we learn from Mr. Richardson, being on the coast of Northumberland, the details having "settled down upon the ruined strength of Sewingshields, and mingled their interesting bewitchery with the shadows of the basaltic crags, in whose pillars the evidence of the exertion of a power even more gigantic and dreadful than the utmost power of enchantment stands for ever memorialized."

We shall quote at length what Mr. Richardson has further to tell of the particular spot mentioned, and of the legends therewith associated in popular tale.

The Northumbrian legends on the topic of Arthur vary in several interesting particulars, but all of them are accompanied with such strong features of affinity, that they may be easily reduced to one primeval type, which time, accident, and the opposite characters of relators have contributed to diversify. They bear the most fraternal likeness to the German and Welsh narratives already cited, and to those variations of the tale preserved in other districts to which reference has been made. An outline of the scene, which in traditionary record they have rendered famous, will serve to place those legends in their most favourable point of view, and will the better exhibit their more prominent characteristics.

Sewingshields lies between the Roman Wall and the military road, near the 28th mile-stone from Newcastle, and at the western extremity of Warden parish. Of Sewingshields castle, Mr. Hodgson informs us, "a square, low, lumpy mass of ruins, overgrown with nettles, still remains. Its site is on the end of a dry ridge, and overlooked from the south by the basaltic cliffs, along the brow of which the Roman Wall was built. There are also some traces of trenches near it; and on one side it has a sike, and on the other, flat, swampy ground extends a long way to the east; but to the north and west, the surface is thrown into dry gentle hills and ridges, with intervening bogs." "Near the farm-house of Sewingshields, several basaltic columns rose very proudly and remarkably in the front of the high and rugged cliff that The Wall has traversed, and one of these in particular, was called by some, *King Arthur*, and by others *King Ethel's Chair*. It was a single, many-sided shaft, about ten feet high, and had a natural seat on its top, like a chair with a back; but was most wantonly overturned a few years since by a mischievous lad, well known in the neighbourhood, but unworthy of punishment by the mention of his name. Vulgar malignity loves to torment the orderly and ingenuous, by destroying works which time has sanctified and rendered objects of their veneration.

"Though the history of Sewingshields castle is blended with legends of British days, its size never entitled it to a higher name than a tower, of which description of border strengths many were much more formidable than this. But as its tale belongs to times nearer the Romans, than these degenerate days, we will enshrine it here within the sound of Roman trumpets, and in sight of the armies of the Mistress of the World, as they make their well-defended marches from sea to sea. For the broad outline of the story, I am indebted to the enquiries and graphic pen of Miss Carlyle, of Carlisle; for parts of its detail and colouring to old inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Immemorial tradition has asserted that king Arthur, his queen Guenever, court of lords and ladies, and his hounds, were enchanted in some cave of the crags, or in a hall below the castle of Sewingshields, and would continue entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle-horn that laid on a table near the entrance into the hall, and then, with "the sword of stone," cut a garter also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was, till the farmer at Sewingshields, about 50 years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the castle, and his clew fell, and ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterraneous passage. Full in the faith, that the entrance into

king Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared the briary portal of its weeds and rubbish, and entering a vaulted passage, followed in its darkling way the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards; and the dark wings of bats, disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking faith was strengthened by a dim, distant light, which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till all at once, he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambent flame, that showed all the carved walls, and fretted roof, and the monarch, and his queen and court, reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds; and on a table before it, the spell-dissolving horn, sword and garter. The shepherd reverently, but firmly grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter; and, as the sword was being slowly sheathed, the spell asumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sunk to rest; but not before the monarch lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed,

"O woe betide that evil day,
On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword—the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn!"

Of this favourite tradition the most remarkable variation is respecting the place where the farmer descended. Some say that after the king's denunciation, terror brought on loss of memory, and he was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or the place where it occurred. But all agree that Mrs. Spearman, the wife of another and more recent occupier of the estate, had a dream in which she saw a rich hoard of treasure among the ruins of the castle; and that for many days together she stood over workmen employed in searching for it, but without success.

The version of the story that has fallen under our notice, has less of the "pomp of sceptred state," than the preceding, and has evidently inherited from a baser original, but its verity is not the less to be depended upon.

A shepherd one day in quest of a strayed sheep, on the crags, suddenly had his attention aroused, by the scene around him assuming an appearance he had never before witnessed. There seemed to be about it a more than wonted vividness, and such a deep solemnity hung over its aspect, that its features became as it were palpably impressed upon his mind. While he was musing on this unexpected occurrence, his steps were arrested by a ball of thread. This he laid hold of, and pursuing the path it pointed out, found it led into a cavern, in the recesses of which, as the guiding line used by miners in their explorations of devious passages, it appeared to lose itself. As he approached, he felt perforce constrained to follow the strange conductor, that had so marvellously come into his hands. After passing through a long and dreary vestibule, he was ushered into an apartment in the interior. An immense fire blazed on the hearth, and cast its broad flashes with a wild—unearthly glare, to the remotest corner of the chamber. Over it was placed a huge caldron, as if preparations were being made for a feast on an extensive scale. Two hounds lay couchant on either side of the fire-place,

in the stillness of unbroken slumber. The only remarkable piece of furniture in the apartment was a table, covered with green cloth. At the head of the table, a being considerably advanced in years, of a dignified mien, and clad in the habiliments of war, sat, as it were fast asleep, in an arm-chair. At the other end of the table lay a horn and a sword. Notwithstanding these signs of life, throughout the chamber there prevailed a dread silence, the very feeling of which made the shepherd reflect that he had advanced beyond the limits of human experience, and that he was now in the presence of objects that belong more to death than to life! The very idea made his flesh creep. He however had the fortitude left, to advance to the table and lift the horn. The hounds pricked up their ears most fearfully, and the grisly veteran "started up on his elbow," and raising his half unwilling eyes, told the staggered hind, that if he would blow the horn and draw the sword, he would confer upon him the honours of knighthood to last through time. But such unheard of dignities from a source so ghastly, either met with no appreciation from the awe-stricken swain, or the terror of finding himself alone in the company it might be of malignant phantoms, who were only tempting him to his ruin, became too urgent to be resisted, and therefore proposing to divide the peril with a comrade, he groped his darkling way, as best his quaking limbs could support him, back to the "blessed" daylight. On his return with a reinforcement of strength and courage, all traces of the former scene had disappeared; the crags presented their usual cheerful and quiet aspect; and every vestige of the opening of a cavern was obliterated. Thus failed another of the repeated opportunities, for releasing the spell-bound king of Britain from the "charmed sleep of ages." Within his rocky chamber, he still sleeps on as tradition tells, till the appointed hour, or if invited by his enchantress to participate in the illusions of the fairy festival, it has charms for him no longer. "Wasted with care," he sits beside her—the banquet untasted—the pageantry unmarked,

> "by constraint
> Her guest and from his native land withheld
> By sad necessity."

The ground work of this legend, says Sir Walter Scott, "is a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahommedans respecting their twelve Imaums demonstrates. It is found with several variations, in many parts of Scotland and England; the scene is sometimes laid in some favourite glen of the Highlands, sometimes in the deep coal-mines of Northumberland and Cumberland, which run so far beneath the ocean. It is also to be found in Reginald Scott's book on Witchcraft, which was written in the sixteenth century. It would be in vain to ask what was its origin. The choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, include as a moral, that it is fool-hardy to awaken danger before we have arms in our hands to resist it.

Specimens of the ballad-poetry strewed throughout the Table Book will variegate our extracts. The first of this kind is "The Gatthering Ode of the Fenwyke of Northumberland," with a preparatory notice.

The Fenwyke of Northumberland are of Saxon origin, and take their cognomen from their ancient fastness in the fenny lands in the vicinity of Stamfordham.

By a match with one of the co-heiresses of the ancient house of STROTHER (temp. Hen. IV.), they obtained the domain of Wallington, which from thenceforth, to the reign of William the Third, continued to be a residence of the family, and Fenwyke Castle was suffered to decay. The remains of this once impregnable stronghold are now used as a farm house.

By purchase, and by marriage with some of the principal families in the county, the Fenwyke obtained large possessions, which, from the unsettled state of the times, required the protection of military power. Fierce and resolute in their own character and disposition, they not only sustained the shock of many a Scottish inroad, but were ever ready to avenge real or supposed wrongs, by a furious *raid* into the territories of the enemy. The slogan or gathering cry of the clan—*a Fenwyke! a Fenwyke! a Fenwyke!!!* was never heard in vain, and many a Border-battle field bears witness to their deadly strife with their Scottish neighbours.

The illustrious House of PERCY always ranked the Fenwyke among the most constant of its retainers, and the banner blazing with the silver Crescent never appeared in border warfare without that of the Fenwyke and its gorged Phœnix in the burning flame following in the rear.

The late Mr. William Richardson, of North Shields, the translator of the luscious Bard of Teos, published the following gathering ode in one of our local prints several years ago. He "supposes an inroad of the Scots to have taken place in the absence of the PERCY in Palestine, and that this Ode, in the manner of the Highland Pibroch, was used for the gathering of the Fenwicke to repel them." Mr. Richardson "respectfully inscribed" it "to a descendant of the ancient WARLIKE BAND OF FENWICKE." The notes are by the author.

Pipe of Northumbria, sound!
War pipe of Alnwicke!
Wake the wild hills around,
Summon the Fenwicke:
Percy at Paynin war:
Fenwicke stands foremost;
Scots in array from far,
Swell wide their war-host.

See, fierce from the border,
Wolf-like he rushes;
Drives southward the Warder;
Gore-stream forth gushes;
Come Spearman, come Bowman,
Come bold-hearted Truewicke:
Repel the proud foe-man;
Join lion-like Bewicke.

From Fenwicke and Denwicke,
Harlow and Hallington;
Sound bugle at Alnwicke,
Bag-pipe at Wallington:
On Elf-hills th' Alarm Wisp
Smoulders in pale array;
Maids, babes that can scarce lisp,
Point trembling the bale-way.

Leave the plough, leave the mow,
Leave loom and smithie;
Come with your trusty yew,
Strong arm and pithy!
Leave the herd on the hill,
Lowing and flying;
Leave the vill, cot, and mill,—
The dead and the dying.

Come, clad in your steel jack,
Your war gear in order,
And down hew, or drive back,
The Scot o'er the border;
And yield you to no man;
Stand firm in the van-guard;
Brave death in each foe-man,
Or die on the green sward.

Our other specimen is a Northumbrian ballad, communicated to the editor of the Table-Book, by Mr. Chambers, author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh;" the composition being conjectured to belong to the time of the Commonwealth. The Sir Arthur of the verses was, we are told, he of Haslerigg, the governor of Tynemouth Castle, and of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, during the Protectorate.

As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride,
With his hounds at his feet, and his sword by his side,
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree,
He asked her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

"Oh charming Mollee, you my butler shal be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!

I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewells, and many fine things,
I'll give you a petticoat, flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewells, and other fine things,
And I've *got* a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man until his wife dee."

"Oh charming Mollee lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home, and I'll kill my own wife;
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me my charming Mollee."

"Oh noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Now seven long years are gone and are past,
The old woman went to her long home at last;
The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet, and her lord by her side:
"Now all ye fair maids take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Mr. Richardson observes, as "Sir Arthur was of the *Bray* school of politicians, it is not improbable that after he turned Royalist, some of his old Cromwellian friends, well acquainted with his private life and amours, may have written the ballad as a *jeu d'esprit*." This remark furnishes us with an occassion to state that the explanatory notes and prefatory explanations which abound in the Table Book evince great painstaking and a thorough local knowledge, comprising antiquities, events, scenes, objects, and persons of all classes. The wood-cut illustrations continue to be numerous and well executed, the work being altogether a model of its kind.

ART. X.—*Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land.* By the Rev. STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., President of the Wealeyan University. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS American clergyman travelled for the recovery of his health, having visited England, France, and Italy. His wife died in the course of the European tour, at the time when he was beginning to get better; and this melancholy event suggested the necessity of extending his journey, in order to assuage his sorrow, and to aid the progress of restoration. He accordingly directed his course towards

Greece, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land also. This tour took place in 1839-40, and furnished the subject of the present volume; Alexandria and Cairo, an ascent to the cataracts, a journey through the Desert to Mount Sinai, and thence to Arabia Petræa, with a number of excursions in Palestine, being the more particular account of the course and pilgrimages described.

Our readers are well aware that there is not novelty in this route; neither does Dr. Olin pretend to furnish much of originality, his object being to supply information to a particular section of his countrymen, the religious people of the United States, who are not represented as being a reading community, at least in as far as books of general information and secularity are concerned. He therefore has devoted himself to a record of his personal observations and impressions, and such an account of antiquities, of scriptural occurrences, sites and scenes, with the incidents of his own travels as were likely to interest and instruct American religionists; so that not only to that class, but to the world in general, he has brought something that is new in matter as well as in purpose and manner.

To persons even who are familiar with the several recent works which travel the same ground occupied by our anthor, there will be very considerable attractions in the volumes of the learned President. He is a man of observing talent and habit, of cultured knowledge and agreeable disposition, of an independent turn and skilful execution. He had opportunities to take advantage of, and made use of them. His companions and fortuitous associations were not barren of passages worthy of being so well recorded as we here find them; while his comments have that mildness and sterling principle in them that force you to like the writer while you profit by what is written. A proof of his considerate and susceptible nature will be met with in his views on many subjects of a sacred description, or that bear upon Scriptural illustration. We find him, for example, reasoning in the following pleasantly credulous, and perhaps soundly articulate manner concerning localities that have been perhaps as unjustly made the themes of cold scepticism as of superstitious veneration and homage.

> I will not hesitate to declare, that I regard the traditionary argument in favour of the identity of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre to be as satisfactory and conclusive as any argument can be which is dependent upon this species of evidence; nor can I perceive how it may be set aside without doing violence to fundamental principles, which we are accustomed to acknowledge in our reasonings upon many subjects deeply interesting to the hopes and virtues of mankind. I have freely admitted the difficulties, chiefly topographical, in the way of the conclusion which I have been led to adopt. Some of these I have attempted to remove, and some to palliate; with what success, I must not presume to judge. If others which have escaped my attention still exist in their full force, I cannot think

them insuperable, or as worthy to be put in competition with the traditionary argument.

Many persons, I am aware, doubt the importance of the question to which I have given so large a place. I cannot concur in their views. I have had some opportunities for observing the baleful influence of this horror of monastic traditions. Protestant travellers, and especially American and English Protestants, often lose many of the literary and all of the moral advantages of a visit to the theatre of Biblical events, by a morbid suspicion of whatever is affirmed or believed by monks and Catholics. They carry into the midst of these inspiring scenes a predetermined scepticism, which quite disarms them of all power over the heart, and congeals the very sources of enthusiasm. I have heard cutting sneers about Catholic mummeries and credulities while I knelt down with a taper in my hand to examine the hole in the top of Calvary where the Redeemer's cross is alleged to have been planted; and my ears were wounded by irreverent criticisms when I stood in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and gazed with emotion on the spot where or near which the Saviour was probably buried and rose again. This perverse spirit of scepticism is often extended indiscriminately to every object in and about Jerusalem, with the exception perhaps of the hills and deep vallies, which constitute the unchangeable natural feelings of the region. For myself, I freely confess, though it may detract not a little from the weight of my opinions, that I found believing far more agreeable than cold incredulity. I endeavoured to carry with me everywhere a paramount reverence for truth, and the spirit of fair and watchful criticism; but I could not and would not deny myself the luxury of communing freely with the glorious objects that fill and surround the holy city, and of yielding my imagination and my heart to the full power of the sacred associations that cluster upon the brow of its venerable hills, and teem in its deep, overshadowed vallies.

But we are greatly forestalling, if respect is to be paid to the order of the book. We come back to the land of Egypt for an instant to glean some notices and hints both of the present government, and of the obstacles as well as impulses that bear upon the future civilization and Christianity of the Egyptian people. The Pacha's mode and sweep of taxation is so oppressive that "in Europe or America it would speedily work the extinction of the race or of the tyranny."

The excessive taxation, which extends to every person and pursuit, is another fruitful cause for complaint. The Pacha taxes the land to the utmost it can pay. This is no new thing, though the burden has been much aggravated under his sway. He also lays a tax on domestic animals —the camel, the ass, the ox, the sheep, and the cow. Each palm-tree is the object of a distinct impost. The wheel and rude machinery employed in irrigation pay fifteen dollars per annum. After all this, a poll-tax is imposed on every tradesman and labourer, of whatever pursuit. The amount, which is very various, may be conjectured from the fact that a month's wages is kept back from the pay of labourers employed by the Government at one piaster a day. Indirect taxation, in its turn, exacts an additional contribution from the peasant in the purchase of all imported and

many domestic articles. No system of revenue, perhaps, ever pressed upon a people with a weight so terrible and annihilating. A soil that produces abundantly, a benignant climate that renders human existence tolerable at the least possible expense, and a race of men patient of hunger, and nakedness, and oppression, which they have inherited from their ancestors, addicted to indolence, and more studious of repose than of positive enjoyments, are concurring circumstances that render possible in Egypt a system which in Europe or America would speedily work the extinction of the race or of the tyranny.

What are Europeans doing for the people of Egypt?

We ought, perhaps, to hope for ultimate benefits from the free ingress of foreigners and their manners, though it must be confessed that hitherto they have been at best of an equivocal character. The contempt of the Mohammedans for Christians is diminished by seeing them advanced to so many places of confidence, and by the homage done to their superior intelligence and civilization in the new organization of the army and navy, and in the other innovations of the Pacha; and were the Europeans who occupy influential stations in the administration and in society more exemplary in their lives, some impression would be made upon the religious prejudices, and some respect inspired for the Gospel. Unfortunately, however, those who represent Christianity in Egypt seem not to be impressed with a sense of their high responsibility. They often have the reputation of superadding the voluptuousness and sensuality of the East to the vices of civilized Europe. I heard many anecdotes that left no room to doubt the general correctness of this representation, and had some opportunities to confirm it by my own observations. One European of the highest name purchased a Black girl in the slave-market in Cairo, and having tricked her out in the gorgeous finery of the East, paraded her through the length of the land as a mistress with the most offensive and indecent publicity. I met with another representative of Christianity who avowedly resides in Egypt to enjoy the Mohammedan immunity of a plurality of wives; and I was assured that he had a harem, selected with the usual regard to variety, from various nations and colours. Such instances are not solitary; and they produce upon the minds of the Mohammedans the most unfavourable impressions with regard to the Gospel. These are rather strengthened than diminished by the instances of apostacy from the Christian faith, of which there are not wanting conspicuous examples, always attended with pretty full proof that they are the result of interested motives and not of honest conviction. When, in connexion with such facts, we consider the general degradation and bad character of the native Christians, to which the Mohammedans constantly appeal when addressed on the subject of religion, we are hardly permitted to hope that any favourable impression is likely to be made in favour of the Gospel, in the present state of things.

One of Dr. Olin's travelling acquaintances.

We had another interesting fellow-passenger in the person of a young Circassian lady, who was on her way to complete the domestic felicity of the Governor of Widdin. Feeling the want of an additional wife, that

dignitary had commissioned an aged female confidante to make the purchase of one in the Market of Constantinople. 25,000 piasters was the price paid; and a very liberal sum was also laid out in jewellery and other bridal ornaments. The aged and respectable-appearing duenna to whom this delicate transaction had been entrusted, an Ethiopian eunuch, and a black female slave, constituted the retinue of the fortunate bride. Fortunate she esteemed herself, and took much pains to impress the ladies of our party with a proper sense of the brilliant prospects of dignity and splendour that were but just before her. The poor eunuch found his office to be one of perplexity as well as honour; and he complained bitterly of the turbulence and presumption of his costly charge, who quite refused to be restrained by his advice, and even inflicted the indignity of a blow upon him in a paroxysm of passion. For two or three days she was violently ill of a fever; a circumstance which not only filled the attendants with alarm, but excited the lively sympathy of the Frank passengers. The poor Ethiopian who seemed to regard himself as specially responsible for the safe conveyance of his precious charge to Widdin, manifested great anxiety, and sought for medical advice among the ladies. He had dosed the patient with an abundance of ripe cherries, without any good effect, and was at a loss how to proceed any farther in the treatment of the case.

The volumes contain some twelve illustrations, reputably *got up*.

ART. XI.—*The Dispatches of Hernando Cortes, &c.* Translated into English from the original Spanish. By G. FOLSOM. Wiley and Putnam.

THE Spanish conquests in the New World are a dreadful chapter in the history of guilt and cupidity, furnished by a nation taking to itself the holy title of Christian. What, if the science of colonization even as now ascertained and practised had been in vigour, and had been extended to America when first settled in by Europeans, especially by the adventurers from the peninsula! But blood and oppression, madness and extermination, marked the footsteps of the ruthless invaders. What, if the Gospel of peace, and the gentle spirit of enlightened philanthropy had swayed the first preachers who planted themselves in Mexico and Peru! It might peradventure have been that the red men would have in time yielded consent and exhibited the proofs of heart-felt conversion, instead of having their stoicism confirmed and their barbarism exasperated.

But speculation here is fruitless, and better it is that we for a moment invite attention to actualities. Cortes, if not truly a great man and master-warrior, was at least an unscrupulous person, and fated in many instances to be fortunate. He was artful and deceptive, attributes not characteristic of the greatest minds. His study was to be politic, not pure and generous; his Despatches were

intended to serve certain ends before those of honour, truth, and disinterestedness. Even in his professed piety he was a self-seeker, just as in all his professed anxieties for his royal patron's benefit, he was a scurvy steward. Still, the conquest of Mexico alone was an achievement that will figure in the records of nations, at the same time that it discloses wonderful revolutions in the fortunes of vast families of the human race, affording a striking monument of the ruin of empire. The cities of the aborigines, and the condition of separate states, taking the reporter's account with allowances, must have belonged to a people, vastly superior to anything evidenced by the living generation of native coloured Americans. This, for instance, is the picture which Cortes draws of Tlascala, a town that is now amazingly degenerated, there being here and elsewhere numerous proofs of an extinct degree of civilization, and this too brought about in the course of a few generations:

This city is so extensive and so well worthy of admiration, that although I omit much that I could say of it, I feel assured that the little I shall say will be scarcely credited, since it is larger than Granada, and much stronger, and contains as many fine houses and a much larger population than that city did at the time of its capture; and it is much better supplied with the products of the earth, such as corn, and with fowls and game, fish from the rivers, various kinds of vegetables, and other excellent articles of food. There is in this city a market, in which every day thirty-thousand people are engaged in buying and selling, beside many other merchants who are scattered about the city. The market contains a great variety of articles both of food and clothing, and all kinds of shoes for the feet; jewels of gold and silver, and precious stones, and ornaments of feathers, all as well arranged as they can possibly be found in any public squares or markets in the world. There is much earthenware of every style and a good quality, equal to the best of Spanish manufacture. Wood, coal, edible and medicinal plants, are sold in great quantities. There are houses where they wash and shave the head as barbers, and also for baths. Finally, there is found among them a well regulated police; the people are rational and well disposed, and altogether greatly superior to the most civilized African nation.

The great city the first capital of Mexico itself, afterwards completely destroyed, is the subject of a glowing and inviting description. Cortes speaks of it as being situated in a salt lake, having four avenues or entrances, all of which were formed by artificial causeways, "two spears' length in width." "The city is as large as Seville or Cordova;" its principal streets very wide and straight, many of them half land and half water, and navigated by canoes. Farther,

This city has many public squares, in which are situated the markets and other places for buying and selling. There is one square twice as large as that of the city of Salamanca, surrounded by porticoes, where are daily assembled more than sixty thousand souls, engaged in buying and selling; and where are found all kinds of merchandise that the world affords, em-

bracing the necessaries of life, as, for instance, articles of food, as well as jewels of gold and silver, lead, brass, copper, tin, precious stones, bones shells, snails, and feathers. There are also exposed for sale wrought and unwrought stone, bricks burnt and unburnt, timber hewn and unhewn, of different sorts. * * Every kind of merchandise is sold in a particular street or quarter assigned to it exclusively, and thus the best order is preserved. They sell everything by number or measure; at least so far we have not observed them to sell anything by weight. There is a building in the great square that is used as an audience house, where ten or twelve persons, who are magistrates, sit and decide all controversies that arise in the market, and order delinquents to be punished. In the same square there are other persons who go constantly about among the people observing what is sold, and the measures used in selling; and they have been seen to break measures that were not true. This great city contains a large number of temples, or houses for their idols, very handsome edifices, which are situated in the different districts and the suburbs; in the principal ones religious persons of each particular sect are constantly residing, for whose use besides the houses containing the idols there are other convenient habitations. All these persons dress in black, and never cut or comb their hair from the time they enter the priesthood until they leave it; and all the sons of the principal inhabitants, both nobles and respectable citizens, are placed in the temples and wear the same dress from the age of seven or eight years until they are taken out to be married; which occurs more frequently with the first-born who inherit estates than with the others. The priests are debarred from female society; nor is any woman permitted to enter the religious houses. They also abstain from eating certain kinds of food, more at some seasons of the year than others. Among these temples there is one which far surpasses all the rest, whose grandeur of architectural details no human tongue is able to describe; for within its precincts, surrounded by a lofty wall, there is room enough for a town of five hundred families. Around the interior of this enclosure there are handsome edifices, containing large halls and corridors, in which the religious persons attached to the temple reside. There are full forty towers, which are lofty and well built, the largest of which has fifty steps leading to its main body, and is higher than the tower of the principal church at Seville. The stone and wood of which they are constructed are so well wrought in every part, that nothing could be better done, for the interior of the chapels containing the idols consist of curious imagery, wrought in stones with plaster ceilings, and wood work carved in relief, and painted with figure, of monsters and other objects. All these towers are the burial places of the nobles, and every chapel in them is dedicated to a particular idol, to which they pay their devotions.

The policy of Cortes was decidedly Machiavelian; his system one of ready fraud, misrepresentation, avarice, and cruelty. This is the way in which he proceeded to inveigle the Emperor Montezuma, and to have him thrown into irons, after having burnt alive Qualpopoca and his followers:

Six days having passed, most powerful Prince, since I entered the great city of Temixtitan (Mexico), and having seen some things in it, though

but a few compared with what there was to be seen and noted, it seemed to me, judging from these things, and from what I had observed of the country, that it would subserve the interests of your Majesty and our own security if Muteczuma was in my power, and not wholly free from restraint; in order that he might not be diverted from the resolution and willing spirit which he showed in the service of your Majesty, especially as we Spaniards where somewhat troublesome and difficult to please; lest feeling annoyed on any occasion, he should do us some serious injury, and even might cause all memory of us to perish, in the exercise of his great power. It also appeared to me that if he was under my control, all the other countries that were subject to him would be more easily brought to the knowledge and service of your Majesty, as afterwards actually happened. I resolved therefore, to take him and place him in my quarters, which were of great strength; and revolving in my mind how this could be effected without occasioning any tumult or disturbance, I recollected what the officer whom I had left in command at Vera Crus, had written me concerning the occurrences in the city of Almeria, which I have already related, and which, as he was informed, had all taken place in pursuance of orders from Muteczuma. Having used the precaution to station guards at the corners of the streets, I went to the palace of Muteczuma, as I had before often done to visit him; and after conversing with him in a sportive manner on agreeable topics, and receiving at his hands some jewels of gold, and one of his own daughters, together with several daughters of his nobles for some of my company, I then said to him, "that I had been informed of what had taken place in the city of Nautecal or Almeria, and of the fate of the Spaniards, who had been killed there; that Qualpopoca alleged in defence of his conduct, that whatever he had done was in pursuance of orders from him, which, as his vassal, he could not disregard; that I did not believe it was so, but nevertheless, in order to clear himself from the imputation, it seemed to me proper that he should send for Qualpopoca and the other principal men of that city, who had been concerned in the slaughter of the Spaniards, that the truth of the matter might be known, and those men punished, by which means he would satisfy your Majesty of his loyal disposition beyond all dispute; lest instead of the rewards which your Majesty would order to be given him, the reports of these outrages might provoke your Majesty's anger against him, on account of his having commanded the injury to be done; since I was well satisfied that the truth was contrary to what those men had declared."

The manner in which Cortes proposed that his royal master should manage the tithes, furnishes a specimen of his interfering tendencies, when it was to bring about a selfish purpose, and of his estimate of the Spanish priesthood. The extract proves that the proposer's political creed was extremely accommodating and ready to yield to views of convenience and expediency; never being at a pinch by means of a gloss or an argument to found a reason for his suggestion.

The plan I would recommend is, that a number of religious persons, (or priests,) as I have already mentioned, zealous for the conversion of this people, should come out, for whom houses and monasteries should be erected

in the provinces wherever it may seem proper; and that tithes be assigned them to defray the expense of building their houses, and for their support, the surplus to be applied to the erection and ornamenting of the churches in the villages where the Spaniards reside, as well as to maintain the clergy who officiate in them. Officers appointed by your Majesty should collect and keep an account of the tithes, and with them supply the monasteries and churches; for which purpose they will be more than sufficient, and a balance left for the disposition of your Majesty. Let your Majesty petition his Holiness the [Pope] to grant you the tenths of these parts for this purpose, giving him to understand the service rendered to God our Lord by the conversion of this people, which can be accomplished in no other way; for if bishops and other prelates are sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins at the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters; and bestowing rights of inheritance on their sons or relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things; the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion; and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death; now if they saw that the affairs of the Church and what related to the service of God were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries, and if they understood that these were the ministers of God whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness, as is the case in these days in Spain, it would lead them to undervalue our faith and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source.

Hernando Cortes's conquest of Mexico, in the pages before us, is rather a rough narrative, the pretensions to accuracy and truth in sundry parts being calculated to excite suspicion. The book, however, deserves a welcome, for it fills up blanks of history, while it corroborates sundry important passages of what has been recorded by other witnesses.

ART. XIII.—*A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S., Inventor of the Power Loom, &c.* Saunders and Otley.

THIS Memoir, the preface informs us, has been chiefly derived from authentic papers in the possession of Dr. Cartwright's family, and also from the personal recollection of its few surviving members. The author's work has been one of love and affection, and it fails not of a due admiration for the deceased inventor. At the same time a sound discretion has been used, and nothing uttered that is not fairly borne out by facts and good testimony. Judgment and correct taste have been shown in the selection, so as not to weary the general reader; nor need any one be perplexed by the technicalities of mechanics in these pages; for while minute details are avoided, care has

been taken not to load the narrative or remarks with statements and terms that would repel by their dryness and prove in any degree puzzling. In short, without aiming at a regular biography, the author has presented a very sufficient memoir of the various pursuits of the eminent subject of his book, and which will in all probability, we think, supersede the necessity hereafter of any attempt at a more elaborate Life.

Edmund Cartwright was born in the spring of the year 1743, being the fourth son of a gentleman of ancient family. His early studies and bent of mind do not seem to have given evidence of any particular aptitude or taste for mechanical ingenuity, his inclination being towards the naval service. He however was educated at Oxford for the Church, having distinguished himself at the grammar-school, and therefore being deemed cut out for one of the learned professions. To be sure, both in youth and early manhood he exhibited great versatility, and cultivated branches that are by no means intimately allied. He was literary as well as agricultural, addicted to medicine as well as to poetry. He published several effusions, some of them being much admired and reaching several editions in a short period. He was a contributor to the *Monthly Review* at the time when Mr. Griffiths was its editor. Cartwright and Griffiths were therefore naturally pretty frequent correspondents, the letters of course relating more or less to the books for reviewing. When speaking of our own long-established journal, one of the then editor's epistles will be acceptable, both as a specimen from which to judge of his management and manner, and as throwing light upon a subject that may rank as one of the curiosities in the history of literature.—Griffiths thus writes to Cartwright.

Turnham Green, June 16th.

Dear Sir,—I have sent you a FEAST! Johnson's *new* volumes of the "Lives of the Poets." You will observe that Savage's life is one of the volumes. I suppose it is the same which he published about thirty years ago, and therefore you will not be obliged to notice it otherwise than in the course of enumeration. In the account of Hammond, my good friend Samuel has stumbled on a material circumstance in the publication of Cibber's Lives of the Poets. He intimates that Cibber never saw the work. This is a reflection on the bookseller, your humble servant. The bookseller has now in his possession Theophilus Cibber's receipt for twenty guineas, (Johnson says ten,) in consideration of which he engaged to "revise, correct, and improve, the work, and also to affix his name in the title-page. Mr. Cibber did accordingly very punctually revise every sheet: he made numerous corrections, and added many improvements—particularly in those lives which came down to his own times, and brought him within the circle of his own and his father's literary acquaintance, especially in the dramatic line. To the best of my recollection he gave *some* entire lives, besides inserting abundance of paragraphs, of notes, anecdotes, and remarks, in those which

were compiled by Shiells and other writers. I say *other*, because many of the best pieces of biography in that collection were not written by Shiells, but by superior hands. In short, the engagement of Cibber, or some other *Englishman*, to superintend what Shiells in particular should offer, was a measure absolutely necessary, not only to guard against his Scotticisms, and other defects of expression, but his virulent Jacobitism, which inclined him to abuse every Whig character that came in his way. This, indeed, he would have done, but Cibber (a staunch Williamite) opposed and prevented him, insomuch that a violent quarrel arose on the subject. By the way, it seems to me, that Shiell's Jacobitism has been the only circumstance that has procured him the regard of Mr. Johnson, and the favourable mention that he has made (in the paragraph referred to) of Shiells' "virtuous Life and pious End"—expressions that must draw a smile from every one who knows, as I did, the real character of Robert Shiells. And now, what think you of noticing this matter, in regard to truth and the fair fame of the honest bookseller!

It appears that Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" were reviewed by Mr. Cartwright; and also that Theophilus Cibber really had had a share in the compilation of certain lives of the poets that were published in his name.

Cartwright was continually projecting or dabbling in a diversity of things, making experiments, and ever ready to seize hold of a suggestion in order to pursue it to some economical conclusion. One likes to regard him cultivating his glebe, in order to originate improvements, and not less as a clerical physician visiting his poor parishioners, having turned his attention to the study of medicine to equip himself for this important office. And here too he experimented; for he successfully applied yeast to the cure of putrid fever, the idea having been suggested by a piece of putrid meat that was made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation.

It was not till Mr. Cartwright was in his forty-first year, that his ingenuity was directed to mechanics, and this purely by accident. But his sanguine temperament and inventive genius required only a hint to smite him, in order to set all his fine powers to work to master the most stubborn difficulties. The circumstances too, however slender they may appear, about to be described, produced a complete change in all his views; for instead of continuing to cultivate literary pursuits, to look for advancement in his sacred profession, and to strive after those attainments which are most closely associated with the elegancies of life, he took with intense earnestness and most persevering enthusiasm to the mechanician's sphere, figuring as one of those enterprising individuals, who, in departing from immemorial practice, first gave impulse, and prepared the way through stern obstacles and keen opposition, for the more prosperous career of successors; the results being the wonderful extension and develop-

ment of British manufactures that have been realized within the last fifty years. The circumstances so slender and accidental to which reference has been made, are thus given in the memoir:

In the summer of 1784, Mr. Cartwright happening to be at Matlock, in Derbyshire, became, during his visit there, highly interested in the progress of those ingenious manufactures, which not many years before had been established in that immediate neighbourhood. The application of machinery to the art of spinning was at that time a novelty; and the splendid fortunes that some ingenious mechanics, who had been successful in introducing it, were supposed to be realising, seemed to hold out extraordinary encouragement to the exercise of any inventive faculty that should contribute to the improvement of our national manufactures. Mr. Cartwright was not aware in how high a degree a faculty of this nature existed in his own mind, until it was brought into action by the accidental occurrence of a conversation at the public table, on the subject of new and ingenious inventions, especially that of Sir Richard Arkwright's recently invented method of spinning cotton by machinery.

It was observed by some of the company present, that if this new mode of spinning by machinery should be generally adopted, so much more yarn would be manufactured than our own weavers could work up, that the consequence would be a considerable export to the Continent, where it might be woven into cloth so cheaply, as to injure the trade in England.* Mr. Cartwright replied to this observation, that the only remedy for such an evil would be to apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving as well as to that of spinning, by contriving looms to work up the yarn as fast as it was produced by the spindle. Some gentlemen from Manchester, who were present, and who, it may be presumed, were better acquainted with the subject of discussion, would not admit of the possibility of such a contrivance, on account of the variety of movements required in the operation of weaving. Mr. Cartwright, who, if he ever had seen weaving by hand, had certainly paid no particular attention to the process by which it was performed, maintained that there was no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine, (producing as an instance the automaton chess-player,) and that whatever variety of movements the art of weaving might require, he did not doubt but that the skilful application of mechanism might produce them. The discussion having proceeded to some length, it made so strong an impression on Mr. Cartwright's mind, that immediately on his return home, he set about endeavouring to construct a machine that should justify the proposition he had advanced, of the practicability of weaving by machinery. It may be remarked, that the incredulity expressed by these gentlemen, who were of all persons most likely to be acquainted with the fact, had any attempt been previously made to weave by machinery, is a pretty decisive proof that nothing of the kind had then been effected.

* The fulfilment of this prediction, twenty years subsequently to the above conversation, in fact led to the first adoption of the power-loom, which came afterwards into more general use, from the great demand for English cotton goods, in consequence of the disturbed state of the Continent.

His first attempts, as might be supposed, were rude and clumsy; but as neither drawings nor models now remain of them, we have no means of tracing his earliest steps in mechanical experiment, nor of ascertaining the mode in which he proposed to overcome difficulties that had appeared insurmountable even to experienced mechanicians.

In the course of a few months, however, he had brought his loom to such a state of progress, as led him to imagine that it might eventually become profitable; and to the surprise of every one who was at all conversant with undertakings of this nature, as well as to that of his personal friends, he took out a patent in April, 1785, in order to secure to himself the expected advantages of the invention.

Dr. Cartwright's principal mechanical inventions are known by the names *power-loom* and the *wool-combing machine*. But his career was not unopposed or exempt from jealousy. He had also to dispute with parties on the ground of priority and originality. Besides, his new position in society had its special trials; for at that period people of polish and elegant pretension regarded the classes that devoted themselves to manufacturing and mechanical pursuits as of an inferior grade. It was deemed, too, unseemly for a clergyman to engage so deeply in courses which ministered by enginery, and still more when the inventions promised to work such revolutions, and to place the poor and the labouring community in a condition to command many of the luxuries of the aristocracy. The manufactory which he set up in Doncaster had these and other difficulties to contend with. He was naturally not only over sanguine, but cherished principles too pure, straightforward, and simple, to allow him to take the fullest advantage of his position. He wanted also the business training and the knowledge of practical details necessary to the most profitable application of his inventions. These were not sufficiently perfected to command by their success the popularity due to them; nor was the time yet ripe for the country to perceive the want that his power loom undertook to supply. The consequence was that Cartwright lost his own fortune by his manufacturing speculations, and became insolvent, and would probably have been reduced to very straitened circumstances, had not a parliamentary grant of 10,000*l.* come seasonably to hand.

There is much to charm the reader in the Memoir of Dr. Cartwright. He was not only a man of genius, but had many graces and attractions of character and temper. We think it probable that his name will rise into still higher repute than it has yet reached. At any rate, scarcely anywhere can we point to a long life so industriously spent, and with so many efforts of a novel and discursive nature. We have already alluded to the variety of his earlier occupations and experiments. But he never slackened till near the hour of his death in his eighty-first year, to attempt novelties often of a remarkably bold description. He strove to improve the steam-engine. The memoir conveys this information:

As early as the year 1786, some ideas relative to an improvement in the steam-engine had suggested themselves to Mr. Cartwright's mind; and though it was not until several years later that he took out any patent for a steam-engine, the following letter to a friend is introduced, as marking the period when he first attended to the subject, as well as illustrating his own scrupulous delicacy with regard to the invasion of other men's inventions:—

"Dear Sir,—I am infinitely obliged to you for your attention in procuring me admission to the Albion mill. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have at present an insuperable objection either to seeing Bolton's steam-engine, or the still more powerful one invented by Sadler of Oxford, which is now in town, and which he has promised to show me. My reason is, that I am now making a model of one that I have invented myself. I wish to avoid temptation either to borrow or steal. The idea visited me a morning or two ago, as I was under the hands of the hairdresser. I immediately communicated it to some philosophical friends, particularly my neighbour, Mr. Gregory; none of them had the least doubt of its practicability. From the short conversation I had with Sadler, his improvement consists principally in having a double cylinder, so that the steam is condensed both above and below the piston. *My improvement* consists in having neither cylinder, piston, condenser, nor beam: nor, in short, any species of *mechanism*. When my model is finished, which will be in a day or two, you shall hear more of it. I shall leave town in a few days; my next residence, for one week, will be at Goadby, and then at Doncaster.

"I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

"Edmund Cartwright.

"67, Pall Mall, June 10th, 1786."

Whether the model alluded to was completed, or what were the motives for suspending at that time the prosecution of this experiment, cannot now be ascertained. Mr. Cartwright's first patent relative to the steam-engine was taken out in 1797, of which a description will be given hereafter.

He was never contented with any discovery or invention, but continued to look to other great objects that might be suggested in the course of the progress he had attempted or achieved. Thus it was as soon as he had contrived the power-loom.

Mr. Cartwright, though he had accomplished one great object of his wishes, in contriving a loom that should be worked by machinery, was not disposed to stop short in a career that seemed to him so promising of success. His next invention, a machine for combing long wool, may be considered as even more original than the former. In the instance of the loom, he had a machine prepared to his hands, that was already capable, in one way, of performing the work required of it, and the merit of his discovery consisted in applying a new power, in order to produce, to a much greater extent, motion that had hitherto been only produced by hand. But between the very simple act of combing wool by hand and the process of combing it by means of a complicated machine, that should perform the work of *twenty* men, there seemed to have been no intermediate gradation, no introduction, as it were, to a more improved method, by any addition to the instrument in common use, and which is as inartificial as it might have been in the days of Bishop Blaize.

It is not precisely known when Mr. Cartwright first attempted a machine for combing wool. His earliest patent relative to that invention is dated 22nd August, 1789. The contrivance therein specified is altogether different from that of his later machine, and consisted of a cylinder armed with rows of teeth, which is made to revolve in such a manner as that its teeth may catch and clear out the wool contained in the teeth of the fixed and upright comb. But this imperfect method was, not long afterwards, superseded by the contrivance of a circular horizontal comb-table, for which a patent was obtained 27th April, 1790. In this apparatus the teeth of the horizontal table are set vertically, but with a slight inclination towards the centre, and are supplied with wool by means of a circular lasher. Motion is communicated to the different parts of the machine in a very ingenious manner; but the complicated nature of the circular lasher appears liable to objection, and renders it far inferior in effect, as well as in simplicity, to the subsequent contrivance of the *crank-lasher*. For this eminent improvement Mr. Cartwright took out another patent, bearing date 11th December, 1790, including also an alteration in the teeth of the comb-table, which are here set horizontally, and pointing towards the centre.

But it was not with one thing alone at a time that he exercised his ingenuity. He baked bread in his own house by machinery: and an invention of his for biscuit-making by a similar contrivance was handed over to a baker at Doncaster. He had a singular plan for building arches, and another for rendering houses fire-proof, intended for America. He was fourscore when he conceived the idea of working an engine by gunpowder instead of steam. Such were some of his projected or completed inventions.

Dr. Cartwright had amongst his list of friends and correspondents distinguished men in various walks of life and science. Fulton, the inventor of steam-boats, was one of his favourites, and the feeling seems to have been reciprocal. Both, too, meditated the plan of propelling ships by mechanical power. When the American went to France, a correspondence was kept up between the two friends. and the letters throw some light on the anxiety with which both were occupying themselves on the great thought. We shall cite from the Memoir a short account of the intimacy and specimens of their intercourse, beginning with our author's general comment relative to originality of invention.

Amongst other ingenious characters who frequented Mr. Cartwright's house, may be noticed one who was then deeply engaged in pursuits similar to his own, but whose claims to originality of invention have not been very willingly admitted on this side of the Atlantic. This person was Robert Fulton, well known in America as being the first engineer who navigated a steam-boat in that country, and not altogether unknown in Europe for his experiments in submarine navigation. He was a native of New Jersey, in the United States, and had come to England with the intention of studying painting under his countryman, West. Having abandoned painting as a profession, he applied himself to civil engineering, and in that line of busi-

ness had been noticed by Earl Stanhope, with whom he had had communication on the *practicability of moving vessels by steam*, as early as the year 1796. At this time, also, navigating by steam was one of Mr. Cartwright's favourite projects, and he conceived that his newly invented steam-engine might be made applicable to that purpose. It may appear superfluous, where so much originality of invention can be substantiated, to allude to any claims that may be considered doubtful; it is, however, well known that Mr. Cartwright did construct the model of a boat, which being wound up like a clock, moved on the water, so as to prove the experiment in a manner satisfactory to the inventor: though, as this little model was afterwards given away as a toy, and has long been destroyed, there are no means of ascertaining how the machinery was adjusted, or what resemblance it might bear to the method since adopted in the working of steam-boats.

The coincidence of their respective views, produced, instead of rivalship, intimacy and friendship between the two projectors, and Mr. Fulton's vivacity of character and original way of thinking rendered him a welcome guest at Mr. Cartwright's house. The practicability of steam navigation, with the most feasible mode of effecting it, became a frequent subject of discourse. The writer of these memoirs has now to regret, amongst many other neglected opportunities of acquiring knowledge, that, from the carelessness of youth, such a degree of attention was not given at the time to these discussions as might have thrown considerable light upon a subject, since become of such universal interest. Who could then contemplate, when Mr. Fulton was drawing the plans of his paddle-wheels, and Mr. Cartwright contriving how his steam-engine should act upon them, that speculations apparently so chimerical should have been realized to their present wonderful extent! It is not assumed that Mr. Fulton, even with Mr. Cartwright's assistance, had at that time brought his plan of a steam-boat to any great degree of maturity; but it is believed that neither of these gentlemen were then aware of any other person having advanced towards steam navigation as far as themselves. Nor will this appear improbable, when it is considered that it was then a mere project, a chimera entertained only by a few projectors, who might be carrying on their respective schemes in distant parts of the kingdom, without any knowledge of each other's contrivances, although in aiming at the same project, and through the same means, they might hit upon the same mode of applying those means. An instance of this kind of coincidence is alluded to by Mr. Fulton, in his Treatise on Canal Navigation, in which he candidly acknowledges having been anticipated in a contrivance that he had conceived to be original; but a more striking instance of a revived invention, possessing all the merit of originality, is that of Mr. Watt, who cannot be said to owe the great improvement that rendered his steam-engine so eminently applicable to the purposes of machinery, to Mr. Jonathan Hulls, although Mr. Hulls had suggested the same idea many years before.

If a person hit upon an invention that he never heard of, it is original in him; and if it be the result of patient study, or a habit of observation, he may be allowed to be a meritorious, if not a fortunate inventor; but if, by his energy and spirit of enterprise, he succeed in introducing into practice what others, perhaps, had only contemplated in theory, he is entitled to additional credit, without disparaging that of his predecessors.

In 1797, Mr. Fulton went to France, at that period under the government of the Directory, and did not return to England until the latter end of 1802, or 1803, having passed a portion of the intervening time in America. From his correspondence with Mr. Cartwright, such passages may be selected as appear to have reference to those mechanical subjects on which they were both deeply engaged. He writes from Paris, July, 1797:—

"After being detained at Calais three weeks, waiting for a passport, I made a circuit of about three hundred miles; and on arriving at Paris, I found the Directory had given a special order for my passport, which was sent to Calais after my departure; thus there is every symptom of my remaining here in peace, although the Americans are by no means well received or suffered to rest in quiet.

"The country through which I travelled is like a continued field, in excellent cultivation, and all the districts of France are said to be in an equally good state; thus plenty will relieve the burthens of war. *But what do I say of war?* In Paris one would suppose they had never heard of it, for all is gay and joyous. As to business, I cannot yet say much; but I have reason to believe there will be good encouragement to men of genius, and improvement will be rapid on the termination of the war. Please to let me know the state of your ideas relative to the steam-boat, &c.

"R. FULTON."

"Paris, Sept. 20th, 1797.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have not had an opportunity of answering your letter of the 20th August till now. I am much pleased with your mode of making houses fire-proof, and should be happy to see it extended to America; but I do not think that Mr. * * * * or * * * * would answer your purpose; because whoever takes up such subjects must be active, and have the business at heart. On these points I have mentioned to you, that providing me with descriptions and powers, I shall be happy to do my best for you in America; but if you could sell the invention for a reasonable sum, I should think it advisable. My idea of many of those things, which may be considered as only the *overflowings of your mind*, is to convert them into cash, and adhere firmly, even without partners, to some of your more important objects, such as the steam-engine, boat moving by steam or cordelier. I have a great objection to partners. I never would have but one if I could help it, and that should be a wife."

We quote a portion of another of Fulton's letters to the *sanguine* doctor, commencing with a hint bearing upon this constitutional quality.

Paris, 28th March, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure I have received your flattering account of your steam-engine; and although attachment to you makes me believe everything you say, yet such belief is merely a work of faith, for I cannot see the reason why you have 13½ pounds' purchase to the square inch. Is this in consequence of the friction taken off the piston by your circles? How have you found that mode to answer? Is it that, by your

mode of condensing, the water becomes deprived of its air, and that the steam may be heated four, five, or more pounds per inch above the atmosphere? If the engine can be made so light as you mention, and give only ten pounds to the square inch, it will answer my purpose; but it must be a double engine; making thirty double strokes, or sixty single strokes, per minute, of three feet each; that is to say, three feet per second. As I can afford to give five feet by six for the engine, it will not be necessary to place the cylinder in the boiler. If it stands outside of the boiler, repairs can be made with more ease; but when we have decided on the engine, I will give a sketch of the mode in which I propose it should stand, to give movement to the machinery which is to drive the boat. If, for my case, you propose to condense without injection, the condensing vessel may be a long cylinder or tube, with another tube through its centre, through which a current of water will pass with a velocity equal to the speed of the boat, and thus carry off the *caloric* very quick. I do not see how the engine, water in the boiler, and fly included, can weigh so little as a ton, and, say, a half. What will be the weight and diameter of the fly? Another important consideration—is it permitted to send such engines out of the country? the design is to America.

Fulton's letters and various experiments are interesting, were they merely taken as indicating how his mind was occupied with schemes till at length they resulted in his steam-vessel. This is the account of his diving boat, taken from the relation of citizen St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris:

"I have," says Monsieur St. Aubin, "just been to inspect the plan and section of a nautilus, or diving-boat, invented by Mr. Fulton, similar to that with which he lately made his curious and interesting experiment at Havre and Brest. The diving-boat, in the construction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men, and provision enough for twenty days, and will be of sufficient strength and power to enable him to plunge one hundred feet under water, if necessary. He has constructed a reservoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours. When the boat is above water, it has two sails, and looks just like a common boat. When she is to dive, the mast and sails are struck. In making his experiment at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water with three of his companions, but kept his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compass points as correctly under water as on the surface; and that, while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means constructed for that purpose."

The author of the Memoir says that Earl Stanhope, a scientific judge, entertained a formidable idea of the efficacy of the diving boat, and endeavoured, it would appear not without some effect, to impress upon the English government a sense of the importance that Mr. Fulton might be to the French. And this is added,—

It is evident that the art of navigating under water might convey an awful power into the hands of any one who possessed it; and consequently the British ministry did not think it unworthy of inquiry how far Mr. Fulton's pretension to success, in so formidable an art, was well founded or not. Mr. Cartwright, who was probably in full possession of Mr. Fulton's secret, and no less impressed than Earl Stanhope with the notion of its dangerous extent, was consulted in this inquiry. On the renewal of the war, Mr. Fulton's neutrality, at least, was considered worth the purchase; and Mr. Cartwright was appointed one of the arbitrators to settle the terms upon which Mr. Fulton consented to the suppression of his secret. The terms of the award were probably satisfactory to Mr. Fulton. He returned to America not long after the arrangement alluded to, and in the following summer (1807) he had the satisfaction of seeing accomplished his long-cherished and favourite project of launching a steam-boat in his native country.

Besides the Memoir, there is an appendix which contains the poems and several of the scientific papers of Dr. Cartwright, whose powers of mind are said to have retained their full strength, even when those of life were rapidly sinking. He was cheerful, too, to the last, dying rather of debility of body than by any painful stroke or experienced agony.

Art. XIV.

1. *Wyandotté, or the Hutted Knoll.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. Bentley.
2. *The President's Daughters: including Nina.* By Frederika Bremer. Longman.
3. *The Burgomaster of Berlin.* Translated from the German of W. Alexis. Saunders and Otley.
4. *The Scottish Heiress.* Newby.

It is far too late in the day to talk of Fennimore Cooper's qualities as a novelist and tale-teller. It is unnecessary to particularize his more successful creations, or the spheres where he is most at home and which he has made his own. Upon the mighty deep, among pirates or sailor-like adventurers, he is unrivalled. Fall in with him in company of the wild Indians and the untamed sons of his country, and he is not less a master of delineation and exciting incident. But seldom have we found him so calm, familiar, and domestic, as in the present story; yet rarely so attractive, picturesque, and truth-speaking. The pictures are often of an everyday nature; but they are neither bald nor trifling; for they teach while they invite, and have manifestly arisen from the author's feelings. We see that he loves his country, and is intensely alive not only to the fortunes of those wanderers that settle in it, but to its primeval features, as well as to the promise of fully developed resources.

The story of Wyandotté is laid about the period when the war of Independence broke out, and describes the fortunes of Captain Willoughby and his family, who have settled at the Knoll,—a "hillock that rose out of the pond, in the form of a rocky little island, one of those capricious formations that are often met with on the surface of the earth." It is minutely described, but without fatiguing you, for every sentence and touch brings out a point of the tempting scene. The spot is also chosen by the settler, partly as being easily defended against any hostile attempt which the Indians might meditate, being near the Susquehannah, and, at that period, on the outskirts of civilization. Our readers may guess from these hints that the fiction is one, not only of much domestic interest, but of exciting incident.

We go not into the story, but confine ourselves to a passage or two which picture the wilderness, its partially cleared breadths, the progress and hopes of a family, as they pioneer their way to their new home, and other experiences that gradually follow in a new country. And first take the journey of the Captain with his family to their future dwelling-place.

Mrs. Willoughby had often overcome, as she fancied, the difficulties of a wilderness in the company of her husband.—It is the fashion highly to extol Napoleon's passage of the Alps, simply in reference to the physical obstacles. There never was a brigade moved twenty-four hours into the American wilds, that had not greater embarrassments of this nature to overcome, unless in those cases in which favourable river navigation has offered its facilities. Still, time and necessity had made a sort of military way to all the more important frontier points occupied by the British garrisons, and the experience of Mrs. Willoughby had not hitherto been of the severe character of that she was now compelled to undergo.—The first fifty miles were passed over in a sleigh in a few hours, and with little or no personal fatigue. This brought the travellers to a Dutch inn on the Mohawk, where the captain had often made his halts, and whither he had, from time to time, sent his advanced parties in the course of the winter and spring. Here a jumper was found prepared to receive Mrs. Willoughby; and, the horse being led by the captain himself, a passage through the forest was effected as far as the head of the Ostego. The distance being about twelve miles, it required two days for its performance. As the settlements extended south from the Mohawk a few miles, the first night was passed in a log cabin on the extreme verge of civilization, if civilization it could be called; and the remaining eight miles were got over in the course of the succeeding day. This was more than would probably have been achieved in the virgin forest, and under the circumstances, had not so many of the captain's people passed over the same ground going and returning, thereby learning how to avoid the greatest difficulties of the route, and here and there constructing a rude bridge. They had also blazed the trees, shortening the road by pointing out its true direction.—At the head of the Ostego our adventurers were fairly in the wilderness. Huts had been built to receive the travellers;

and here the whole party assembled, in readiness to make a fresh start in company. It consisted of more than a dozen persons in all; the black domestics of the family being present, as well as several mechanics whom Captain Willoughby had employed to carry on his improvements. The men sent in advance had not been idle, any more than those left at the Hutted Knoll. They had built three or four skiffs, one small bateau, and a couple of canoes. These were all in the water, in waiting for the disappearance of the ice, which was now reduced to a mass of stalactites in form, greenish and sombre in hue as they floated in a body, but clear and bright when separated and exposed to the sun. The south winds had begun to prevail, and the shore was glittering with the fast-melting piles of the frozen fluid, though it would have been vain yet to have attempted a passage through it. —The Ostego is a sheet of water which we have taken more than one occasion to describe, and the picture it then presented amidst its frame of mountains will readily be imagined by most of our readers. In 1765, no sign of a settlement was visible on its shores, few of the grants of land in that vicinity extending back so far. Still the spot began to be known; and hunters had been in the habit of frequenting its bosom and its shores for the last twenty years or more. Not a vestige of their presence, however, was to be seen from the huts of the captain: but Mrs. Willoughby assured her husband, as she stood leaning on his arm the morning after her arrival, that never before had she gazed on so eloquent and yet so pleasing a picture of solitude as that which lay spread before her eyes—"There is something encouraging and soothing in this bland south wind, too," she addded, "which seems to promise that we shall meet with a beneficent nature in the spot to which we are going. The south airs of spring to me are always filled with promise."—"And justly, love; for they are the harbingers of a renewed vegetation. If the wnd increase, as I think it may, we shall see this chilling sheet of ice succeeded by the more cheerful view of water. It is in this way that all these lakes open their bosoms in April."

With no doubt the truest sentiment, the novelist declares that "there is a pleasure in diving into a virgin forest, and commencing the labours of civilization, that has no exact parallel in any other human occupation. That of building or of laying out grounds, has certainly some resemblance to it, but it is a resemblance so faint and distant as scarcely to liken the enjoyment each produces. The former approaches nearer to the feeling of creating."

Another passage figures livelily the forest converted into a cultured sylvan scene.

The forest is opened, and the light of day admitted, it is true; but its remains are still to be seen in multitudes of unsightly stumps, dead standing trees, and ill-looking stubs. These vestiges of the savage state usually remain a quarter of a century; in certain regions they are to be found for even more than twice that period. All this, however, had Captain Willoughby escaped, in consequence of limiting his clearing in a great measure, to that which had been made by the beavers; and from which time and natural decay had, long before his arrival, removed every ungainly object. It is true, here and there a few acres had been cleared on the firmer ground

at the margin of the flats, where barns and farm buildings had been built, and orchards planted; but in order to preserve the harmony of his view, the Captain had caused all the stumps to be pulled up and burnt, giving to these places the same air of agricultural finish as characterized the fields on the lower land. To this sylvan scene, at a moment which preceded the setting of the sun by a little more than an hour, and in the first week of the genial month of May, we must now bring the reader in fancy. The season had been early, and the Beaver Manor, or the part of it which was cultivated, lying low and sheltered, vegetation had advanced considerably beyond the point that is usual at that date in the elevated region of which we have been writing. The meadows were green with matted grasses, the wheat and rye resembled rich velvets, and the ploughed fields had the fresh and mellowed appearance of good husbandry and rich soil. The shrubbery, of which the Captain's English taste had introduced quantities, was already in leaf, and even portions of the forest began to veil their sombre mysteries with the delicate foliage of an American spring. The site of the ancient pond was a miracle of rustic beauty. Everything like inequality or imperfection had disappeared, the whole presenting a broad picturesquely-shaped basin, with outlines fashioned principally by Nature—an artist that rarely fails in effect. The flat was divided into fields by low post-and-rail fences, the Captain making it a law to banish all unruly animals from his estate. The barns and out-buildings were neatly made and judiciously placed, and the three or four roads or lanes that led to them crossed the lowland in such graceful curves as greatly to increase the beauty of the landscape. Here and there a log cabin was visible, nearly buried in the forest, with a few necessary and neat appliances around it: the homes of labourers who had long dwelt in them, and who seemed content to pass their lives in the same place. As most of these men had married and become fathers, the whole colony, including children, notwithstanding the Captain's policy not to settle, had grown to considerably more than a hundred souls, of whom three-and-twenty were able-bodied men. Among the latter were the millers; but their mills were buried in the ravine where they had been first placed, quite out of sight from the picture above, concealing all the unavoidable and ungainly-looking objects of a saw-mill yard.

These extracts may serve to show that Cooper has in the present novel added to his paintings of American scenery and life. It is not too much to say that the untravelled reader will find in this master's tales a truer picture, a more varied and expanded panorama of his almost limitless country, both in its savage and tamed conditions, than perhaps in any other series of volumes.

"The President's Daughters: including Nina," by Frederika Bremer, has won more of our admiration than any of the works by the same gifted foreigner, already opened up to us through Mrs. Howitt's translations. We will at once insure the most confident expectation, yea, the most absolute favour, by quoting three passages, entirely different in subject, but manifestly coming from one and the same affluent and deep-toned soul. The first discourses of Spring as it is

observed and felt by the truth-teaching author in and around Stockholm:—

It is spring in the north, and all the town-dwellers are bidden as guests to the rural festivity. Veronica and Stellaria embroider the splendid cloth which covers the festive table, the mid-day torch is lighted, the bird with its melodious sighs—"the wandering voice,"—and the lark with its joyous song calls out to the rich woods, to the sunny fields; they sing: "Come, come! Glorious is life in the country!" And the town-gates open, and an innumerable multitude stream out from the confined to the free. Here we see the family calèche with papa and mamma, and little sons and daughters placed amongst the bundles and packets; there the modest gig, with the father and mother, and the little one who sits squeezed between them; here the stately landau with the "Marshal of the Court," the Countess, and the parroquet—where are they all going? To the country—to the country! to estates, and country-houses, orangeries, conservatories, dairies, distilleries, etc. etc. etc. Who can count all the bobbing chaises which carry hungry men ready for dinner out to the inns in the fields? What healths there to the memory of Bellman! Let us see the foot passengers who wander out of the gates of Stockholm to enjoy life in the beautiful scenery around. Here we have a respectable family of artizans, who go to spread their cloth on the green plots of the Djurgarden; here a couple of lovers who go to pick forget-me-nots, and to write their names on the leg of a statue in the park near Drottningholm. See that elegant family party! ladies with parasols, and gentlemen in frock coats, standing with bunches of lilac in their hands round the great urn at Rosendal, peeping and wondering if the royal family will appear! If you wish to see more finished or more witty sketches, seek for them in Count Hjalmar Mörner; but yet a few more hasty contours of the friendly scenes of spring. Young girls dance with light feet out in the fields, forget all the vanity and show with which town-life had infected them, and flowers amongst flowers, they become simple, beautiful, and faultless as they; they form friendships, they bind wreaths, they praise God, and are happy. Young men swarm out among the woods, the winds, and the waters—the strength, which is streaming through nature, enhances the life in their bosoms; they think the whole world is theirs, every rosy tint of morning, every golden evening cloud, writes for them a promise of victories and glories. And the aged—they go out, supported by the arm of a son, oftener by that of an affectionate daughter, oftener yet perhaps by a crutch; they go out to warm themselves in the sun, to sit on a bench, and hear the song of birds, and breathe in the fresh air, to rejoice themselves in the sun; the more fortunate amongst them to rejoice themselves in their grandchildren's joy. And the children, the children! O ye little soft, beautiful, innocent beings, favourites of God and men, the spring seems shaped for you, and ye for the spring; when I see you amongst the flowers, with bright butterflies dancing around you, I wonder what the higher world can yet have lovelier.

Here followeth a philosophic and perfect picture-telling classification of woman:—

Some amongst us there are to whom life has been a rough soil; they go through it without being loved, and what is worse, without being able sin-

merely to love any one. The frostiness of the air around them chills the warmth in their breasts; they become bitter and hard; and as they can produce no flowers, they turn themselves into rods. They cannot leave virtue and beauty at peace, and they quarrel with beauty and weakness. Let us hope that by the light of a more friendly sun, the tree of their life shall put forth new buds, and that they shall receive and give forth gladness. Others there are, and they are many, whom nature has liberally provided for; they are good and amiable: they love virtue; but the world and temptation, unwise counsellors, and their own hearts' weakness, make them fall. The best heart becomes soiled by unworthy desires and low pleasures. Fallen angels! many are there among them who weep bitter tears over the grave of their own innocence, and these may one day arise in renewed virtue. Others there are who overlay its loss with flowers and mirth; over these weep the angels of heaven. Many others are there also whom nature and fortune made for temptation, but friendly stars have kept watch over them Their hearts were early attached by a pure love, and a protecting home closed around them like a Midsummer's bower. Their joys and their sorrows are alike innocent, and all their intercourse with their fellow creatures is peaceful. No one hates them, and, what is more tranquillizing, no one loves them more or differently to what the Gospel permits. They live loved and honoured, and general opinion calls them patterns and examples. But these quietly happy ones, these untried ones, how often do they pass heavy judgments on those who, in an atmosphere different to their own, have frozen their hearts, or scorched their wings. They fancy that they have a right to despise them; and yet it is possible, after all, that they are in no way superior to them, except in being happier. Others also are there, thank God:—and my heart warms in thinking that I know and love such—who, neither step-children nor favourites of nature and fortune, tempted or not tempted by life, resemble each other nevertheless in this, that they never let anything dim the celestial mirror in their souls. Pure themselves, and hating all evil, yet they pity and pardon those who sin. A heaven of pure compassion lies in their glance, and through it only does the guilty one read his judgment. Good, true, wise, patient, affectionate, they do not permit themselves to be disturbed by human weakness or severity: they go tranquilly on their way; they have a light within them that guides them, and that warmly, beneficently beams around them. They understand how to compassionate those sorrows they have themselves never felt; and when they suffer, they can yet smile joyfully on others. Like the bird of paradise, they hover onwards over the earth, without disfiguring their wings with its dust, and by their loveliness they entice others to follow on their heavenward flight. And now back again——well! but I had nearly forgotten the fifth and most populous class of woman, and thus, with them, nearly shut myself out of the creation. I do not know how better to designate them than as "the harmless." We, its members, are as numerous as the potatoe, and come, like it, all over the world. We are the world's household fare, and the world would go on badly without us. We fill the room, and yet deprive nobody of a place; we neutralize the warring elements of life, which without us would destroy one another. We are produced by the *juste milieu*, and this our element we seek to diffuse over the world. We call exultation folly, and

Sappho a mad-woman. We go to church and the opera, and don't wish to be much noticed. We take from life exactly what life will give us, and are contented; we put our houses in order, salt our meet according to established rule; speak moderately good or ill of our neighbour, think only as much as is necessary, and beat down the price of everything that is much praised or greatly in demand—in one word we are what are called "equal people," and keep the world in equipoise. We sing best this good song—

Trallala, trallala, tralla, trall;
Trallala, trallala, trallom!

How does the reader begin to think by this time of the searching power and earnest genius of Miss Bremer? But your delight has not yet reached its climax; we must usher you into the presence of several of the individualized characters, and quote a few of the colloquies which crowd the volumes ere you can bestow the due liking and praise upon the Swedish novelist. Here, for example, is Angelica, a young artist, whose enthusiasm could only be felt by a soul warmed by genius,—who could only be conceived and pourtrayed by genius. Genius is the subject of the fancied girl's rhapsody:—

"Who is the happy, the great, the enviable, on earth? Is it not he who gives to human nature that enlightened beauty which he drew from its breast; who, borne upward by his genius, ascends to heaven to fetch thence fire with which he will kindle the nations? A human life—a little human life—a life of a few years—and to live in this for an immortality—to breathe fire into the hearts of millions of human beings—a human life—so little and yet so vast! How wonderful! How glorious! How sweet the lot to live for a world and to die for the immortally beautiful on earth! O that it might be mine!" Tears of ardent longing streamed down the now glowing cheeks of Angelica. "Is it for renown?" asked Count Alarik, with a searching glance. "And would this renown make you happier, Angelica?" inquired the elderly lady with the gentle countenance; "would it here make you more beloved by your friends? would you actually, with all this striving, for millions, make one human being happier? O Angelica! is there, indeed a nobler lot on earth, a lot which is more worthy to be striven after by a woman's heart, than that of being the whole and entire happiness of one being?" Angelica looked first at one and then at the other of the speakers; a cloud dimmed her brow, but it quickly passed, and she said to Count Alarik, "No, not for the sake of renown. If I should ever succeed in producing a masterpiece, and time, or the hand of an enemy should efface my name from the picture, I would not complain if the work of my hand and of my spirit lived only for mankind." To the elderly lady she said, with a low voice and a look of humility, "I do not know whether I should be happy; I only know one thing, that I must obey the voice which requires from me that I should strive after the immortal in art. God must dispose my fate as He sees best!" And have you weighed, asked Count Alarik, advancing towards her, "all the difficulties of your path? General opinion, poverty, your sex, which prevents the acquisition of a grounded knowledge—all, all will retard your steps. Listen to wiser counsel, Angelica. Direct yourself

according to the taste and the circumstances of the times. Do not strive to attain to the ideal; paint portraits, little scenes out of every-day life, and you will become rich, will live tranquil, loved, and esteemed." "I can endure hunger," said Angelica calmly and fixedly; "and the censure of the world I do not hear; it would be overpowered by a mightier voice within my own breast. Striving after the highest only will I live!" "And if you should fail? if you should be deceived in your own powers?" "Then may God be merciful to me, and let me die!" "And wherefore this ambition? A less degree of perfection also gives joy, and the good and the beautiful live also in the humbler spheres of life; and there are they more accessible." "The highest! the highest! exclaimed Angelica; "I will live and die striving after the highest!" "You have the true artist-soul," said Count Alarik.

Would you not suppose that Angelica is the heroine of the novel? Yet there are many such in it, that is to say, in respect of picturing and sentiment, though all are different, and apparently with a lavishness of diversity only to be measured by the varieties of nature. Nay, the young artist is by no means the most interesting of the portraitures, nor the most carefully and anxiously finished. Several others surpass her in the reader's admiration. She is only introduced at an early period of the story, and dies young at Rome, but not until she has given to mankind one work which fulfils the aspiration, "to live for a world and to die for the immortality beautiful on earth!"

Miss Bremer's novels are unlike any class of fiction familiar to the English reader,—we believe them to have no model anywhere,—they are *sui generis*. In fact, according to our notions of construction, she is the most unskilful. She seems never to have paid the slightest attention to what are generally denominated the rules of art. Neither her characters nor incidents are grouped and subordinated upon any preconceived and compact plan that one can discover. And her descriptions, dialogues, philosophy, and sentimentalism, come in when perhaps least expected, and without at first sight appearing to forward any purpose or conduce to any rising and harmonious interest.

But yet there is a profound interest created by this original writer, a real purpose served and completed, ay, and fine moral lessons continually taught. First of all, every part, though not joined to other parts according to the usual methods, is done well, is given with powerful and simple truthfulness, and with a profound knowledge of human nature. There is not the remotest sign of effort to present monstrocities of any kind,—neither of vice nor of virtue. There are no impossibilities—not even an improbability in the case. Then, her characters are almost endless in number, being infinitely varied; and each is completed to your perfect understanding; for Miss Bremer's observation is universal as well as deep, and her sympathies

not less so. Again, her portraits and passages constantly exhibit to you domestic life; she is the first of moralists for the fire-side,—preaching no impossible things, and never repelling you with over-goodness, yet never failing to humanize and to impress the sense of having been bettered by her, and often newly-informed by what she has exhibited. Most singular is this writer's power of presenting and giving flesh and blood to characters that one has never met with before, at the same time leaving you not the possibility of doubting their existence, or that they spoke and acted just in the manner shown. But lastly, this lady's earnestness is unceasing and perfectly unconstrained. She throws her entire soul and self into whatever she is about; and this honesty and good faith, combined with truthfulness of delineation, not merely fully satisfies you with each part, but makes up a whole that has more beauty and influence in it, than what can be brought out by mere constructive skill or cunningly contrived plot; for you have the unity of design and the fulfilment of the purpose arising from the writer's own oneness, beautiful earnestness, and ceaseless power of interesting you in her sentiment, combined with a never-failing vividness and fidelity of portraiture, down to the minutest details.

It is also worthy of remark that the details are always minute, and that such is the accuracy of observation and intensity of sympathy, that the seemingly most careless touch brings out a point, and guides to an inward emotion. Above all, the reader will appreciate the sphere in which Miss Bremer works, the code she most successfully expounds, and the classes of characters she vivifies. The domestic circle, and the practical wisdom that may there be most invitingly cultivated; womanly purity; Christian gentleness and resignation; a mellow life to which the intellect, the will, and the affections all harmoniously minister,—constitute the philosophy, the sentiment, and the examples that she constantly sets before you. In a word, all her pictures and lessons go to inculcate and recommend a calm cheerfulness, a rational contentedness, a well-founded and soundly fortified blithesomeness. And hence it is, seeing that her power of realising to the imagination whatever she fixes upon is so ample that we must pronounce her a great moral teacher, by means of the most attractive medium.

Miss Bremer appears to us to have a great mission to perform for her country, singularly depraved as its statistics prove it to be, and lax to an extraordinary degree as respects many of its social relations. It is impossible not to be persuaded that in the great popularity of her works throughout Sweden, there is promise and a hopeful omen.

How gladly would the English reader accept at Mrs. Howitt's hand a few biographical particulars relative to Frederika Bremer. We have heard that she was born to affluence, but has been severely

tried and greatly reduced even at an early period of her life. Necessity, it may be presumed from this statement, has prompted her genius; while her position, both in prosperity and adversity, will naturally have brought under her more immediate observation the classes of society and the scenes of domesticity which she constantly delineates with such surpassing fidelity and animation. She is said to reside chiefly at Stockholm. It is pleasant to receive even the little concerning her to be learned in the fact, that Mrs. Howitt's translations have met with her approbation.

The present volumes contain two tales, giving us, like a chronicle, a succession of events, but the whole, although divided as mentioned, relating to one family. "The President's Daughters" occupies only the first volume. "Nina," the youngest of the family, gives the title to the other two. As already intimated, there is little of plot, while the characters and situations are multitudinous; the strongest and widest contrasts marking many of them, almost with wantonness and diversity.

The President is a widower, with four daughters; and it is on the characters, fortunes, and fates of these that the entire story turns. We shall introduce our readers to the family, the narrator being the governess to whom the motherless offspring are consigned.

The first was a tall, thin figure, with a remarkably plain countenance, and stiff and unpleasing demeanour. She curtseyed coldly and reservedly, and was presented by her father as "Edla." "Adelaide" was then named, and a young, lovely creature approached me, and beaming with smiles, blushingly embraced me. I thought I had never seen anything more bewitching.

"Chickens! chickens! my little chickens, Nina and Mina!" now exclaimed the President, and lifted in his arms two of the sweetest little beings in the world. Light-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-lipped, delicately-formed were they; and so like each other, that in the beginning I could not possibly distinguish them. I was enchanted with these lovely little children, and desired nothing more than to make acquaintance with them. The President did all that he could to bring this about, but they clung gravely and shyly to their sisters, till I hit upon making certain long-legged, stiff-armed figures, which I cut out of cards, mediators between us. At sight of these the little ones began as it were to thaw, and presently I was covered with their carts, their dolls, and their castles, as well as being informed, in confidence, that they thought my nose very large.

In the meantime I paid attention to the President, who was conversing with his two elder daughters. Adelaide related to her father the events of the day—the dinner company and the dishes. Edla added a remark or two, and even sometimes upon her sister's words. The President marvelled much at the mixture of "chicken and cauliflower." For my part, I could not take my eyes from Adelaide; she struck me as indescribably beautiful and pleasing. Her countenance was more round than oval; the forehead high and finely arched; the nose small and exquisitely formed, whilst a pair of large dark blue eyes beamed with joy and good-heartedness, and the roses of health

tinged both her lips and her cheeks. Her smile, nay, her whole manner, was such as we ascribe to a cherub. She was of middle height; her figure finely moulded and her carriage noble; her neck, her arms and hands, dazzling white and of the most perfect form. Her head, which was adorned with rich chesnut-brown hair, she carried a little thrown back, which gave her an appearance of haughtiness, nay, almost of arrogance; nor was this contradicted by her manner, however softened that might be by an expression of sincere sweetness and good-will. Beside this brilliant figure her sister showed like a shadow, and I suspected that it was her own sense of this which made her so gloomy.

The President's daughters are the foundation out of which the subsequent incidents, situations, and exhibitions have their rise, all being disposed and arranged so as to enable this most earnest writer to set before the reader, with her wonderful realizing power, the effects of different circumstances and influences on human character. Edla is plain, reserved, and gloomy, being treated by the conventional President as a stepdaughter. The beautiful, devoted, joyous, but self-willed Adelaide is his favourite, without being conscious of or intending injustice to the neglected one, whose moroseness gathers strength, leading to the father's harsher rejection. Let us approach the sequel, when aversion and distrust reach the climax. It is almost an awful scene, and only to be adventured upon by a writer with the power and knowledge of Miss Bremer. The company are in the drawing-room, and Adelaide has just finished a song about "Home:"—

"A home!" said Count W. softly, as he crossed his arms on his breast and bowed his head!—"a home, with a beloved wife—it is in truth a heaven."

"Yes," said the President, "and with an amiable daughter, who in everything seeks to please her father, and provides so tenderly for his comfort and enjoyment."

The tone in which this was said, and the sharp glance he cast upon Edla, caused all eyes to turn upon her. She coloured violently. I am certain that the President immediately repented his hasty and unfriendly words; but what was said, was said, and Edla's embittered feelings rose hastily to a degree which I should have thought with her to be impossible. She turned to Count Alarik and said:

"You have compared home to a heaven, do you know what else it may resemble?"

He looked questioningly upon her, and she continued:—"A house of correction."

I shuddered at these bitter words. The President started so that the tea was shaken out of his cup. Count Alarik regarded Edla seriously and reproachfully.

Edla continued with violent excitement: "There is an overseer, and there are prisoners. The former assigns work for the latter, and when they neglect it, he punishes them. He exacts the fulfilment of duties, but gives neither the tenderness nor the joy which makes duty light. But why complain

of it?" she added, casting up a glance full of anger and despair, "the lesser life is but a counterpart of the higher, and home is an image of the world's order."

"Miss Edla!" said Count Alarik warningly.

The President was violently affected, but restrained himself, and turning to Count Alarik, said with a specious calmness—"Is it not wonderful, my dear Count, that man so often embitters his own days, and then complains impatiently at the suffering he has himself caused? My late wife———" (the President became moved, as he almost always did when he named her); "poor Frederica made me the happiest of husbands; if she had lived she would likewise have made me a happy father, for she would have taught her daughters that mildness and concession which alone can gain love; she would have taught them to deserve a father's tenderness, who desired nothing better than to see all his children happy around him, and to clasp them to his bosom."

The President was moved, and evidently ready for reconciliation. Not so Edla; the long pent-up poison of bitterness was boiling up in her.

"Love alone," she said, "wins return of love. That father who gave his child life and did not give it tenderness, and does not give it joy, has no right to make any claims."

"No right?" said the President with warmth, and too excited to be able to weigh his words. "No right! But you! you can never be wrong, you must always be right. But if I have no right to claim from you some compliance and obedience, I have at least a right to free myself and my house from discomfort and disquiet. For the last three years you have not given me one single joyful day; you have yourself evidently shown that you despise your father's counsel, and dislike his house; if in future this does not become other than it has been heretofore, then it is best that—that we part!"

"It will then be my affair," said Edla coldly and growing pale, "to give place. I shall soon no longer give discomfort or disquiet to any one."

She arose, laid aside her work, and was about to go. Count Alarik seized her arm. "Child!" said he softly, "no precipitance! Miss Edla, you are wrong; bethink yourself!"

She stopped and looked wildly at him. "What shall I do?" she asked.

"You have been wrong. Confess it. Beg your father's forgiveness."

"No!" said she violently, as she sought to disengage her arm; but Count Alarik held it fast, and conducting her aside, spoke earnestly to her in a low voice.

Edla falls ill, the new cause of suffering and a protracted sickness leading her to new reflection. She changes her resolves; and now the real strength and the beauty of her character begin to develop themselves. She becomes a heroine over herself, mastering the feeling of her wrongs. The struggle is stern and sore; but at length the victory is complete, although the father's dislike and coldness have grown upon him, the revolution in his daughter's character being still a secret. Adelaido's marriage, however, and a number of touch-

ing and trying circumstances, afford occasion for bringing about a mutual understanding; and, noble as well as beautiful is the conception, Edla lives to reign in the heart of her parent. There is might and grandeur in all this, the execution being worthy of the deeply instructive idea. But the once melancholy girl's character is not seen in the fulness of its sublimity till we go through the story of Nina, who survives her twin-sister Mina, a fragile creature, born to love and be beloved, but is finally sacrificed. To this meek and mild maiden Edla takes the place of a mother, educating, nurturing, and striving to strengthen the delicate flower. We must not, however, go into this story, nor occupy much more of our space with the Swedish novel. Our readers must indeed by this time be satisfied that it abounds with wisdom, with lifelike portraits, with deep as well as pure sentiment, and with a philosophy suited for this world, and for preparing for another. We close with a scene, going back to Adelaide and her betrothed. Both characters are brought out in the course of the conversation. It is unnecessary to characterize the points, or to pronounce upon the writer's handling. We only say, it is but one out of multitudes of scenes that are as full of spirit and of instruction, given with equal eloquence and sincerity.

When these amiable women were gone, Count Alarik said: "The impression made by personal beauty, is generally acknowledged; I am the last who would wish to deny the beneficent influence of beauty on the mind, its bewitching power on the heart. But what works equally with this, and deeper and more beneficially, are the qualities we have just had an opportunity of admiring in Mrs. L. and her daughters. That fine proportion in the development of the powers of the soul, that clear understanding, that precision and order in the expression and delivery of opinions which instantly make them comprehensible and clear, these make on me an impression, equal to that of beauty; this colouring of the soul, it is true, reveals itself slower, but at the same time it is not so perishable as that of the body." And so saying, he looked at Alelaide, whose beautiful under-lip pouted pettishly. "To be very beautiful is a temptation," continued Count Alarik. "One is so easily led in youth to think that in one's appearance one possesses a treasure, rich enough to give happiness to a whole life. The world moves so joyfully, so pleasantly for the young beauty, so that it is difficult for her to seize the seriousness of life." "And why this seriousness, why must it be so important to seize it?" asked Adelaide. "Because a human being is called to something more than being merely a flower or a butterfly; as such, it is possible to please, to charm, to call forth approbation; but never esteem nor true love." Adelaide looked oppressed, and tears rose to her eyes. "Life is so pleasant!" said she. "God has given us joy and life; why shall we not enjoy his gifts? Ah, let us, let us be joyful!" "Life has higher and weightier interests," said Count Alarik with deeper earnestness, "and which but ill agree with a thoughtless enjoyment of its passing pleasures." "There are," said Countess Augusta, "weighty and important duties to be performed; man must not live for himself alone———" "What do you

mean, then," asked Adelaide earnestly, half anxious, half laughing "with your importance and your duties? Is it something out of the Roman history that one must resemble, to be a human being?" * * Count Alarik looked at her with an extraordinary emotion. She stretched her hand to him with the most engaging charm, and said: "Let me be glad in life and in death! God is good; he intends good to us all in joy as in sorrow; why should we not be glad? Let me not see this gloomy seriousness!" Count Alarik did not answer; he pressed the snow white hand to his lips, followed Adelaide with his eyes during the whole evening, but remained silent and thoughtful. Adelaide was grave for a moment, but soon returned to her usual liveliness, and laughed, sung, and played with the little ones.

"The Burgomaster of Berlin" is another well translated foreigner; having in subject and purpose an affinity to the historical novels by our own Wizard of the North, so that some people are pleased to dub W. Alexis, the Walter Scott of Germany. The likeness, however, nearly ends where we have marked it. There is little resemblance in the composition, for the author of the Burgomaster of Berlin is a faithful detailer of particulars rather than a picturesque artist; so that in his descriptions, instead of vivifying whatever he touches by a rapid and felicitous seizure of significant points, and giving to them the colouring that sheds such light as to enable you to perceive all the accessories without having seen them literally noticed, you have a lengthened, and, no doubt, a very accurate enumeration, which, however, necessarily wants the charm and the force of the free and dexterous sketch. It also appears to us, that the German ranks at a considerable distance in the rear of the Scotchman, as regards the taste, or perhaps more properly the good sense, exhibited in the choice of particular scenes and traits intended to illustrate a character, a class, or a phase of society; just as in the manner of handling. He is more vulgar as well as minute; he is not so gentlemanly in his treatment, at the same time that he is not so virtually true and lightsome. Again, the structure of the novel does not give such a direct tale, or one which at the close shows you that the characters, scenes, and incidents introduced have had each its share either in leading to the denouement or adding to the full harmony of subordinate parts. The reasons in the present work for every adoption are not so obvious, and therefore not so natural, as in many instances of fictions familiar to the English reader.

Supposing, however, that our general view is hitherto correct, when comparing the historical romances of the two countries, it can hardly require to be stated, that the standard of taste, the models followed, are not the same in Germany which obtain among ourselves; and perhaps a better illustration of the difference both as to the structure of a fiction filling three volumes, and the style of composition, need not be sought for, than in the case when Alexis and Scott are named. Certain it is that the German leaves upon the

mind a very complete and instructive impression of what he wishes to convey. There is great force in many parts, much variety of real matter both for the exercise of the intellect and the awakening of the feelings; and he appears a perfect master of all that gave character and costume to the age in which he has cast himself. We should suppose him to be an ardent and painstaking antiquarian: and his Burgomaster of Berlin may easily be conceived by our readers to have as strong a hold on the admiration of the author's countrymen, as the Maid of Perth, or any of the Waverly novels has in the estimation of the British born.

The period of the present work is that of the fifteenth century, when the great Germanic family had not only been broken into many distinct and fixed orders, but when these orders had begun to re-adjust their positions, and give a new shape to civilization, and other directions to its channels. This important change and development were unconsciously accomplished by means of the free towns, and the fortunes to which these were subjected; sometimes in conflicts with the nobles and barons, against the princes; and sometimes on the side of the princes, in order to curb and to humble the nobles. Of course, in accordance with the title of the work, it is the burgher population, and its various divisions, so strictly maintained at the period, that mainly engages the author. Still, he is very discursive, filling his canvass with many groups and numerous scenes, and taking his subjects from every order and department, giving you prejudices, superstitions, and accepted customs with strong effect. Witchcraft, for example, was one of the bugbears of the age, and a charge of the nature gives rise to the following narration:—

"I know this place well, and can tell you something of old times. Do you hear nothing down below, under? When it is quite still, on a summer's night, when the grass is asleep, and the stars have closed their eyes, then you may hear a knocking and sighing: that is my mother. I was only a little child when they killed my mother. The people said she had red eyes, and did the cattle harm. At every door, when she knocked, they set the dogs at her. She was forced to sleep in the heath, or in the hedges, like a cat. They got sight of my mother once, as the bells of St. Nicholas were ringing, and the tapers burning on the altar, and the priests kneeling before it in velvet and gold. She had a mind to go in like the others, and to taste of the body of the Lord with the others. The burghers and the people murmured. 'What does that beggar-woman want?' and they ramped and cried, 'She is a Vandal witch.' So the priest was angry, and bade her go forth; for the Burgomaster and the Senators, with their wives and children, were there to take the sacrament, all brushed and combed, in fur and velvet and fine lace; and it was not right of my mother to go into the church, for she had only rags on her body, and her skin was yellow, and she was unwashen. But she crept in again into a dark corner, close behind a pillar, and no one saw her. It came into my mother's head, 'I am a Christian too, and baptized as they are;' and when the people were all gone, and the

priests, too, and the doors shut, she crept forward, and stole a wafer out of the casket,—only for herself, by all the saints, only for herself alone. She did not want to sell it to the godless Jews, that they might cut it and burn it. It was not right of my mother. The wafers burn in a person's body when not given by a priest's hand. It was found out, and she was taken and thrown into a dungeon; and then they made her confess that the wafer burnt in her body, for they would have it so. The Judges and Senators sat on the Long Bridge in judgment, and broke the white staff over her. It cost them much dispute: they could not agree whether she should be burnt. To be sure she should have been burnt, but then the host would have been burnt in her body; so they brought her here before the Spandow door. Then they dug a hole before her eyes, and when it was as deep as a man's height or more, they pushed my mother into it; and the beadle held me by the hand, that I might see it, and take warning, as they said. My mother shrieked, and I cried, for I was a child, and did not know what it was to steal wafers; and then they threw the earth in upon her, and she shrieked and wrung her hands, and begged. It would have moved the heart of a stone. I also cried out, and said it would hurt my mother—they should not throw any more earth upon her: but they said, I had only to wait, she would soon cease crying; and then she begged so piteously, only for one thing, that they would give her her child that she might kiss it once more. They let it be so; I feel the kiss yet. She could not press me to her; her arms were fast already. And then, and then, they stamped with their feet upon the loose earth, that my mother might not get out again and steal wafers. Do you think the earth did not press on my mother? They all said it had happened right to her. The Senators said she had experienced mercy, for according to the old statutes a woman might be buried alive for only stealing a coat out of a box, and she had stolen the body of the Lord itself out of God's house; and all cried, Amen!"

This is a dangerous subject, and yet Alexis by his skill and good sense has mastered it without harrowing the feelings.

With regard to the plot and current of the story we shall only indicate this much, that Kur-prince, the Markgraf Frederick, endeavours to bring under his sovereign dominion the independent power both of nobles and burghers; that Johannes Rathenow is the burgomaster, a patrician of a sturdy old school, a man of forms and convention, but honourable as brave. Elizabeth, his daughter, is intended for the son of a citizen patrician of Koeln, a suburb-town, in order to unite the heads of the two burghs; but her affections take quite a different turn and in favour of Henning Mollner, the son of a mere burgess, who has been brought up by the burgomaster. Many events and changes of fortune take place. Henning has a hand in admitting the Markgraf into the town, and is banished, when he enters the service of the emperor against the Turks, earning distinction and nobility. He returns, and we have nothing more to reveal, but a part of a dialogue which occurs between him and a younker baron, after a hunting passage.

The conversation continued about the carrying on of war, and how that, on the whole, it was now far otherwise than it was when the nobles and the towns had been at variance before. "War, carried on with fire-arms," said the stranger, "is sure to prove what a man is really worth. The little man can outdo the tall man, and himself become great. It does not matter whether a man be taller and stronger than another, but whether he be cleverer and more able to seize and profit by opportunities."

"Whether he be of good blood," put in the Baron.

"All are of good blood in war who understand the best how to cripple an enemy."

"But the nobles are the only ones who know that, because their fathers and fathers' fathers were born to be knights."

The stranger laughed: "There have men become generals, sir, who, if they looked for their ancestors' pedigree, would find it in the beggar's wallet."

"No one can have any respect for a low-born man."

"They get it, notwithstanding. No one could command without having gained that. At present there are many in the Imperial army who lead on to the foe, and would be followed through the fire by their people, who were yet only burgess-born. To be sure, the old families do not much like it; but the Emperor, who will have his way, is determined to have good officers."

"Anything is right and good against the Turks," murmured the Baron; "and in the Litany, plague and poverty go side by side. I have heard," he continued, after a pause, "of generals like those in the times of the Bavarians. There was one, I think, called Schweppermann. I cannot understand how a Ritter can serve under a man who is not one. They who wear the spurs have the rule.

"Well, but the Emperor gives them spurs."

"A burgess' son? Impossible!"

"Makes him kneel before him, and dubs him knight. Then he gives him a coat-of-arms, and creates him a nobleman."

"How! by the three holy Kings! can a man make a nobleman out of one who is not a nobleman? Can one make a cat into a dog? or, if you thresh rye, does wheat come out?"

"The Emperor does it."

"The Emperor!" grumbled the younker; "The Emperor is the Emperor, and not a wizard! Could he make me into a tanner or a weaver?"

"I cannot tell, noble sir."

"The world is getting queerer and queerer. To hear tell of such things as that! But I should just like to see a nobleman of the Emperor's making —one who was not so before."

"Then look at me, and here you see one!"—and the stranger laughed out: "I am one of the Emperor's make; for, before that, I was the son of a Berlin burgess!"

The poor Baron was so disconcerted at this, that he could not reply, but stared as if he had seen a spirit: indeed, he had almost made the sign of the cross. But the guest seemed to be in a merrier mood than ever; and told him not to be alarmed, for the burgess blood which he had possessed formerly

had been all spilt in the war with the Turks, and as for his skin it had been all cut away by their scimitars, and the Berlin people would never know him again, inasmuch as he went away with a white skin but was returning with a brown one. The Baron had, however, nothing to say; and he looked like a man palsied, he rode so still and timidly alongside his guest; and the more embarrassed he appeared, the more improbable to him were the recitals of his companion, of his dining with the Emperor, of how the Emperor drank to him, of how the Princesses and their ladies wove garlands for him, and danced with him.

The younker did not know at all what to think, and it seemed better to him not to think at all.

"The Scottish Heiress:"—Gang hame—kith an' kin—bluid is thicker than water, &c. &c. We confess to the liking. The Burgomaster is good; the President's Daughters better; but give us a smack of the old homely vintage, for our heart's warmth and goings back to endearments are thereto.

"The Scottish Heiress" is a legitimate offspring,—the best we have had from the soil of the *far North* since Scott's latest, yea, and surpassing the latest. We say Scottish soil; for we cannot for a moment doubt of the author's parentage, albeit he must be familiar with other provinces and lands. Perchance he treads the boards of Westminster Hall. But this is a guess, and neither here nor there.

"The Scottish Heiress" is excellent; but the author has that within him that might do better. Then the prefix of *super* will be his. The writing is first-rate, and the thinking its natural progenitor. Both are healthy; only in the latter, be a *leetle* more original, in regard to incident and scene, character and situation.

To particularize for a moment: nothing can be more manly than the style. Take our only two examples, these being capable of standing by themselves without preface and without comment of any sort. We observe that they have been cited by contemporaries; but they are worthy of redundant quotation, as indeed hundreds of paragraphs in the volumes. However, we give these partly to gratify our hint about originality; for although the author serveth up that which has oft been set before us, he doth it in his own independent manner, which is singularly correct, clear, and forcible. The first example talketh about a personage that is constantly spoken of, but never more fitly and nicely than by the author of the Scottish Heiress. A *gentleman* is the theme.

Sir Grenville was certainly what is usually called a very fine young man. He was versed in all the accomplishments of a gentleman; had respectable talents and a good heart. He had led a gay life, but it had rather given a polish to his manners than a depravity to his character: he was one of those men who sin and are sorry for it, and whose very excesses are guarded by certain checks, which always prevent them from becoming great. His character was peculiar—to hazard a seeming paradox—from its very

absence of distinctive marks. He had no besetting vice, and he had no particular excellence; he was cool and clear-headed, yet did not want spirit; he had fallen in love with Helen Ruthven, and yet he could consider the rental of her estate. He did not want wit, yet never said anything out of place; he did not want animation, yet never was exceedingly animated; was ready in an apt reply, yet seldom said anything striking; would talk fitly on all subjects, well on most, but on none with enthusiasm. He was never out of countenance, and seldom out of his depth; could speak with equal correctness of an opera or a view-hollo, of a Latin author or a game at chess. He rode, shot, and hunted well; yet the country gentlemen, when they spoke of a field, always mentioned his name in conjunction with others—it was Sir Grenville Rollo and somebody else, or somebody else and Sir Grenville Rollo.

On *magazine writing* never was anything said with more truth and feeling than our next sample furnisheth. It is offering no insult to the author to say, that he seems to speak from experience. He at least speaks in perfect accordance with our own heart-sickenings.

Writing for magazines may be a profitable thing for established authors, it may be gratifying to young ladies and gentlemen who have no other way of distinguishing themselves; but to those who look to it for their daily bread, there is no labour more heart-sickening and depressing—It cuts the mind up into shreds and patches; gives a superficial turn to thought, by a constant fear of appearing heavy; cramps wit and humour, or confines them to that school which is most likely to find favour in the sight of some particular coterie or editor; forms a style which if good for magazines is seldom good for anything else; destroys that enthusiasm of genius wherein lies the secret of its, power, and reduces writing, even in an author's, eyes, to a hireling art—a mere mechanical manufacture of commodities for a market. The writer, indeed, whose reputation is established, and whose aspirations lead him to higher walks than a few days' flash of a cleverly-written article, may employ the pages of a periodical advantageously to himself, and generally agreeable to those who peruse them; he writes at his ease, he knows his power, and gives his pen the rein; his paper is read with pleasure, for the same cause that the slightest stroke of wit from him who is careless or confident of its effect, is often better received than the most sparkling thought of him who was diffident as he uttered it: but to those whose names and talents are unknown, whose papers are perhaps not examined at all by the busy editor, or if they should be, are perused by him with a pre-disposition to consider them but as a portion of the piles of anonymous dulness with which he is harrassed and overwhelmed—or even when the young author is fortunate enough, by a catching title or striking introduction, to remove this feeling, and get his contribution perused and inserted—the crowd of authors, known and approved, who surround every periodical, the favouritism, (for in all clashing interests there ever has and ever will be favouritism) the keeping back of accepted articles, the long "consideration" of this, and a whole host of similar obstacles, delays, and annoyances, make such a life to all men a profitless and jaded one, but to the man of genius not only one of penury but of prostitution.

There is a good deal of life exhibited in the novel; and abundance of romantic interest has been infused. Variety and generally a good conception of character distinguish the work. But we are not quite sure that the collocations and collisions are always natural. The conduct of parties, the turn of affairs, does not uniformly seem to be the probable shape into which the *personæ dramatis* would throw themselves. But with all deductions, and some of them such as would never be suggested except in the work, which puts you upon a high footing for comparison and criticism, viz.—the performance itself as a whole, its requirements and capabilities, the Scottish Heiress ought to become a standard circulating-library book, and a member of every future well-selected classification and unique edition of fictions that may appear in our language.

We had thought,—ungrateful and unsatisfying task,—of outlining the story. But the labour we abandon, excepting in so far as to say that Kenneth Clyne (by the way a happy christening) is the hero, a poor, but high-spirited, adventurous, and enthusiastic Highlander. He takes not, however, to either of the *services*, but to a *profession* —the law, like many of Scotland's sons of highest soul and fortune-making. His destinies carry him to London, and to sundry of the shifts of the needy and the tempted. Helen Ruthven is the heroine, and the lady of estate, subjected however to frauds and so forth. The tale is not without its villain, any more than its paterns of well-doing and ordinary humanity. Beyond all, the Scottish characters, purely as such, are excellent,—truthfully conceived and adequately executed. But London, and the general world, or human nature, are well shadowed out, although the Micklejohn, in our opinion, which is formed on some acquaintance with Scotia, carns the prize.

If the "Scottish Heiress" be a first venture, never since the Waverley,—and that was by an old stager,—did we meet with more promise; or a master that should cherish more confidence in himself than the creator of this fine production. Let him take his own independent course,—let him, to use one of his own happy phrases, give his pen the rein, and the world will seek after his name; his name will thereafter be a universal passport to a far inferior production to that over which we have been luxuriating.

ART. XV.—*Excursions, Adventures, and Field Sports in Ceylon.* By Lieut.-Col. JAMES CAMPBELL. 2 vols. Boone.

COLONEL CAMPBELL was stationed for several years in Ceylon, being commandant of two important districts of the island, and towards the termination of his residence performing the duties of civil judge, together with his military functions.

The gallant officer is an enthusiastic admirer of Ceylon, and no doubt had his love for it very considerably enhanced by the sports which the country affords; the pastimes having frequently the excitement which peril lends, and the recommendation of being manly. Alligator fishing was one of these, the Colonel having improved greatly upon the native practice, which to his taste was coarse and repulsive butchery; for, whereas the Kandyans were in the habit of destroying the monsters with all possible celerity, by means of large spears, he was a man of the hook and line, having invented the slow and artful system of lure, and which enabled him to *play* the animal during its protracted agony, and at last to land it upon the shore, there to receive its final quietus, and entitle the angler to pronounce it excellent sport.

But it was not sport alone that gained the gallant author's favour. The scenery of Ceylon in some parts is so surpassingly rich and beautiful, that according to the Colonel's imagining, it must have been the seat of Paradise, the very site of the Garden of Eden. He cites a description, and adds certain peculiarities in the following passage that convey a lively and pleasing idea of sections of the island:

It has been well and justly remarked, by an elegant writer, that the district of Matura possesses many picturesque beauties. "Sometimes venerable and majestic trees formed a shade over our heads; sometimes we travelled amidst flowering shrubs; sometimes through cultivated meadows and fields of smiling corn. Nature breathes around an eternal spring; flower blossoms and fruits adorn the woods at all seasons. A vast wilderness of noble plants rises in ten thousand beautiful landscapes, displaying a majesty and richness of scenery and raising emotions of delight and admiration, which cannot easily be described." This certainly is a very vivid and fascinating description of a country, and in this instance it is a correct one. But how often have I felt afterwards, in passing through or residing in the forests of Ceylon, how awfully impressive is the stillness of noon! Every animal seeks the deepest shade. The fish conceal themselves at the bottom of rivers or lakes, except where the over-hanging foliage screens them from the rays of a too fervid sun. Not a bird is on the wing; and all nature seems as it were to be at rest, were it not that the almost appalling silence is broken only to be made the more impressive, by the continued low buz or humming of thousands of insects. How powerfully have I felt, in the thickly-wooded neighbourhood of Matura, all this combination of the great and little of so much that is wonderful in nature! but as soon as the evening begins to be somewhat cool, the world seems again to start into new life. Every creature is in motion, and in search of its prey, or of the food it requires of some kind or other, which the Almighty has so bountifully provided for them all. The wild-fowl, of various kinds, fly in large flocks towards their haunts; the Pea and Jungle fowl call their respective broods around them for the night; even the Jackal begins to howl for its prey. Numbers of flowers, which had closed their leaves before the scorching beams of the sun, now

gently unfold them, to remain open to receive the dew which usually falls so abundantly. Here also the pretty moon-flower among the rest, the leaves of which had been shut all the day, opens completely as if to behold the sun's grandeur, as he takes his leave of us in surprising brilliancy! * * It is generally believed, that birds within the tropics, though they have much more splendid plumage than those we find in Europe, cannot sing: this is not the case here; for several of them have the sweetest notes that I ever listened to; and one in particular sings so delightfully as to have acquired the name of the Ceylon Nightingale, from its notes being heard for some time after sunset. But, even when the moon does not afford what may be here truly called her silvery light, we do not always remain in that profound darkness I have before spoken of; for no one, who has not beheld it, can form an idea of the effect produced at night by thousands and tens of thousands of Fireflies and other insects, which emit phosphoric light! I have taken one of them, and put it inside the glass of my watch, and have been able to see the hour distinctly by its flickering light.

The Colonel has likewise enthusiastic speculations and sanguine doctrines in regard to the commercial and military importance of the island, as well as the system of emigration to it and of colonization that should be adopted. At present land-jobbing and sheer adventuring are said to have taken the place of good government, and to have proved injurious to the better sort of settlers, as well as to artizans and labourers. But will not the excessive heat of the climate, and its unhealthiness to Europeans, act as a great bar to colonization and profitable settlement. Even he himself, it appears, was beat from the field by ague, and is it likely that less fortunately situated persons would fare better?

Indeed the projections and speculations of our author are the least interesting, and, we think, the least valuable parts of the book. The descriptions and the anecdotes are the best. But even when he leads you to expect that he will deal with graver matters, and let a flood of new light in upon you through a wide opening, ten to one but he goes off at a tangent, and that unless you follow him to sporting ground, you will lose him altogether, without being wiser.

From the bulky volumes, however, it is possible to glean some informing and sensible things. We give, as having this useful character, a description where cinnamon is the theme. Says the Colonel,—

The best and most productive soils of Ceylon are a brown loam, resulting from the decomposition of gneiss or granatic rock, abounding in felspar, or a reddish loam resulting from the decomposition of clay iron-stone, called in Ceylon, Kabookstone. The soil of the cinnamon garden, in the neighbourhood of Colombo, (as well as that near Galle and elsewhere, in which the cinnamon tree is grown; and in many places it is produced naturally,) is a remarkable instance of the silicious kind. The surface of the ground in many places, where the cinnamon plant flourishes, is as white as snow: this

is pure quartz sand. Below the surface a few inches, where the roots penetrate, the sand is of a grey colour. A specimen of this, dried thoroughly, was found to consist of—

98 . 5 silicious sand
1 . 0 vegetable matter
0 . 5 water

100 . 0

It may appear surprising that the cinnamon plant should succeed best in so poor a soil; but, other circumstances considered, it admits of explanation. The garden is nearly on a level with the Lake of Colombo, its situation is sheltered, the climate is remarkably damp, showers are frequent, the temperature is high, and uncommonly equable. These are the principal peculiarities to which the excellence of the cinnamon, and the luxuriant growth of this valuable shrub, in a soil so apparently unpromising, may be justly attributed. * * The interior is supposed not to be so well adapted for the growth of the cinnamon as the sea coast; at least, that hitherto brought from thence is coarser and thicker in appearance, and of too rich and pungent a taste. The best description, and that which grows in the gardens around Colombo, and at the other places mentioned, is obtained from what is termed the Laurus Cinnamomum. This is a tree of small size, from four to ten feet in height: the trunk is slender, with a number of branches shooting out from it on every side. The wood is light, soft, and porous, and in appearance resembles that of the common osier. A vast number of roots and fibres run out from the root of the tree, and shoot up rapidly into slender twigs, which form, as it were, a bush around it. The leaf, though not of so deep a green, resembles that of the laurel. When the leaf first appears, it is of a red or scarlet colour, but it afterwards changes gradually to green. The blossom is white, and when in full blow, seems, as it were, to cover the tree in a very beautiful and striking manner. This tree produces a species of fruit resembling an acorn, but not so large, which, when ripe, is gathered by the natives, in order to extract oil from it; this they use for perfuming their bodies and hair, and, when mixed with cocoa-nut oil, it also gives a very pleasant and good light. When the tree is old and decays, it is usually burned down to the ground; the roots are then seen to shoot up in long straight plants, much better formed than the preceding ones. The bark of these shoots is extremely valuable.

And this further concerning the preparation to which the bark is subjected:

Those who were employed to bark the trees were called Choliahs, and over them were placed officers, whose business it was to superintend the workmen, to take charge of the woods, and to prevent cattle or improper persons from trespassing. The cinnamon was prepared as follows, for exportation. It was the duty of the Choliahs to find out trees of the best quality, which their experience enabled them to do. Such branches as were three years old, and appeared proper for the purpose, were then lopped off with a large crooked pruning knife. From these branches the outside thin

coat of the bark was scraped off, with a knife of a peculiar shape, concave on the one side, and convex on the other. With the point of this knife the bark was ripped up lengthwise, and the convex side was then employed in gradually loosening it from the branch, till it could be entirely taken off. In this state the bark appeared in the form of tubes, open at one side; the smaller of which were inserted into the larger, and then spread out to dry. When it was sufficiently dried, the bark was made up into bundles, of about thirty pounds weight each, and bound up with thin pieces of split bamboo twigs. These bundles were then carried to the Government stores. It was next sorted according to quality. The best cinnamon is rather pliable, and ought not much to exceed in thickness stout writing paper; it should be of a light yellowish colour; and possess a sweet taste, not so hot as to occasion pain, and not succeeded by any after taste. The inferior kind is distinguished by being thicker, of a darker and brown colour, hot and pungent when chewed, and followed by a disagreeable bitter taste. After the quality had been carefully ascertained, it was made up into large bales, each about four feet long. The weight of each bale at the time of packing up was eighty-five pounds, yet it was marked and reckoned only eighty, five pounds being allowed for loss by drying during the voyage to Europe. These bales were all firmly bound and packed up in coarse cloth, made from coir, the filament which surrounds the cocoa-nut. In stowing the bales in the ship, black pepper was sprinkled among them, so as to fill up the interstices; and by this means not only was the cinnamon preserved, but both spices were improved. * * We hear of Colonial grievances, but, of them all, there is none which appears so urgently to call for attention and correction by the competent authorities in England, as the fiscal rigour with which this important branch of trade, and until lately, in spite of every disadvantage, profitable agricultural produce of Ceylon, has for several years been visited; which has naturally led, I regret to say, to its decay; and, if persisted in, must ultimately prove most injurious to it.

Our longest extract discourses of Kandyan modes in the art of agriculture.

The Kandyan plough is only what may be called a crooked piece of wood something like an elbow; it merely tears up the ground as unevenly as if it were done by hogs. They then overflow the field with water. They plough twice before they sow; but before they give the first ploughing, they let the water in upon the land, in order to make it soft and the easier to be worked. After it is once ploughed, they usually make up the banks; for if they were to put off the doing so till after the second ploughing, the soil would have become mere mud, totally unfit for banking. These banks are indispensable, not only as paths for the people to walk upon through the fields, who otherwise must go in the mud, but also to keep in and contain the water overflowing the ground. They make these banks as smooth and level as a bricklayer would a wall with his trowel; for in this respect they pay great attention to neatness. These banks at the top are not above a foot in width. But after the land is ploughed, and the banks are finished, it is again laid under water, and remains so till the time for the second ploughing, when it becomes exceedingly muddy, as much from the trampling of the cattle as

from the plough; for the more they are stirred up the better. Sometimes they use no plough the second time, but only drive their cattle through and through the field, until the soil is made sufficiently muddy. The land being thus prepared, it is still kept overflowed with water, in order that the weeds and grass may be destroyed. They then soak in water for a night the corn which they intend for seed. The next day it is taken out and laid in a heap, covered over with green leaves; and thus it remains for five or six days, so as to make it sprout. They then wet it again, and lay it in a heap covered over, as before, with green leaves: and thus it is caused to shoot out its blade and roots; whilst this process is going forward, they have a prepared the ground for sowing,—which is thus done: they have a board, as before shown, about four feet long, which they drag over the land by a pair of buffaloes or oxen; not flat-ways, but upon its edge, which is so done, that the earth and weeds may be well mixed together; and it also levels and makes the ground so smooth and even, that the water afterwards stands equally over it. It still remains covered with water whilst the seed is growing, and until it is become fit for sowing, which is in about eight days after it was put into water to soak. The seed being ready, they let off the water, and with boards of about a foot in length, fastened to long poles, they dress the land over again; laying it very smooth and making small furrows in it, that in case rain or other water should come in, it may drain away; for more water now would very likely rot the seed. They then sow, which they do with great evenness, strewing the seed carefully with their hands. The ground now remains without any water, until the grain has grown three or four inches above it. There had been gaps made before in the banks, to let out the water; these are now stopped up to keep it in; which is not only to nourish the corn, but to kill the weeds; for they always keep their fields as neat and clean as a garden. When the grain has grown about nine inches high, the women are employed to weed it, and to pull it up where it has grown too thick, so as to transplant it to places where it may be wanted. It then stands overflowed, till the grain is ripe; when they let the water off, in order that it may become dry, and fit for reaping. They never, as I before remarked, use manure of any kind; but their mode of ploughing, trampling, and soaking the ground, apparently obviates the necessity for it. The Kandyans are excellent reapers, and as they had assisted each other in tilling the ground, they do so likewise at harvest. They first reap one man's field and then go to the next, and so on until the whole of the grain is cut; and their custom is, that every man, during the time his corn is reaping, has to find all the rest with food. The women's work is to gather up the corn after the reapers, and carry it all to one place. When the corn is to be trodden out, (half a dozen buffaloes will tread out fifty bushels in a day) they select a place convenient to their dwellings, where they lay it out around a space about twenty or thirty feet in diameter; from which they cut away the whole of the turf or surface, whatever it may be. They then perform, as Knox tells us, and as I have seen, certain ceremonies. "First they adorn the place with ashes, made into flowers and branches, and round circles. They then take divers strange shells and pieces of iron, and some sorts of wood, and a bunch of betel nuts, (which are reserved for the purpose) and lay all these in the very middle of the part, and a large stone upon them. Then

the women, whose work it is, bring each their burthen of reaped corn upon their heads, and go round the pit three times, and then fling it down. After this, without any more ado, they bring in the rest of the corn as fast as they can. For this labour and that of weeding, the women have a fee due to them; that is, as much corn as shall cover the stone, and the other conjuration instruments, at the bottom of the pit.

But as already said, the anecdotes of a sporting character, and the soldierlike descriptions of scenes are the pleasantest passages in the volumes. We select a sample; it tells us of the system of Kandyan duelling and of their water-fights. A love quarrel, as in the West, is the frequent occasion, it would seem, of the sort of single combat alluded to; but the weapons are peculiar in the East. Says Colonel Campbell,—

I likewise saw at Bovegoddé what the people called a *water fight*, between, as they told me, two competitors for a dark-eyed maid: one of the lovers, the challenger, being highly exasperated by the pangs which the green-eyed monster—jealousy, generated in his heart. They both stood up to their knees in the lake, opposite each other; and, with their hands, constantly dashed the water, in a curious and expert manner, into each other's faces. I saw the combatants thus—I can scarcely say, hotly engaged, about nine in the morning; and, at three in the afternoon, they were still hard at work, and the battle was then still doubtful; for, according to established rule, whichever of the two warriors, no matter what may be the pretence or cause, stops first, if it be only for a moment, dashing water at his adversary, is considered to be vanquished. Hundreds of people were looking on, apparently deeply interested in the result; as he who is thus overcome, as they assured me, is never known again to aspire to the hand of the lady who has caused the antifebrile combat. What a pity it is, that this cooling mode of settling disputes, is not introduced into the Green Isle, and made to supersede the sprig system, so prevalent there.

Turn to the anecdotes and sketches delivered by the sporting author. And here first, of the method which Colonel Hardy took to rid himself of a huge bear.

After several strange adventures, and very narrow escapes from buffaloes, other gigantic elephants, &c. (but how he had succeeded in doing so he could not well tell), he now perceived through the trees two large black objects, moving in the very narrow path just before him; and here he had again no alternative, but if possible to pass in the same way that he had passed the elephants. They soon saw or heard him; and to his horror he found himself in a moment almost within the grasp of two large terrific bears, which instantly made at him, and in so furious a manner, that he had scarcely time to call upon God to save him! By some means or other, he eluded the hug of the first bear; but he was hopeless of being able to avoid or escape from the claws and frightful teeth displayed in the extended jaws of the second,—when a kind of impulse, for which he could not account, caused him to raise his arm, and to aim a blow at the monster with the bottle which he still held

in his hand. This, striking against the teeth of the animal, was dashed to pieces with a great crash, and the brandy flying into the mouth and eyes of the astonished bear, so frightened him as well as his companion, that, growling loudly, they both made off into the jungle.

There are charmers in Ceylon. The Colonel tells the story of a certain captain who was saved at the most critical moment of time from certain death, which an enormous and infuriated elephant would have dealt, by the sudden intervention of a Kandyan, who almost quick as lightning threw himself between the officer and the brute. He "pronounced rapidly, but distinctly, a few words, and stopped the enraged animal coming on in full career; he then held forward his arms, and uttering some other words, in a very loud tone of voice, the elephant turned round, and fled, trumpeting most harshly and frightfully." We give another anecdote as set down, from beginning to end: it introduces a serpent charmer.

One of these jugglers, or charmers, was by far the most expert and daring fellow I had seen perform with snakes; and he completely astonished us by the manner in which he pulled about, and treated with the greatest indifference and coolness, a very fine Cobra de capello, or Noya, as the Kandyans call it, about three feet and a half long, which he had brought with him. He handled it with great roughness, yet perfect confidence; he also struck and threatened it in so daring a way, that at last I suspected its poison fangs had been broken or extracted; but this I found was not the case; for, after he had taken much pains in order to irritate it, and soothe it when enraged, and had even put it into his bosom, I told one of the servants to desire him to open its mouth—not expecting that he would do so—and show me whether the poison-fangs were extracted or not. He did so without the least hesitation; and there they certainly were, and in the most perfect state! Indeed, I confess that, in even going up to examine them, a strange sort of thrilling sensation ran through my whole frame, at the idea of being bitten by such a terrible yet beautiful creature. I then desired the servant to ask him if the snake would bite me if I touched it? He instantly replied, that it certainly would do so; and seemingly afraid lest I should venture too near it, he, in great haste, put it back into the bag in which he had brought it.

ART. XVI.—*A Practical Treatise on Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver: Illustrated by Cases.* By FREDERICK J. MOSGROVE, Surgeon: Simpkin.

MEDICAL books are generally an abomination. Never was anything more offensive than the bulk of octavos that are devoted to the healing art. We hate the very exterior of such commodities. But there are exceptions: here and there we meet with *multum in parvo*, and where common sense reigns in the shape of medicine.

In the law and even in divinity,—those kindred *professions*,—there are sweet and good things. But seldom do we meet with pages

devoted to the medical science, that has a *taking* quality in them. Why, talk of physic and physicking, how can you form associations therewith that are pleasant? Still, the thing may be done,—and we confess to the matter,—there have been books about doctoring that have not only informed us, but that have engaged and enticed.

Here, for example, is a little thing about the Liver,—jaundiced creature that thou art,—yellow and squeamish,—that might be presumed to repel the moment mentioned. And yet read but one page, —no matter where met with, and sure it is, you will read on. And why? because it is a manly book, which yet you may put into your waistcoat-pocket,—a little book crammed with matter; and matter to the purpose. Just listen to the *Surgeon* when he discourseth of the organ, Liver:—

The liver is the largest secreting organ of the body, and contains a much greater proportion of blood than any other part of the human frame. It is situated under the ribs on the right side, and extends towards the left side half way across the abdomen. It is composed entirely of bundles of minute vessels, carrrying two descriptions of blood; the one bright red or "*arterial*" the other purple or "*venous*;" it is from the latter that the "bile" is wholly secreted.

The "arterial" blood is supplied by an artery, which intimately communicates with those distributed over the stomach. The "venous" blood is supplied solely by veins, which return the blood from the stomach and bowels; indeed those veins have no means of emptying themselves but through the medium of the liver; and I beg my readers to bear in mind this latter circumstance, as it will enable them to understand much, hereafter stated, which would otherwise appear inexplicable.

The "liver" is immediately connected by the distribution of nerves—the medium by which all sensation is conducted—with the brain, lungs, and stomach.

The function of the "liver" is to separate from the venous blood, which is carried to it, certain noxious particles with which it has become charged during its circulation through the body, which particles could not but cause very considerable irritation if allowed to continue in the system. From these injurious particles it forms the secretion which is named "bile;" and it has been wisely ordered, that this substance, which if distributed throughout the body would produce so much derangement of the general health, is destined to perform most important duties in the animal economy. It is also a wise provision made by the "Great Architect of the Universe," that although those organs of the body, whose office it likewise is to free the blood from certain noxious ingredients, have an action apparently differing from that of the liver, yet the secretion of each contains one or more of the constituent particles of the bile; so that each of these organs is enabled, by increasing its action, to render to the liver, when in an inactive state, more or less assistance, in order to remove from the blood every portion of those injurious particles which would otherwise prove a constant source of disorder. Were it not for this arrangement, it is scarcely possible that inactivity of the liver could exist even for a short period, without producing effects most prejudicial to the health of the body.

In considering the effect produced by "Congestion and inactivity of the Liver" on other organs of the body, I shall endeavour to show how, by this deculiar provision of nature, the kidneys, lungs, and skin, are especially influenced by any inactivity in the secretion of bile.

The *action* of the "bile" is to stimulate the intestines to a due performance of their digestive functions, to separate the nutritive from the injurious portions of food; and, by its stimulating effect throughout its course, to act as the natural purgative of the bowels.

It does not require much reflection to perceive how great and injurious an effect must be produced on the health of the body, by any deviation from a healthy action, in an organ on which so many and important functions depend. Nothing is more common than to hear persons complain of being "*bilious*;" of having a bilious head-ache; of having had a "*bilious attack*;" each one admitting a derangement of the Liver, and yet considering it quite as a necessary evil which can only be palliated by medicines, of which each person has some favourite preparation which they imagine acts as a specific in their particular case.

We wager that Mr. Mosgrove has already caught you; for while there is obvious sense, there are no technicalities to perplex and harrass you; there is a total absence throughout the little tome of medical *blarney*, of conglomerating circumlocution. And there are serious things in the volume too. Its chapters are as diversified as the most important organs of the human body. The skin, the intestines, the kidneys, the stomach, the brain, the heart, are of the number. Think of the lungs,—that source of weeping grief, and hear how Mr. M. informs and argues:—

The lungs occupy a most important position amongst those organs whose duty it is to assist the liver in rendering the blood fit for the nourishment and support of the body; therefore it is that congestion, and other derangements of the liver, exercise a much greater influence on the lungs than has generally been imagined. The intimate connexion which exists between these organs, through the medium of nerves, has been generally supposed to be the only immediate cause of the one part sympathizing in any derangement of the other; but there is another connexion between the lungs and the liver, which I believe to be not only in very constant operation, but the principal cause of derangement of the liver and stomach, setting up disease of the lungs.

In order that this connexion may be understood it is necessary I should state, that the principal impurity with which the blood becomes charged during its circulation through the body is a substance termed carbon, which destroys its stimulating effect and renders it unfit to support the powers of life. This carbon is again removed from the circulation, in a healthy state of the system, by the secreting organs of the body, but especially by the lungs. The blood in its passage through the lungs comes in contact with the atmospheric air, with one of the gases of which *(oxygen)* the carbon unites, forming a chemical composition termed carbonic acid, which is expired in the form of a gas. In consequence of being thus freed of carbon, the blood, which was in a dark purple state *(venous blood)* previous to enter-

ing the lungs, reassumes its bright red colour *(arterial blood,)* and becomes capable of repairing the natural waste of the body.

It is a wise provision in our nature, that if from any cause one organ is incapable of properly performing its functions, the other organs whose duties are similar, become sensible of the increased action they are required to perform, and are stimulated to greater exertion; thus it is that the body is not so entirely dependent on the action of any secreting organ, but that the action of either may for a short time be suspended without danger to life. True, indeed, it is "that no machine, except the animal machine, has the power of removing spontaneously the dangers hanging over itself." In accordance with this prescribed rule of nature, whenever the liver (which removes from the blood a larger quantity of carbon than any other part of the body excepting the lungs is unable properly to discharge its functions, a larger quantity of carbon is sent to to the lungs in order to be there removed from the system.

It is a fact too well known to require any argument to support it, that each part of the body is capable only of sustaining a certain amount of work; therefore if long exposed to irritation, or stimulated to increased action, the functional power will first become impaired and disease ultimately ensue. It is thus that inactivity of the liver, by causing an increased quantity of carbon to be carried to the lungs, irritates them to increased action, and is not only the most common cause of that short hacking cough, which is termed a *stomach cough*, but also of *asthma*, and that blight of many of England's brightest and fairest flowers, *consumption*.

Were it not for the power which every portion of our body possesses of resisting the exciting causes of disease, it is not possible that we could remain in a healthy state even for an hour: so many and various are the influences to which we are exposed, which would otherwise produce disease, even the very atmosphere which we breathe would have a powerful tendency in producing disorder.

Predisposition to disease of any part, consists in a want of the necessary power of resistance; and an individual's constitution is said to be strong or weak according to the degree in which this power is possessed.

Predisposition may exist throughout life without actual disease taking place, unless some exciting cause be set up. Seeing, then, that this is the case, how greatly it behoves every one who is aware of inheriting a predisposition to a particular disease, to ascertain those causes which are likely to affect this predisposition, so that everything which can tend to produce such causes may be most carefully avoided.

It is well known that throughout the whole animal kingdom disease, or predisposition to disease, in the parent is more or less communicated to the offspring.

It may naturally be asked, how is it that the hereditary predisposition to disease is not always manifested shortly after birth, or at the tender age of childhood, when the body appears so weak as to be incapable of offering any effectual resistance to the many causes of disease? Here also is manifested the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Architect. During the period of childhood every part of the body is endowed with a greater degree of vitality (is supplied more liberally with blood and nervous power) than is possessed after the age of puberty, in order that the growth and formation of the body may be properly carried on.

The power of resistance to disease depends on the degree of vitality possessed by the body: thus it is that during the first eight or ten years of life, children are not so likely to manifest any hereditary predisposition, in consequeuce of the vital powers being so strong as to be enabled to overcome the ordinary exciting causes of disease; but as soon as the formation of the body is completed and the increased vital power is withdrawn, then it is that the predisposition becomes apparent, in consequence of the power of the disease being greater than the healthy power of resistance.

When a child evinces a precocious intellect, if he have any hereditary predisposition to disease, it becomes evident before the period at which such diseases usually appear; but if he be free from any particular predisposition, either general weakness of the body, or disease of the brain, must inevitably result: the cause of which is, that almost the entire power of the brain is required to keep up that activity in every function of the body which is necessary to effect the proper growth of the frame. If the brain be unduly employed in any other way—that is, by maintaining the intellectual powers —the growth of the body must be impaired, or the brain, being incapable of secreting the requisite nervous power for the supply of functions of mind and body, must inevitably become diseased, upon the principle I have before stated, that no organ of the body can be exposed to irritation, or stimulated to increased action for any lengthened period, without disease ultimately ensuing. Thus also in mature age, if one particular function of the mind be unduly exercised, the power of the other functions is in some measure diminished; and if the whole powers of the mind be called into excessive operation, the functions of the body become impaired: thus is it that sudden emotions of the mind produce so much influence on the body. It is wisely ordered that in a healthy state of the system, during childhood, the power of the intellect is weak, in order that the brain may be enabled effectually to perform its important duty in furthering the growth and formation of the body; and the power of the intellect only increases as the body progresses in growth, and therefore does not require so much of the energy of the brain, which organ is then enabled to spare a greater portion of its power towards the development of the mind; and the mind does not become perfected until the growth of the body is completed. Although it is a well-established fact, that disease, especially of the lungs, where there has been an hereditary predisposition, makes its first appearance about the age of puberty; still it must be evident that the period at which the disease first shows itself must entirely depend on the degree of predisposition, and the power and extent of the exciting causes; and experience leads me to assert, that by a careful attention to the functions of those organs, which if inactive must call for increased action of the lungs, and by strictly avoiding whatever could tend to irritate the lungs, not only may the appearance of the disease be retarded, but the predisposition virtually overcome.

We fancy that by this time our readers have formed a pretty accurate notion of the merits of the "Practical Treatise." But we could not conscientiously dismiss the half-crown's worth without one observation in regard to popularity and practicability, viz. that while never was anything composed that addressed itself more clearly to

the unprofessional understanding, than what is written in these pages, they are the farthest possibly removed from quackery and empiricism.

There is a distinction, never to be forgotten, between prevention and cure. Let it never be promulgated that the unprofessional is to prescribe for himself. But he may by a process of negation, as well as confirmation, act the part of a wise man and a good physician. The idea has been forcibly impressed by the pages before us. Mr. Mosgrove will make no smatterers,—he tempts not to rash experiment; and while he teacheth that which will largely benefit mankind, he doth it in a way that will be profitable as well as honourable to the profession.

We but repeat ourselves when we say that the Treatise before us is an *interesting* work, *albeit* it be about the Liver, "showing some of the effects produced by those disorders (congestion and inactivity) on the most important organs of the body: illustrated by cases." We cannot but call it a classic of its order. The probability is that its author is not a *made* writer; but never did we in the mere matter of style meet with anything that was more fitting and more fresh. The book is worth twice as much as all the "Domestic Medicines" we ever fell in with. Mr. Mosgrove, you have made a happy hit, and we part with you in company with the last paragraphs of your Treatise.

The reader of this treatise can scarcely have failed to perceive the intimate connexion which exists between every organ of the body. I have taken Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver as the first link in the chain of symptoms, and have endeavoured to show in what way those derangements produce many injurious effects on other organs of the body. Far be it from me to attribute to derangement of the Liver every disorder of which it may be an attendant symptom; but I do assert that medical men are constantly baffled in their treatment of chronic diseases through overlooking what appear but symptoms of very slight disorder of the Liver, unmindful of the fact that if irregularity in the action of that organ exercises an injurious influence on the body when otherwise in a healthy state, the effect must be greatly increased on those parts which are diseased, they being much more susceptible of every kind of irritation.

It is the duty of the practitioner of medicine to trace back the chain of symptoms, link by link, from the principal feature of the disorder to the original exciting cause; but it frequently happens that one link is so apparent, whilst another is so obscure, that with all his discrimination he is for some time unable to trace the chain to its origin; this difficulty is commonly occasioned either by his overlooking some slight symptom, or by the patient's omitting to mention some circumstance, thinking it too insignificant to produce any effect on the disease.

The power of tracing correctly the various symptoms to their origin is absolutely necessary to a physician or surgeon, and he who possesses the tact and discrimination whereby he is enabled to discover at first sight their relative importance, can alone be considered a skilful practitioner of medicine.

ART. XVII.—*The History of the Origin, Progress, and Termination of the American War.* By CHARLES STEDMAN, Esq. A new edition, edited by W. K. FRANCIS, Esq.

WE have had many histories relating to the American war; but few excel the one before us in respect either of candour, comprehension, or justness and elegant simplicity of composition. The grand design, outline, or plan of the work is announced, according to the laws of sound criticism and legitimate history, in the outset or introduction; and to the same point our historian brings his narrative, after a vast variety of events, incidents, circumstances, anecdotes, and some few episodes, in rhe conclusion of this well-arranged composition.

The general scope or result of the historical composition before us is clearly unfolded in the introduction, which discovers sound judgment, extensive knowledge, and a capacity for political and philosophical reflection.

So natural is the love of liberty, and such the aversion of mankind to restraint, that it seems to be in the very nature of colonies, and all subordinate governments, to seize every favourable opportunity of asserting their independence; and the external aspect of nature, variegated and broken by mountains, savannahs, rivers, lakes, and seas, conspires with that noble passion to check the progress of empire, and to maintain an interesting diversity among tribes and nations.

But when the British Colonies, now the United States of North America, took up arms, and declared themselves free and independent, they were not encouraged by any conjuncture that could justify that measure in point of policy, or by any circumstances that could yield any reasonable hope of success in the arduous struggle that was to ensue. On the contrary, if we take a view of the strength and resources of Great Britain at the commencement of hostilities, and contrast these with the weakness, and almost total inability of the revolting Colonies, we shall have reason to conclude, that the termination of the war in favour of the latter, with their final separation from the British empire, was one of those extraordinary and unexpected events which in the course of human affairs rarely occur, and which bid defiance to all human foresight and calculation. A people not exceeding two million of souls, widely scattered over half the hemisphere; in the peaceful occupations of fishing, agriculture, and commerce; divided into many distinct governments, differing from each other in manners, religion, and interests, nor entirely united in political sentiments; this people with very little money, proverbially called the sinews of war, was yet enabled to effect a final separation from Great Britain, proud from successful and glorious war, flourishing in arts and arms beyond the example of any former period, capable of then raising an annual revenue of sixteen millions of pounds, and, on the whole, the most formidable nation in the world; and all this, although the Continent of North America, deeply indented and penetrated by navigable rivers and lakes, presented a fit theatre for the display of naval power, in which chiefly the strength of Great Britain consisted.

The author having given a clear, full, and satisfactory account of the origin of the American war, on which part of his subject he gives a very curious and pleasing account of the different characters of the inhabitants of the different provinces, proceeds to relate the warlike operations on both sides, from the destruction of the British military stores at Concord and the battle of Bunker's Hill, to the surrender of our army under Burgoyne at Saratoga; a memorable era in the American war; for although the success of the British arms had not been so brilliant, nor the progress made in repressing the spirit of revolt so considerable, as the magnitude of the force employed under Sir William Howe gave reason to expect; still upon the whole, until the unfortunate expedition from Canada under General Burgoyne, the advantages that had been gained were on the side of Great Britain. So uncommon an event as the capture of a whole army of their enemies, animated the Americans with fresh ardour, invigorated the exertions of the Congress, lessened in the mind of the American soldier the high opinion which he had entertained of British valour and discipline and inspired him with a juster confidence in himself. The consequences, however, which this event produced in Europe were of still greater moment. Bills were brought into Parliament for reconciliation and peace with America. In order to defeat the effects of these conciliatory measures, two treaties were entered into between the revolted colonies and the French King—one of commerce, and another of defensive alliance. Sir William Howe resigned his command of the army, and returned to England.

The friends of Sir William Howe, the Members of Parliament in opposition to Administration, with his concurrence, insisted on a public inquiry into the conduct of the American war, that our national disgraces and misfortunes might be traced to their real source. Lord Howe, in a speech in the House of Commons, April the 29th, 1779, demanded an inquiry into his own and his brother's conduct, for the following reasons:—They had been arraigned in pamphlets and in newspapers, written by persons in high credit and confidence with ministers, by several Members of that House in that House, in the face of the nation, by some of great credit and respect in their public characters, known to be countenanced by Administration; and that one of them in particular, Governor Johnstone, had made the most direct and specific charges. Their characters therefore, so publicly attacked, and in such a place, were to be vindicated in the great Councils of the State, and no where else.

In vain did the Ministers of the Crown who had employed him declare, that they had no accusations against either the general or admiral. They with their friends insisted on a public examination, which was obtained, and in which they, for some time, took the lead. But at length it plainly appeared that, under pretence of vindicating the general, their real design was to condemn the conduct of administration. The parliamentary inquiry that had been instituted, the ministry and their adherents considered as a factious intrigue. It was perhaps imagined that his majesty, alarmed at the danger

that began by this time to threaten Great Britain, not only in America but in other quarters, would change his confidential servants, and commit the conduct of government to those very hands that had hitherto been employed in various attempts to baffle its designs, and frustrate all the measures that had been taken for carrying them into execution. But the king, amidst multiplying distresses, with proper firmness withstood their machinations, determined to continue his countenance to those who wished not to frustrate nor procrastinate the war, but to bring it, as soon as possible, to a safe and honourable conclusion. The opposition therefore, disappointed in their expectations from the highest quarter in the state, seriously intended what they loudly threatened, to impeach the servants of the crown, and by that means to drive them from their places by a kind of violence.

Administration, easily penetrating this design, resolved no longer to permit their opponents to run in the race of examination alone, but to vindicate the measures they had taken. Many gentlemen of undoubted reputation, perfectly acquainted with the conduct of the war, and the state of America, were summoned to give evidence respecting those subjects. Of this the movers of the inquiry were apprised, and they soon began to lose courage. Only two witnesses were examined on what may be called, in the language of judicial trials, the side of administration;—Major General Robertson, who had served twenty-four years in America as quarter-master general, brigadier, and major-general; and Mr. Galloway, a gentleman of Pennsylvania of fortune and consequence, as well as good abilities, who was bred to the law, and had been a member of Congress, but who had come over to the royal army in December 1776. But such was the circumstantiality, credibility, and weight of their evidence that the movers or managers shrunk from the inquiry; as the more it was carried on, the more parliament, as well as the nation at large, seemed to be convinced that the conduct of administration in respect to the American war was on the whole justified. The friends of the general and admiral, therefore, moved to dissolve the committee which they had been so studious to obtain, and it was dissolved accordingly.

But although Sir William Howe, as well as his friends, was disappointed in his hopes of something even more than exculpation from an indulgent house of commons, he neither wanted a sufficient number of partizans to keep him in countenance amidst all that censure that was poured on his conduct, nor political friends of sufficient consequence to compensate for that censure by an honourable and lucrative station which he afterwards held under government; nor is this the only instance in the history of Britain at this period, of great inequality in the public retribution of rewards and punishments. When we reflect on the different and even opposite reception given to successful genius actuated by the purest patriotism on the one hand, and to monotonous mediocrity not only unsuccessful, if success is to be measured by effects conducive to the public good, but even of ambiguous intentions, what are we to think of the spirit which influenced and directed the public councils?

In the decline of free governments we ever observe the influence of faction to predominate over ideas of patriotism, justice, and duty, on which alone liberty is founded, and a propensity in the citizens to range themselves under the banners of a Marius or a Sylla, a Pompey or a Cæsar. Hence the servants of the state are apt to become less and less sensible to honour and the

voice of Fame, the great incentives to glorious actions, well knowing that their conduct, however meritorious, may still be condemned, or however exceptionable, still be palliated, and even applauded, to advance the views of faction and ambition; while the great body of the people, distracted and confounded by the opposite opinions and declarations of their superiors, who are supposed to have the best means of information, know not where to place their hopes, their confidence, or their fears. It is the province of the historian to correct these, and to animate the patriot, the sage, and the hero, under temporary neglect or detraction, by carrying an appeal in their behalf to a tribunal more candid than our misguided contemporaries, and that raised on a theatre more extended than their native country.

The surrender of Saratoga was followed by the most important events. Commissioners of peace were sent out to America from the mother country; and first France, then Spain, and afterwards the Seven United Provinces, joined the Americans in one great confederacy against Britain. The theatre of war is enlarged; and navies are brought into action at sea, and more numerous armies oppose each other by land. A vast variety of scenes go on at the same time in different quarters of the world: numberless events, actions, and transactions are recorded; anecdotes related, circumstances marked, and characters described. The author traverses the whole on ground that commands extensive views, with a dignity and ease that show how well acquainted he is with general knowledge, and how much he is master of his subject. He who attempts to describe everything, describes nothing; but is lost in the mazes of endless minutiæ. The intelligent and learned author of the history before us is attached only to what is interesting and great; and while he keeps his subject steadily in view, the origin, progress, and termination of the American war, he occasionally instructs and amuses his readers by curious anecdotes, though not necessarily yet naturally connected with his design, and reflections, not formally dictated but beautifully interwoven with his narrative. For example, having mentioned the disappointment of Lord Cornwallis in not being joined by the inhabitants of North Carolina, he relates the following anecdote, connected with this subject, and in itself not a little curious.

The Commissary, who considered it as his duty not only to furnish provisions for the army, but also to learn the dispositions of the inhabitants, fell in about this time with a very sensible man, a Quaker, who, being interrogated as to the state of the country, replied, that it was the general wish of the people to be reunited to Britain; but that they had been so often deceived in promises of support, and the British had so frequently relinquished posts, that the people were now afraid to join the British army, lest they should leave the province, in which case the resentment of the Revolutioners would be exercised with more cruelty; that although the men might escape, or go with the army, yet such was the diabolical conduct of those people, that they would inflict the severest punishment upon their families. "Per-

haps," said the Quaker, "thou art not acquainted with the conduct of thy enemies towards those who wish well to the cause thou art engaged in. There are some who have lived for two, and even three years in the woods, without daring to go to their houses, but have been secretly supported by their families. Others, having walked out of their houses, under a promise of being safe, have proceeded but a few yards before they have been shot. Others have been tied to a tree and severely whipped. I will tell thee of one instance of cruelty: A party surrounded the house of a Loyalist, a few entered, the man and his wife were in bed; the husband was shot dead by the side of his wife." The writer of this replied, that those circumstances were horrid; but under what Government could they be so happy as when enjoying the privileges of Englishmen? "True," said the Quaker, "but the people have experienced such distress, that I believe they would submit to any Government in the world to obtain peace." The Commissary, finding the gentleman to be a very sensible intelligent man, took great pains to find out his character. Upon inquiry, he proved to be a man of the most irreproachable manners, and well known to some gentlemen of North Carolina, then in our army, and whose veracity was undoubted. But a few days after this, the army had a strong proof of the truth of what the Quaker had said. The day before the British army reached Cross Creek, a man bent with age joined it: he had scarcely the appearance of being human; he wore the skin of a racoon for a hat, his beard was some inches long, and he was so thin, that he looked as if he had made his escape from Surgeons-hall. He wore no shirt, his whole dress being skins of different animals. On the morning after, when this distressed man came to draw his provisions, Mr. Brice, the deputy-muster-master-general of the Provincial forces, and the Commissary asked him several questions. He said, that he had lived for three years in the woods, under ground; that he had been frequently sought after by the Americans, and was certain of instant death whenever he should be taken; that he supported himself by what he got in the woods; that acorns served him as bread; that they had, from long use, become agreeable to him; that he had a family, some of whom, once or twice in a year came to him in the woods; that his only crime was being a Loyalist, and having given offence to one of the Republican leaders in that part of the country where he used to live.

Again, having observed in his conclusion, that the American Revolution is the grandest effect of combination that has yet been exhibited to the world, he quotes in a note what follows:—

"Captain Newte, in his philosophical and interesting Tour in England and Scotland, having delineated Scotland and the North of England as shaped by the hand of nature, is led, from the names of places, to speak of the geographical knowledge, and the natural quickness in general, of mankind in a savage state. On this subject he says, "In the country of the Illionois, a chief of the Cascaskias conceived the sublime idea of uniting all nations and tribes into one grand alliance, offensive and defensive. If this had been realized, Dr. Franklin's confederation of the Thirteen States would have cut but

a poor figure on the American continent, and the natural man would have outdone the philosopher."

It is not consistent with the concise form of our review, to enter more minutely into the character of Captain Stedman's excellent History, (which is undoubtedly the most satisfactory and comprehensive, as well as the most candid, and the best arranged and composed that has ever been published of the American War) than just to take notice of some important particulars in which he differs (we doubt not on good grounds) or is otherwise distinguished from other historians. The Americans are not represented by this writer as enthusiastic and ardent in the cause of liberty, but rather as steady, phlegmatic, and patient of hardships. They were excellent instruments in the hands of a few able men, whose genius and perseverance moved the mass, and finally effected the Revolution. On the other hand, he ascribes to the Americans a greater portion of genius and invention than is commonly allowed to them. To the contrivance of necessity and inventive genius, which he exemplifies on a variety of occasions in the course of his history, he attributes in a great measure, the success of their struggle for independence. General Washington has commonly been considered as a Fabius; but Captain Stedman represents him as still more distinguished by courage than by prudence; and, on certain occasions, as daring even to temerity. He vindicates General Lee, who was disgraced by the pique of Washington, after the attack on the British near Monmouth; although it was the prompt decision of General Lee on that occasion, that saved the American army from destruction. Mr. Stedman speaks with greater freedom than any other author the blunders of British Commanders in Chief, both at sea and land; and of the faults and follies of politicians both in and out of administration. Finally, our learned and accomplished historian, whose mind, it is evident, was formed on the purest models of composition, both ancient and modern, is the only historian of the American War who has written on a regular plan, been directed by general views worthy the attention of all ages and countries, and observed the most perfect unity of design. To the point from which he starts, he winds back his narrative, after a course the most various and pleasing; as will be seen by comparing the introduction with the conclusion; and the great outlines or highwayif we may be allowed the expression, of his description and narration with both.

ART. XVIII.—*Notes on the Western States; containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery.* By JAS. HALL, author of "Border Tales," &c. Philadelphia.

THERE are considerations of deep import, which give an importance to all that relates to the Western States of America. It is there

that in little more than half a century an empire has sprung, not only into existence, but a vigorous manhood. The west can hardly be said to have had a youth. Within a period, less than is usually required to take the first steps in planting a colony, an extended region has been peopled with millions of inhabitants, free, enterprising, and independent. An immense avalanche of human beings, gathered from the eastern states and from Europe, has been gravitated upon the valley of the lakes, the Ohio and the Mississippi, carrying with them the intelligence, the arts, and the social comforts of communities, highly elevated in the scale of civilization. If the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—the systems of education, moral and intellectual—the roads, canals, and numerical strength of this region, be viewed in connection with the period that has elapsed since the smoke of the lone wigwam proclaimed that its soil was pressed by none but a savage foot, the mind is lost in amazement. In vain may the history of nations be searched for a parallel case: the record of the world contains nothing that may be compared to it. More than this need not be said, to invest every attempt to depict the great and growing west with a deep and abiding interest.

The work before us is embraced in one volume of three hundred pages. It makes no claim to present a scientific exposition of the geography, history, or physical condition of the country which it describes. Its chapters constitute a series of familiar sketches of the soil, climate, resources, scenery, and business of the west, drawn principally from personal observation—the author having, we are informed, resided in different parts of the west for near a quarter of a century. These sketches, written with that spirit and gracefulness of manner which are characteristic of the author's pen, abound with just that kind of information which is acceptable to the general reader, and especially important to those—the number, we are compelled to say, is far from being a small one—who, taking leave of other lands, are pushing their barks into the great tide of western emigration, and seeking, in the fair and fertile plains of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, a new and more inviting field of active enterprise. We shall endeavour to sustain our opinion of the value of the work, by such short extracts as our circumscribed space will afford. In speaking of the soil and mineral resources of this region, the author says:

Neither is there any supernatural fertility in our soil, which yields its rich returns only under the operation of careful and laborious tillage. It is the great breadth and continuity of our fertile surface, which gives to the west its superior advantages. It is the accumulation within one wide and connected plain, of the most vast resources of agricultural and commercial wealth; and the facilities afforded by our country, for concentrating and using an unlimited amount of wealth, and bringing into combined action the energies of millions of industrious human beings, on which are based

the broad foundations of our greatness. With the breadth of an empire, we have all the facilities of intercourse and trade, which could be enjoyed with more limited boundaries. Our natural wealth is not weakened by extension, nor our vigour impaired by division. The riches of soil, timber and minerals, are so diffused as to be everywhere abundant; and the communication between distant points is so easy, as to render the whole available. The products of the industry of millions, may be here interchanged with unparallelled ease and rapidity; and when our broad lands shall be settled, there will be a community of interest, and an intimacy of intercourse, between myriads of men, such as were never before brought under the operation of a common system of social and civil ties.

A passage, descriptive of the upper portions of the Ohio river, will give the reader an idea of the graphic manner in which our author pourtrays natural scenery:

The river Ohio, for some distance below Pittsburg, is rapid, and the navigation interrupted in low water by chains of rocks, extending across the bed of the river. The scenery is eminently beautiful, though deficient in grandeur, and exhibiting great sameness. The hills, two or three hundred feet in height, approach the river and confine it closely on either side. Their tops have usually a rounded and graceful form, and are covered with the verdure of an almost unbroken forest. Sometimes the forest trees are so thinly scattered as to afford glimpses of the soil, with here and there a mass, or a perpendicular precipice of grey sandstone, or compact limestone, the prevailing rocks of this region. The hills are usually covered on all sides with a soil, which, though not deep, is rich. Approaching toward Cincinnati, the scenery becomes more monotonous. The hills recede from the river, and are less elevated. The bottom lands begin to spread out from the margin of the water. Heavy forests cover the banks and limit the prospect: but the woodland is arrayed in a splendour of beauty, which renders it the chief object of attraction. Nothing can be more beautiful than the first appearance of the vegetation in the spring, when the woods are seen rapidly discarding the dark and dusky habiliments of winter, and assuming their vernal robes. The gum tree is clad in the richest green; the dogwood and red-bud are laden with flowers of the purest white and deepest scarlet; the buckeye bends under the weight of its exuberant blossoms. The oak, the elm, the walnut, the sycamore, the beech, the hickory, and the maple, which here tower to a great height, have yielded to the sunbeams, and display their bursting buds and expanding flowers. The tulip tree waves its long branches and its yellow flowers high in the air. The wild rose, the sweet-briar, and the vine, are shooting into verdure; and, clinging to their sturdy neighbours, modestly prefer their claims to admiration, while they afford delightful promise of fruit and fragrance.

In depicting the surface of the country, we find the following general remarks:

The traveller who visits our valley for the first time, advancing from the east to the Ohio river, and thence proceeding westward, is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation, which clothes the whole surface. The vast

and gloomy grandeur of the forest; the gigantic size and venerable antiquity of the trees; the rankness of the weeds; the luxuriance and variety of the underbrush; the long vines that climb to the tops of the tallest branches: the parasites that hang in clusters from the boughs; the brilliancy of the foliage, and the exuberance of the fruit, all show a land teeming with vegetable life. The forest is seen in its majesty; the pomp and pride of the wilderness is here. Here is nature unspoiled, and silence undisturbed. A few years ago, this impression was more striking than at present; for now farms, villages, and even a few large towns are scattered over this region, diversifying its landscapes, and breaking in upon the characteristic wildness of its scenery. Still there are wild tracts remaining in a state of nature, and displaying all the savage luxuriance which first attracted the pioneer; and upon a general survey, its features present, at this day, to one accustomed only to thickly populated countries, the same freshness of beauty, and the same immensity, though rudeness of outline, which we have always been accustomed to associate with the idea of a western landscape. I know of nothing more splendid than a forest of the west, standing in its original integrity, adorned with the exuberant beauties of a powerful vegetation, and crowned with the honours of a venerable age. There is a grandeur in the immense size of the great trees—a richness of colouring in the foliage, superior to anything that is known in corresponding latitudes—a wildness, and an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all, there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uninterrupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to fill itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence, and true character, of that which had burst upon it, like a vivid dream.

The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters treat of the prairies of the west, which certainly present one of the most striking features in the formation and aspect of the country. The author goes somewhat at large into the theory of the prairies, examining the suppositions of various writers upon the subject, and advancing his own upon their formation. Without entering upon this mooted quesrion, we may quote the latter.

The prairies afford a subject of curious inquiry to every traveller who visits these regions. Their appearance is novel and imposing; and he who beholds it for the first time experiences a sensation similar to that which fills the imagination at the first sight of the ocean. The wide and unlimited prospect, calls up perceptions of the sublime and beautiful; its peculiarity awakens a train of inquisitive thought. Upon the mind of an American especially, accustomed to see new land clothed with timber, and to associate the idea of a silent and tangled forest, with that of a wilderness, the appearance of sunny plains, and a diversified landscape, untenanted by man, and unimproved by art, is singular and striking. Perhaps, if our imagination were divested of the impressions created by memory, the subject would present less difficulty; and if we could reason abstractly, it might be as easy to account for the origin of a prairie as for that of a forest.

It is natural to suppose that the first covering of the earth would be composed of such plants as arrive at maturity in the shortest time. Annual

plants would ripen and scatter their seeds, many times, before trees and shrubs would acquire the power of reproducing their own species. In the meantime, the propagation of the latter would be liable to be retarded by a variety of accidents—the frost would nip their tender stems in the winter—fire would consume, or the blast shatter them—and the wild grazing animals would bite them off, or tread them under foot: while many of their seeds, particularly such as assume the form of nuts or fruit, would be devoured by animals. The grasses, which are propagated both by the root and by seed, are exempt from the operation of almost all these casualties. Providence has, with unerring wisdom, fitted every production of nature to sustain itself against the accidents to which it is most exposed, and has given to those plants which constitute the food of animals a remarkable tenacity of life; so that although bitten off and trodden, and even burned, they still retain the vital principle. That trees have a similar power of self-protection, if we may so express it, is evident from their present existence in a state of nature. We only assume, that in the earliest stage of being, the grasses would have the advantage over plants less hardy, and of slower growth; and that when both are struggling together for the possession of the soil, the former would at first gain the ascendancy; although the latter, in consequence of their superior size and strength, would finally, if they should ever get possession of any portion of the soil, entirely overshadow and destroy their humble rivals.

The grasses, as our author supposes, having originally the ascendancy over the trees, would maintain it, by the fires which annually sweep over them destroying all the young timber within their range. The fact that along the small streams which run through the prairies, trees are found, is explained on the supposition that the herbage in such places remains green until late in the fall, and the soil being wet, the fire is prevented from taking effect. Thus the shrubs and young trees would escape from year to year, and finally the margins of the streams would become fringed with thickets of trees that would eventually destroy the grass, and thus grow up into forests.

Those of our readers who have never seen a prairie, will be pleased with the following description, while such as have revelled amid their thick grass and brilliant flowers, will be struck with the faithfulness of the picture here given.

The scenery of the prairie country excites a different feeling. The novelty is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful: and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gaiety which animates the beholder. It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not *flat*, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full, rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface, which in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest

after the agitation of a storm. It is to be remarked also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon; but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene. The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers, while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by groves, which are interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree which stands alone in the blooming desert. If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail dropped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse, feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage, like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine.

The author examines in detail the soil, water, and timber of the prairies, and the question how far the want of the latter is likely to interfere with the agricultural occupancy of these treeless plains. The chapters upon the wild and domestic animals, the birds, reptiles, agricultural products, fruits and vegetables, possess much valuable information, and present many facts well calculated to invite immigration to that region. One of the longest and most elaborated chapters in the book, is that which treats of the public domain, by which is meant the lands belonging to the general government. This subject is embraced under these two heads—the title of the United States to the public lands, and the policy pursued in disposing of them. The intelligent reader must be already familiar with all that relates to the history of the former. The proper disposition of these lands is a matter of much importance, and for several years past has occupied the attention of Congress, where it has caused much angry

debate, and elicited many conflicting opinions. Judge Hall favours the plan of Colonel Benton, to graduate the price of public lands, by offering them periodically at reduced prices—the highest being one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre—and the lowest twenty-five cents; but he does not favour the proposition to cede to the states, respectively, the lands lying within their boundaries, nor to divide the proceeds of the sales of these lands among the state governments.

The twelfth chapter, which treats of western steam-boats, presents, perhaps, as forcible an illustration of the wonderful growth of the west, as any other in the book. In 1794, four keel boats, carrying twenty tons each, were sufficient for the trade between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. These had an armed force on board to defend them, and were pushed up the stream by poles. Down to the year 1817, nearly all the business on the western waters, was carried on in keel boats and barges. At that period "about twenty of the latter, averaging one hundred tons each, comprised the whole commercial facilities for transporting merchandize from New Orleans to the 'upper country;' each of these performed one trip down and up again to Louisville and Cincinnati within the year. The number of keel boats employed on the upper Ohio cannot be ascertained, but it is presumed, that a hundred and fifty is a sufficiently large calculation to embrace the whole number. These averaged thirty tons each, and employed one month to make the voyage from Louisville to Pittsburg, while the more dignified barge of the Mississipi made her trip in the space of one hundred days, if no extraordinary accident happened to check her progress.

There are now not less than six hundred steamboats navigating the western waters! Comment is unnecessary. The mind is lost in astonishment at the wonderful revolution that has taken place in twenty years, throughout the valley of the Mississippi.

ART. XIX.—*Studies of the New Testament.* By a Layman. 2 vols. Johnson and Co.

THIS is a curious book, by a sincere man, who speculates with great freedom on matters that most men would be slow to adventure themselves. We are far from agreeing with him in his rejections and choices; and believe that there never was a more dangerous undertaking than to question the credulity of any portion of the canon of the generally accepted Scriptures. The Layman, we think, has betrayed a lamentable want of regard to the doctrine of inspiration, and cavils with matters, that had long been settled points in the science of divinity. But still he is a fair and candid antagonist; and whether it be in throwing out the the genealogical chapter, and its immediate successor as set down in St. Matthew, or by one fell stroke expunging

the whole of the Apocalypse, we must allow to him the verdict of being frank and free, and of reasoning his ground with perfect good faith.

We wish to contend with the Layman, and to battle with him on various matters; although the effort must be thrown over to another month. In the mean time, while provoking discussion by ample extracts, we must bear testimony to the learning exhibited in these *Studies*. They are also thoroughly imbued with the spirit of veneration and a deep regard to the divinity of our Saviour. Altogether it is an able work, although we deem it erroneous, in such passages as the following: hear how he objects to chapters *one* and *two* of St. Matthew.

Many persons, as I believe, deem these two chapters spurious, and I cannot, for my own part, but adhere to that opinion. They appear to me utterly irreconcileable with St. Luke's account, not only as to the genealogy, but in divers other respects.

Forasmuch as regards any mention of prophecy, although the 23rd verse of the 1st chapter is conformable to the 14th of the 7th chapter of Isaiah, and the 6th verse of the 2nd chapter to Micah, chap. v. verse 2. It seems difficult to suppose the 1st verse of the 11th chapter of Hosea, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him and called my Son out of Egypt," referable to any event but the deliverance of the Jewish nation, which it recites merely as one of God's blessings. And as to our Saviour himself ever having been in Egypt personally during his existence on earth, I believe there are no traces of any such occurrence, except in the most questionable account which the 14th and 15th verses of this same 2nd chapter seem to disclose.

The assertion in the 23rd verse also, "That it was spoken by the Prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene," is, I fancy, not borne out by any assignable passage in the Old Testament. The slaughter of the infants mentioned in the 16th verse, is said in the two following to be a fulfilment of a prophecy of Jeremiah, "Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." If ever the slaughter of the infants by Herod really happened, which I fancy has always been doubted; whence, I would ask, can arise the possibility of applying this passage, (taken no doubt from the 31st chapter of Jeremiah at the 15th verse) prophetically to that event? The passage indeed does not appear to be itself anything in the nature of a prophecy, but the recital of calamities serving as an introduction to the 16th verse of the same chapter of Jeremiah, which promises seemingly the restoration of the Jewish nation, whether from the Babylonish captivity, or at whatever period subsequent, it matters not here to enquire.

This is more to our mind; and yet there is a gate of dubiety opened, that if rashly entered would not leave a shred of the Gospel unquestioned and intact:

The preservation of the Evangelical Writings in the state they are, may be thought an instance of God's providence, working through seemingly

natural causes for the benefit of mankind; but their preservation is not therefore to be regarded as miraculous, in a sense which would imply on the contrary a superseding of the ordinary course of nature. We must not be surprised, consequently, at discovering some of the effects of human agency, that is, some uncertainty and some error. That such uncertainty or error should be no more than it is, we may still rationally acknowledge as a divine blessing; considering what deviations from the original may occur in copying, merely by the mistake of one word, or one letter for another, to say nothing of frauds, or wilful alterations and interpolations for interested purposes.

It is said in Rees' Cycloædia, article "St. John,"—"Some have thought, and particularly Grotius, that St. John concluded his Gospel with the words which are at the termination of the 20th chapter," but it is added, "that none of the ancient christian writers ever made a question whether the 21st chapter was composed by St. John or another."

Perhaps a decided majority of persons who have attentively studied the New Testament, regard the passages in the 7th and 8th verses of the 5th chapter of St. John's 1st Epistle as interpolated. These passages are sometimes advanced in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, as received by the Church of England.

I note these circumstances here, as examples merely of the errors which have been suspected in copies of the Evangelical Writings: but again, I repeat, it is impossible not to reflect with gratitude that they should not be more numerous than they really appear to be.

The Four Gospels viewed collectively:

In contemplating the Four Gospels collectively, the first consideration which occurs to me, is, to enquire the date at which each was written, and I fancy, according to the best received opinions, the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke were not composed, or at any rate made public, till about the 63rd or 64th year of the Christian Era, which would be at least 30 years after our Saviour's Death. St. John's Gospel was put forth something later.

In respect to two of the Evangelists, we may regard their narratives in great part, as exhibiting recollections of what they themselves had seen and heard; and, no doubt many of our Saviour's discourses, or parts of them, were, as I have before observed, noted down as soon as delivered. In regard to the other two, (the narrative of St. Luke particularly,) as relating the treasured information of undeniable witnesses respecting our Saviour's Ministry, and what may partly be called the History of His Miracles and His Doctrines, and of Himself in some cases personally, from the first miraculous announcement of His approaching appearance on earth, until His final Ascension into Heaven. A subject the most important that could ever interest the heart or exercise the understanding of man.

With regard to the Gospel of St. Mark, besides the confirmation which it may be conceived to afford to the authenticity as well of St. Matthew's as of St. Luke's narrative, by St. Mark's own means of judging their veracity; I think it leads to an additional consideration, which, as far as my reading extends, I do not recollect to have seen noticed anywhere, and to which I shall revert in the sequel.

St. Mark has, I believe, by many been supposed a mere epitomizer of St. Matthew's Gospel, and I confess, such is the general impression I am disposed to think his work may fairly occasion; but it does not follow, that in applying himself possibly to the purpose of thus composing an abridged account for the benefit of some Gentile converts, he should not have varied it in any respect, or even added any particulars to it, according to his own knowledge and belief. That he has acted in this manner, I conceive to be apparent. St. Mark is supposed to have been for some time an attendant upon St. Peter; which may have opened to him an additional source of information. Still I retain the idea that St. Mark's Gospel is, as it were, founded upon that of St. Matthew, which it substantially repeats, although in an abridged form, and so, as I have already said, helps to confirm.

I have discovered, as I think, in no less than nine distinct instances, sentences containing the most important passages of the verses where they are to be found, (in some cases indeed, entire verses,) which are word for word the same in St. Matthew and St. Mark.—I shall place the references to these in two columns below, observing for the moment, that I have in no case taken the examples of words *spoken*, whether by our Saviour or others, which might admit of a remark, in reply to the argument I wish to found on these coincidences, that *words spoken*, if correctly taken down at the time, or accurately retained, must be the same by whomsoever repeated. Not that I should abandon the inferences to be drawn even from a coincidence in such passages, unless it is to be presumed, that they were taken down in writing at the time, and that the different authors repeating them had access to the same written document; for it is much easier to retain the ideas and sentiments of any speaker than his precise words, although surprising effortsof memory may have been displayed, to the extent of repeating every word uttered, during a long speech, upon having once heard it, of which a curious instance is given by Pliny, if I recollect right, in one of his letters.—I make this remark here by way of caution.

Again:

The object of the Evangelists in their respective compositions, appears to me to have been not as it were to write a History of our Saviour's Life and Death.—But to put down for the instruction of His followers, of All, in short, who had embraced the Belief, and accepted the name of "Christians," as much of our Saviour's Doctrines delivered from his own lips, as they had any means of recollecting, together with such of his Miracles, as were calculated to evince the most incontrovertible proofs of the Divine power He exercised, in unvarying acts of benevolence while on earth, and further, to attest His Death, and His Resurrection, and His Ascension into Heaven.—And this in fact is the substance of all the Gospel writings.

St. Luke, whose narrative is perhaps more in the style of a history than those of the other Evangelists, begins his short preface, "*Forasmuch as Many have taken in hand to set-forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us*," and alleges this, as a motive for his writing; on account of his superior advantages (as I understand it) in respect to correct information.

The means possessed by all, were manifestly adequate to the undertaking in which they engaged. St. Matthew and St John appear in many particu-

lars as witnesses to be deemed fraught with personal knowledge; St. Mark and St. Luke had equal opportunities of obtaining the most satisfactory intelligence as to the facts "*even as* 'THEY' *delivered them which from the beginning were eye witnesses, and ministers of the word.*" These are St. Luke's own expressions, as stated in our ordinary version of his Gospel, chap. i. verse 2, and with respect to St. Mark, as I have already observed; he seems not only to have borrowed the principal part of his account from St. Matthew's, but probably had the advantage of St. Peter's recollections to aid him likewise.

It appears by the 3rd chapter of St. Luke, (verse 12,) that the Publicans or Roman Tax-gatherers were among those who came to receive John's Baptism, and many Publicans came and sat at meat with our Saviour in the house of St. Matthew.—St. Matthew makes no seeming distinction in his account of events, in respect to this circumstance being prior to his own call, or otherwise, nor does he relate the fact of his own call, till in this 9th chapter.

According to the 4th chapter of St. Matthew, verse 13, our Saviour left Nazareth and came and dwelt at Capernaum. "*His own city,*" therefore, in chap. ix. verse 1, means Capernaum.

The sermon on the Mount, (as it is usually called) which occupies three whole chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel (the 5th, 6th, and 7th,) is detailed, before the Evangelist notices his becoming one of our Saviour's followers, but it is impossible almost not to suppose that he had been so, previously to his attracting the particular notice of our Saviour; and being from his profession, as a Tax-gatherer, probably expert with his pen, had also, as it may be conjectured, noted down from our Saviour's lips, that discourse which is so fully recorded by him, and is only in small parts given to us, by the other Evangelists.

The discourses of our Saviour at the Last Supper, stated by St. John, we may presume were noted down by that Evangelist shortly after he had heard them. The speeches and prayers, and prophecies in the first chapter of St. Luke, had no doubt, the whole, or the greater part of them, been preserved in writing, and not improbably from the very time of their delivery. The various Parables were, I presume, also treasured up by some who heard them.

Here followeth sweeping work relative to the Apocalypse:

Convinced, as I am, that this is a spurious production, the composition, possibly, of some learned Jewish Cabalist, converted, *in some sense it might be said*, to Christianity; I seldom think of reading it, but I shall now go through it, and present my reasons for the judgment I formed many years past, concerning its nature and pretensions.

CHAPTER I.

Chap. i. verse 1.—"The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass, and He sent and signified it by His Angel, unto His servant John."

Verse 2.—"Who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimoney of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw."

Verse 3.—"Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein, for the time is at hand.

There is something very strange in this preface.—The idea of a Revelation given by God to Jesus Christ, "to shew unto His servants things "which must shortly come to pass," and the expression, relating to the speedy accomplishment of the prophecy, seems referable to that erroneous expectation of the speedy second coming of our Saviour, which certainly prevailed in the time of the Apostles, and which some, perhaps, of their own writings appear to have been thought capable of sanctioning.

Hardier still; but we must return to you:

It appears to me, that there are, moreover, other and cogent reasons for believing the Apocalypse a spurious composition.—In the first place, it may be asked who is the author?—According to all accounts, it is hardly possible to say that the Apostle St. John, has at any time been recognized as *such*, without question.—It is stated in Rees' Cyclopædia, Article, "Apocalypse," that the third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, was the first council in which this book was pronounced Canonical; and perhaps the Fourth Century may be considered the worst Era of the Church, from the days of the Apostles to the present hour,—more superstition—more feigned miracles—in short, more error prevailed then, than perhaps at any other period.

Now, compare the account of the Jewish prophecies, as to the manner of their promulgation and preservation, with the historical accounts of this work. St. Paul says, Romans, chap. iii. verses 1 and 2, "What advantage then, hath the Jew?—Or what profit is there of circumcision?" (verse 2.) "Much every way, chiefly, because that unto them were committed the Oracles of God." To whom was this Oracular Writing, now under consideration, committed? It seems, in truth, altogether unknown. It purports to be addressed to certain Churches, seven in number; does any history shew that it was produced from the Archives of any of them?—Nay, upon the supposition that it was the work of St. John the Apostle. One of these Churches, that of Thyatira, is supposed, upon the strength of a very ancient authority, Epiphanius, (already noticed in my observations on the 2nd and 3rd chapters above,) not to have existed in St. John's time, and this testimony, which dates back to the year 320 perhaps, is the stronger, because, as I have before observed, Epiphanius attempts to remove the objection arising from this circumstance, by a supposition, that St. John meant to prophecy a Church *would* exist there, at some future day. Several passages, also, shew that the writer of the Apocalypse was impressed with the erroneous idea, common in the earliest ages of Christianity, that the second coming of our Saviour was near at hand.

As to the use which some Protestants may have been disposed to make of this book against the Papacy,—that may account for its reception, among those who are disposed to put such a construction upon it, if they look no further into the subject.—There is a curious symptom of party spirit in the book itself—to the Church of Pergamus, it is said, "so hast thou (that is among the members of your Church) them also that hold the doctrines of the Nicolaitanes, *which thing I hate*," chap. ii. verse 15, to the Church at

Ephesus it had been said, at the 6th verse of the same chapter, "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, *which I also hate.*" Now, as I have observed above, in commenting on that chapter, it is not, I believe, ascertained what the doctrines or deeds of this sect of Nicolaitanes were; nor who even was the founder of the sect. And certainly the mode of expression itself is suspicious; are we to suppose that, at whatever time this book was written, there was no other sect of self-called Christians, whose doctrines and practice might merit even the severest reprehension? That the condemnation of the Nicolaitanes alone by name, ought naturally to proceed from the mouth of our Saviour? Were these men "sinners, above all men that dwell in Jerusalem?"

But to revert to the consideration of the authorship; it must not be overlooked, that one of the Churches to which the prophecy was addressed, as just mentioned above, was the Church of Ephesus;—St. John is supposed to have ended his days at that place. Could a work, said to be his, *if it were really his*, fail to have been preserved by the Church of Ephesus, if actually addressed to the Church there?—How could any doubt have occurred upon such a subject? The "more sure word of prophecy," to use St. Peter's expression, is such, indeed, to those who have reason to know, and actually believe that the prediction has been originally uttered by divine authority, and has been preserved faithfully since it was so uttered. What advantage could Christians derive from the Prophecies of the Old Testament, unless they believed in the divine dispensation through Moses? Unless they believed that the Jews had been set apart by God, and as St. Paul says, "that the oracles of God were committed to them."

I think the doctrine of the Millenium is attributed to Papias;—and it is mentioned in Rees' Cyclopædia, Article, "Apocalypse," "The testimony of Papias in its favour is doubtful, for it is argued, that as he was the founder of the system of the Millenium, he would naturally have recurred to the 20th chapter of this book, if he had been acquainted with it, in support of his opinion." The idea of a temporal kingdom for Christ was so common, as a matter of expectation among the Jews, that it is not to be wondered at, if, among the early converts to Christianity, the same notion might have obtained, so flattering, one might say, to their temporal ambition. They might naturally be in haste to enjoy, as they imagined, the fruits of their Christian character; and the notion of the Millennium was too much connected with earth, not to captivate all those who were disposed to see in religion a stepping-stool for earthly greatness.

NOTICE.

ART. XX.—*Life in the Ranks.* By SERGEANT-MAJOR TAYLOR, Author of "Scenes and Adventures in Affganistan."

WE believe that the very best recommendation we can offer of this volume is to cite a passage or two from its pages. The following are samples:—

"To those who may object that a deficient education, or an humble position in life are in themselves circumstances that necessarily incapacitate one from contributing to the general stock of amusement and instruction, I have only to reply, that it is neither education nor rank, nor wealth which in this, as in most worldly distinctions determines one's claims to consideration; for the humbler the station in which we may be placed, and the greater the struggles we have to encounter, the more likely are we to develope qualities that would otherwise have lain dormant in pampered indolence.

"Let it not be supposed, from the few prefatory observations, that I am about to inflict on my readers the important nothings of an inflated autobiography:—such is far from my intention. I desire to occupy no more prominent place in the scenes I am about to describe than the stage carpenter, or call boy, who, with no pretension to creative power, are yet necessary to the reproduction of images which are supposed to bear an affinity with nature."

"Equal, if not superior, in physical organization to the troops of almost any other country, it has often been demanded why the soldiery of Great Britain stand so much lower in the social scale. The answer is a simple one—because the whole scope and tendency of military legislation is calculated to degrade the soldier in his own estimation, and to leave his moral feelings no room for play. He is regarded as a mere animal endowed only with brute instincts, and the consciousness of this humiliating fact lowers many a highly gifted and sensitive mind to the common level. Once a man's sense of moral responsibility is destroyed, it cannot be expected that he will become either a good soldier or a useful citizen. The motives that incite other men to exertion, and the feeling of self-respect which prevents them from yielding to temptation, are wanting in his case; for it seems the policy of the military code not to encourage anything which might develope his better instincts or elevate his mental faculties. Dealing with the material of which the mass is composed as brute matter, the agency by which it is shaped, and fashioned into the automaton form, dignified with the name of soldier, is of corresponding harshness and severity. Penal regulations and restrictions greet the unfortunate tyro at every side, and the few indulgencies that his hard lot admits of are watched and curtailed at the pleasure of his superiors. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that he should feel a sort of savage gratification at breaking through restraints which those in authority do not impose on their own conduct, and which savour of unnecessary despotism?"

THE

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FOR

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ART. I.—*Ancient Egypt. Her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History, and Archæology; and other objects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON. New York.

MR. GLIDDON was, he tells us, lately the Consul at Cairo for the United States; his sojourn in Egypt dating from 1818, and, with intervals of absence, extending to 1841. He forms an important member of the American "Egyptian Society," and looks upon himself as having more of the Egyptian in him than the American, or any other nation, owing to his long residence in the land of the Pharaohs.

Mr. Gliddon appears to have been a most enthusiastic, and a remarkably successful student of all that is known or conjectured of the ancient Egyptians; especially of the modern discoveries, interpretations, and speculations to which the antiquities, monuments, hieroglyphics, &c., of the country have led. He is, at any rate, an eloquent describer of that which he has learned; and, above all, ought to be gratefully acknowledged as the clearest expounder for the popular reader of what he writes about, that we have encountered.

It is for his fellow-citizens that he chiefly writes; seeing that in America, according to his account, the acquaintance with mouldering Egypt is very limited; while the light which he desires to spread has been "pouring like a flood over Europe." He assigns certain causes for this backwardness. One is, that as most of the best books on the subject are published in foreign languages, and many at large cost,—and that as their appearance *en masse*, dates back not much further than 1836, sufficient interval has not yet elapsed for the adequate promulgation of the new science in his native land, beyond what may be gleaned from the learned works of Sir J. G. Wilkinson, whose last production made its appearance in 1841. The Americans, too, are entitled to the plea of having, when the new lights reached their country, to overcome the associations, which so long prevailed in Europe, connected with the very name of Egypt—"a land of mystery—for 2000 years covered with a veil of darkness."

This darkness Mr. Gliddon strains himself to remove to a considerable extent, for the benefit of the general reader in his own country; and in doing so, there can be no doubt that he is performing a similar service, in so far as popularity is to be considered, for readers in England and wherever the English language is spoken.

The matter spread over the pages before us, was originally prepared for delivery in oral lectures at Boston; and it has now been published in an American paper, called "The New World," and stereotyped, which, must greatly, from the number and cheapness of copies, conduce to the circulation of what is detailed.

It is the first time, we are satisfied, that in any country, a series of popular lectures and essays have been projected for the familiar elucidation of the topics indicated by the title heading our paper; Mr. Gliddon undertaking to show, that the apprehended unintelligibility of Egyptian hieroglyphics in 1843, is an illusion, and to remove the prevalent doubts implied in the question, "can Hieroglyphics be translated?" He pretends not to be a discoverer, but only to have availed himself of what has with regard to ancient Egypt been brought to light by the learned in Egyptian archæology; laying claim, however, to discrimination, and to the right of entertaining opinions of his own. "I am not a stranger in the land of Egypt, and may be allowed to speak from personal knowledge and long experience, without reference to the works or opinions of gentlemen, who, however greatly they surpass me in acquirements and talents, remained but a few weeks, months, or years, in the valley of the Nile." At least, from 1829, he feels himself entitled to speak as an ardent spectator, and a little later as an humble actor, in regard to some of the things of which he treats; his personal recollections supplying to a considerable extent the place of books in as far as concerns the subjects of his lectures.

Mr. Gliddon's undertaking is to give a summary of the results of Hieroglyphical researches; and he commences with a rapid narrative and explanation of the progress and process by which these results have been achieved. His declaration is, that "the little spring of pure water which first bubbled from the Rosetta stone, has, in 23 years, now swollen into a mighty flood; overwhelming all opposition; sweeping aside or carrying in its surges, those whose inclination would induce them to stem its force." "At the present hour, we know more of the positive Egyptian history, and of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, ages previous to the patriarch Abraham, than on many subjects we can assert of our acquaintance with England before Alfred the Great, or with France before Charlemagne!" The history of ancient Egypt is written on adamant, protected from the destroying hand of time, in silent excavations; or hewn on monuments which nothing but a fell destroyer of antiquities, like Mohammed Ali, can mar or obliterate.

Our archæologist's summary of the results of Hieroglyphical research will furnish us with a few passages for abstract, and portions of a narrative new, we are sure, to multitudes of readers in England as well as in the United States; and so striking that the wonder will be how it is that they have hitherto heard so little on the subject.

The summary begins with the great French expedition which, in 1798, was intended to establish an empire in the North-western provinces of Asia and Africa. A number of *savans*, suitably equipped, were appointed by Napoleon to accompany the army, with the view of scrutinizing Egypt and its monuments. Previous to this time, travellers had established the existence of immense vestiges of antiquity in that country, but without affording much else of value in regard to them. Hundreds of years before, classical studies too had directed the attention of scholars to Egyptian archæology; and especially was the 18th century fruitful in ponderous tomes, purporting, without any other beneficial result than to awaken the spirit of inquiry, to cast some light on the conflicting traditions that existed. But to the period of the French expedition mentioned, "Egypt," to quote the grandloquent language of Mr. Gliddon, "was a sealed book, whose pages could not be opened, until Napoleon's thunderbolts had riven the clasps asunder; and until the chivalrous cavalry of the *Ghuz* (Arabice—*Memlooks*) had been scattered like chaff before the wind, by the concentrated volleys of a French hollow square."

The real progress in Egyptian studies throughout Europe dates from the appearance of the great French work, called the "Description de l'Egypte," compiled at the expense of the French government, after the return of Napoleon's expedition, by the laborious *savans* who had accompanied it. This work presented, for the first time, faithful architectural copies of the monuments of Egypt to the student; and if experience has since shown that the French artists of that day were not scrupulously exact in delineating the Hieroglyphical legends sculptured on the edifices, of which they gave measurements and descriptions in other respects correct, still a mass of facsimiles was thus furnished to the decipherer, and an immense step was effected in general Egyptian knowledge. The "darkness" of Egypt received light also early in the 19th century, on the return of the victors at Aboukir and Alexandria, while several enthusiastic and learned travellers continued to feed the interest that had been created, at the same time adding their contributions.

It was not however until the year 1820 that a key was supplied "to all the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of Egypt." The *Rosetta stone* contained this key, having come into the possession of the English, along with a vast amount of other precious sculptures, in terms of the capitulation of Alexandria.

The Rosetta stone, which is deposited in the British Museum, is thus described by Mr. Gliddon: "In its present state it is much mutilated; chiefly on the top, and at the right side. Its extreme length is about three feet, measured on the flat surface, which contains the writing; its breadth, which in some parts is entire, is about two feet five inches. The under part of the stone, which is not sculptured, is left rough. In thickness it varies from ten to twelve inches. It bears three inscriptions, and is belinguar,—two of them being in the Egyptian language, though in separate and distinct characters, and the third is in ancient Greek. The first or uppermost inscription is in Hieroglyphics, and much mutilated,—several lines being impaired or wanting; the second is the character styled in the Greek translation *enchorial*, 'writing of the people,' or otherwise it is termed *demotic*, to designate its ordinary and popular use; the third is in Greek, and purports to be a translation of the hieroglyphic and of the demotic texts."

To find the desired key, that is to say, after having ascertained the meaning of the Greek inscription, to discover and ascertain what were the hieroglyphics corresponding to each part of the translation, what the principles of construction, whether alphabetic, syllabic, and so forth, became the theme of extraordinary patience and ingenuity on the part of a number of the most learned and gifted men in Europe. We cannot go much into particulars; but suffice it here to state, that our own Dr. Young, in the supplement to the 4th and 5th editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica—Endinburgh, 1819—under the article "Egypt," *cast the first beam of true light*, as Mr. Gliddon phrases it, on the method adopted by the Egyptians, in their peculiar art of writing. Dr. Young appears to have had the extraordinary honour of the following discoveries:

To him belongs the merit of positively indicating in the hieroglyphical groups on the Rosetta Stone, the names of "*Ptolemy*" and "*Berenice;*" and the probable values of each of the *letters*, contained in these two royal ovals; although subsequent investigations reduced the number of Dr. Young's positive demonstrations, to the *phonetic* value of *five* distinct characters, corresponding to our I, N, P, T, and F. Dr. Young's elaborate article explained the ingenious and curious mechanical process, by which he had arrived at his conclusions. He likewise pointed out the probable meaning of some *two hundred groups* of hieroglyphic characters; many of which interpretations have been confirmed by later experience. He demonstrated, that the two unknown inscriptions on the Rosetta Stone (the hieroglyphic and demotic) were, as to the mode of expressing ideas, identical; the one being, in good measure, a corruption, abridgment, or running form of the other. He moreover ascertained the mode of numeration, used by the Egyptians in hieroglyphic writings.

He was led, however, into many errors, by his supposition of the existence of a *syllabic* and a *dissyllabic* principle in the composition of *phonetic* hiero-

glyphics; whereas Champollion demonstrated, that each phonetic hieroglyphic was a simple *consonant*, a *vowel*, or a *diphthong*.

It is to Champollion le Jeune, however, that the greatest discoveries in deciphering and philosophizing have been attributed, for although Dr. Young's merit preceded the Frenchman's, it was the latter that carried the flickering light into a considerable degree of breadth and steadiness. This is Mr. Gliddon's view of Champollion's services.

The 27th Sept., 1822, was a memorable day to antiquarian labourers, and inquirers into the primeval history of man; while, to the Egyptian student, it is an era equal to any in history. On that day, the illustrious Champollion le Jeune, read to the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, his "Memoir on phonetic hieroglyphics"—which, in October, was published under the title of "Letters to Monsieur Dacier, perpetual Secretary of the Academy"—wherein, for the first time since the cessation of hieroglyphic writing (about the 3rd century after Christ) it was demonstrated, that "the ancient Egyptians had made use of *pure hieroglyphical* signs, that is to say, of characters representing the image of *material* objects, to represent simply the *sounds* of the *names* of Greek and Romish sovereigns, inscribed on the monuments of Dendera, Thebes, Esne, Edfoo, Ombos, and Philæ." The great paleographer thoroughly established his proposition, in the application of his phonetic system and alphabetical hieroglyphics to the epochs of the Romans and the Ptolemies. He refrained from expressing, at the time, what must naturally have been his *own* hope, if not conviction, that the same application would be found consistent with and analogous to hieroglyphic inscriptions of an earlier period: but time was required for the collection of further materials, before openly hazarding an opinion, in support of which it was, at that moment, out of his power to adduce sufficient evidence.

The Savans of Europe were astounded at the success and method of Champollion. Every one was struck with its *truth*: but envy was more prominent in the mass, than a desire to cöoperate with the illustrious Frenchman. There were many learned minds, feeling the force of the discovery, who exclaimed, as when Columbus made the egg stand on its end, that, "nothing was easier," although they had none of them discovered it before; and time has shown, that the *extreme facility* with which hieroglyphics were now to be deciphered, was, for some years, limited to the presiding genius—to Champollion himself. Detraction was the weapon wielded with most facility by the critic; and, from 1822 to the present hour, it is infinitely more facile to declare that "hieroglyphical interpretation is all nonsense," than to acquire, by study and patient research, a *knowledge* of the subject, upon which it has been so fashionable to sneer and to cavil.

Again,—

With the force of an earthquake the illustrious Frenchman overthrew the puny edifices of his predecessors; and, from that hour, the Annals of Egypt, her time-honoured chronicles, her papyri crumbling in the dust of ages, ceased to be mysteries! The "Veil of Isis"—"the curtain that no mortal hand could raise"—which, for 2000 years, had baffled the attempts of

Greeks and Romans, with the still more vigorous efforts of modern Egyptologists—was lifted by CHAMPOLLION LE JEUNE; and the glories of Pharaonic epochs—the deeds of the noblest, the most learned, pious, warlike, and civilized race of ancient days—whose monarchy has exceeded by 1000 years the duration of any of our modern nations—whose works surpass in magnitude, in boldness of conception, accuracy of execution, and splendour of achievement the mightiest labours of any other people—and whose lordly dominion over the nations of the earth at one period perhaps equalled the territorial extent of Muscovy, at the present day; have, through Champollion's labours, and through those of his colleagues and disciples, become familiar to all whose inclination has prompted them to *read* the works which, since 1824, have issued from the press of Europe.

This is the American's style of characterizing Champollion's merits; and from its enthusiasm it may stagger the plain sense of individuals. However, there is no more substantial doubt of the great achievements of the Frenchman, which were not yet completed, than there is of the fact that several classes of persons concurred to question and oppose not only the system of his speculations, but their actual results. Classical scholars were not willing to give up their Greek and Latin authorities. Not a few of the astronomers, mathematicians, and chronologers, stuck to their calculations respecting certain zodiacal planispheres and dates of antiquity; while Christian divines,—

Apprehending the progress of infidelity, if no records of the Hebrews were to be found in Egypt, no memento of the Patriarchs, or of the Exodus, in hieroglyphical legends, looked with discountenance on the new science, and clung to the good old unintelligibilities of profane writers; while other well-meaning persons snatched with avidity at supposititious confirmations, in points wherein there is no confirmation to be found. It was extremely provoking to some finished Hebrew, Greek, or Latin classic to find, that these perverse old Egyptians, besides resorting to such "a *queer* mode of writing," should have actually used *Coptic* for their language, whereby a hieroglyphic text required a double study, before it could be rendered into any of our modern tongues. How much more convenient would it not have been, if the living antecedent of the mummy had talked in Latin, or in Greek, or at least in Hebrew; and if this self-willed individual *would* use Coptic for his ordinary language, why were not the dialects spoken at the rise of the 16th Theban dynasty, about 22 centuries B. C., the same as were spoken in Egypt about 500 years after our Saviour, when the liturgies which we now possess in the Coptic tongue began to be composed? In short, it must be acknowledged, Champollion's discoveries were to the mass of the learned, in all countries, unpopular and unpleasing; and a cold and suspicious reception was the first welcome with which the "Precis" was received by the many, although the work met with applause, and the author found instant solace in the admiration of the few.

Passing over as we do all notice of many eminent students who laboured contemporaneously, in company with, or as disciples of

Champollion, we come to the group of scientific Englishmen, who, with Dr. Young's key, and Champollion's alphabet, commenced in Egypt itself, about 1822, the scrutiny and examination of all the monuments of antiquity discovered, from the sea-beach to Upper Nubia, from the Oases to the peninsula of Mount Sinai, and in every direction in the Eastern and Western districts.

These gentlemen, named above, mutually aiding and co-operating with each other, were enabled to take instant advantage of the true method of interpretation. Egypt was then all virgin ground. Every temple, every tomb, contained something unknown before; and which these gentlemen were the *first* to date, and to describe with accurate details. A more intensely interesting field never opened to the explorer—every step being a discovery. Nobly did these learned and indefatigable travellers pioneer the way, and mighty have been the results of their arduous labours. They procured lithographic presses from England; and, at their individual expense, for private circulation, Messrs. Felix, Burton, and Wilkinson printed (at Cairo—1826 to 1829) and circulated a mass of hieroglyphical tablets, legends, genealogical tables, texts, mythological, historical, and other subjects, which, under the modest titles of "Notes," "Excerpta," and "Materia Hieroglyphica," were disseminated to learned societies in Europe. Lord Prudhoe's distant excursions and correct memoranda rendered the collections of antiquities, with which he enriched England, extremely valuable; and his labours were the more appreciated, as his lordship's liberal mind and generous patronage of science were above any sordid motives of acquisitiveness. Mr. Hay's own accurate pencil, aided by various talented artists whom his princely fortune enabled him to employ, amassed an amount of drawings, that render his portfolios the largest in the world. The researches of all these gentlemen have been of incalculable value to the cause. They have preserved accurate data on subjects, that the destroying hand of Mohammed Ali has since irrevocably obliterated; and as they all pursued science for itself, they deserve and enjoy a full measure of respect.

Champollion's rivalship was again, by the rumour of these gentlemen's successes, awakened, together with national jealousy. In 1828, the French government sent a commission consisting of the discoverer and four artists, with every necessary outfit, to Egypt. A similar design had suggested itself to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the celebrated archæologist and oriental scholar, Professor Ippolito Rosselini, of the University of Pisa, and four Italian artists also, were appointed a commission with the same intent as that of the French; the two not only proceeding to Egypt together, but agreeing to act in concert, and blending into one. They prosecuted their labours from Memphis to the second Cataract, and returned in 1829.

The year 1829 is the date at which Mr. Gliddon professes his personal recollections to have commenced. He states that the arrival of the French and Tuscan expeditions, added new fuel to the flame of antiquarian jealousy, which for thirty years had characterized the

archæological devotees of England and France in Egypt. Many laughable incidents, we are told, were the consequences of this mutual difference. We cite the account of one. Having informed us that many of the spoliations of Memphis and Heliopolis by the Saracens are to be found at Cairo, used in the various magnificent edifices of the Mahommedan city, and that they lie embedded, to be brought to light by time, our author goes on to state how a slab of basalt, forming the lintel of a doorway, in a dilapidated mosque, on which was engraved "a triangular, or rather a *trigrammatic* inscription," was discovered by one of the English explorers. The anecdote continues thus,—

Having consulted with his fellow travellers, application was made, through the British consul general, to Mohammed Ali at Alexandria, for permission to remove this block, with an offer to repair the mosque, as a compensation for the favour. In Egypt, whatever may be the case elsewhere, it is impossible to keep a secret from the ferret-like propensities of courtiers; and whether instigated by Drovetti or not, the Pasha *refused*, on the ground of sacrilege, desecration, and other canting phrases: the Viceroy (who has destroyed more ancient remains than any individual in the world, and whose sacrilegious hand spared not the edifices of Islam itself) being wonderfully happy in this, as in all other cases, in seizing on dexterous excuses and shuffling expedients. Mohammed Ali declined, however, giving it to the French mission, lest he should offend the English after their prior application.

Champollion, on the good faith of a friend, was, in an evil hour, taken by an English traveller to see the block, as it stood in the mosque at Cairo. He instantly perceived its possible value. Drovetti was sent for from Alexandria; and a plot was laid by him with the skill of one of the most finished conspirators of modern times. In Egypt, Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohammed Ali, can do whatever he pleases; and as he was quite unaware of his father's refusal, Drovetti applied to *him*, for permission to take the stone, which he granted; but, to avoid giving offence to the natives, which might have been the case if *Europeans* had done the work, he said he would cause it to be executed for himself, and gave orders for its removal the next day. Timely information reached the English travellers; who, provoked beyond measure at the duplicity of the opposite parties, went in the night, removed the block, and carried it to the English consulate, where it was carefully deposited. The indignation of the French party, when it was known that the stone had been abstracted, may be conceived; Ibrahim Pasha himself was not a little annoyed. A tremendous row ensued. Mohammed Ali went off to Cairo, followed by the British consul general. Ibrahim's influence was all-powerful; and knowing that "his beard had been laughed at," he persuaded his father to insist on the restitution of the stone to the Egyptian government.

In the mean time, the Englishmen having had abundance of leisure to take facsimile copies, impressions, and plaster-casts, of the stone; and having thereby ascertained that, from its very mutilated condition, the inscriptions were of trivial value, sent the block to the palace, with an intimation that it was not worth keeping, and forwarded their copies instantly to Europe. The

stone was transferred to the Frenchmen by the gift of the Pasha; and is now in the museum at Paris. I was an amused eye-witness of the rabid indignation of Drovetti, when the stone first arrived at the French consulate in Alexandria. There are some biting sentences in the last "Letters" of Champollion, from Egypt, to which this anecdote may serve as a running commentary.

Mr. Gliddon remarks upon this anecdote, that it not only serves to explain the mode in which "affairs are managed" at the Pasha's court, but the jealousies amongst the archæologists; affording a clue to the reconcilement of incongruities in their reports, and the want of mutual acknowledgments. But, he adds, that a better feeling is now becoming universal, in a pursuit which he considers to be so intensely interesting, as naturally to account for what should in an inferior field be regarded as a puerile exclusiveness.

Mr. Gliddon enumerates some of the great features of Champollion's genius, and also mentions several of the striking discoveries made and labours performed by him down to the day of his death. On his return to France along with the Tuscan commission, "laden with the richest archæological spoils that ever left Egypt," it was arranged between him and Rosellini that they were to combine their labours in the works that were to be issued. He finished his grammar on his death-bed; and summoning his friends, delivered the autograph into their custody, with this injunction and prediction, —"preserve it carefully, for, I hope, it will be my *visiting card* to posterity."

On the demise of the illustrious Frenchman, the task that devolved on his Italian colleague was herculean; and the eyes of the learned turned, with some anxiety, upon the only surviving representative of Champollion; the erudite Tuscan, Professor Ippolito Rosellini, of Pisa, whose classical acquirements, though justly celebrated, might not perhaps have been sufficient to supply the vacuum created in hieroglyphical archæology. In 1832, the Italian scholar produced the first volume of his "Monuments of Egypt and Nubia," announcing at the same time, that he should undertake, in ten volumes of text, and four hundred plates, to furnish complete the civil, military, religious, and monumental history of early Egypt. Faithfully and triumphantly has Professor Rosellini fulfilled the task allotted to him; nor, if we regret that Champollion did not live to reap the full measure of the harvest, can we refrain from acknowledging, that his place has been filled by a man, who, with the qualities and attributes of a gentleman, combines the profound erudition of a universal scholar. For the last ten years, Professor Rosellini has been periodically issuing the text and plates of the noblest work, which the researches of an individual and the liberality of a government have ever produced; nor must the world, in awarding the laurel wreath to the professor, forget, that he owes his honourable position, as we do the astonishing results themselves, to the patronage of Leopold, grand duke of Tuscany.

Although America has been tardy in furthering the progress of Egyptian discovery, Mr. Gliddon declares that the researches of some of his countrymen promise to contribute largely to the science which he has so much at heart; and that "our *Egyptian Society*, which has just been founded at Cairo," has become a central point of investigation into all that concerns the most interesting regions of the kingdom of the Pharaohs.

Having hastily traced some of the great steps in the history of hieroglyphical research, as guided by Mr. Gliddon, we cannot afford space for a connected summary of the contents of his other chapters. In the second, we may mention that he institutes an inquiry into the origin of the art of writing. Here, of course, the matter must consist of speculation and supposition. It is only to a certain date that the positive existence of writing has been proved; and many may question our author's grounds when he declares, that modern discovery enables us at least to produce "writings," "scriptural letters," and "painted alphabetical signs," coeval with generations, that in the day of the patriarch Abraham had long ceased to exist. He argues that the art of writing must have been known in an antediluvian epoch; whether by symbols or alphabetic signs, he ventureth not to pronounce; and his doctrine he gathers from the critical examination which he institutes of the patriarchs. We cite a paragraph or two from this part of the essay. Its author says,—

The five books of Moses carry with them internal evidence, not of one sole, connected, and original composition, but of a *compilation*, by an inspired writer, from *earlier* annals. "The genealogical tables and family records of various tribes, that are found embodied in the Pentateuch, bear the appearance of documents copied from *written* archives. They display no trait which might lead us to ascribe their production to the dictates of immediate revelation, nor are we anywhere informed that such in reality was their origin. We are aware that similar documents were constructed by the inspired writers of the Gospels, from national archives or family memorials."

The obvious presumption is, that Moses obtained records of a like description from similar sources, unless it can be shown that no such means were in existence at the time. We have the authority of Genesis v. 1, for asserting the existence of a *book* of genealogies in the time of Noah; and a city, mentioned by Joshua, was named in Hebrew, "Kirjath Sefer"—the City of *Letters*. It is impossible to prove that letters were unknown before Moses; and the Hebrews of his day appear even to have had *two* distinct modes of writing; the characters of which, in one case were *alphabetic*, and in the other *symbolic*. The inscription on the Ephod itself is said—Exodus xxviii. 36—to have been written in characters "like the engravings of a *signet*;" and the original type of the sacred URIM and THUMMIM was, as will hereafter be shown, derived from an earlier combination of emblems, possibly Egyptian. We have, therefore, many reasons to believe that the use of letters, and the practice of preserving chronicles and genealogies, were known to the Hebrews long before Moses: while, in any case, if an

attempt were made, in violation of all legitimate inferences, to draw attestation from Holy Writ, and it were *proved* that, until the time of Moses, the *Jews* were unable to preserve their national annals save by *oral* tradition, it would, in the present advanced state of positive knowledge in the history of contemporary Gentile nations (who, ages anterior to Moses, had authentic and *written* chronicles,) show that the Israelites were, till the 15th century before Christ, more ignorant than any great people of antiquity—a position which, I presume, would be as detrimental to Scriptural authenticity, as, in truth, it would be contrary to reason and to fact.

But it has been demonstrated, by a succession of eminent scholars, since the year 1753, that a critical examination of the Hebrew text of Genesis establishes the truth of the assertion, that this book contains *several* original records; each bearing on its face the strongest marks of authenticity, and of long anterior antiquity, which have been brought together by the hand of Moses. Genesis contains repetitions and double narratives of the same events—distinguished by different characteristics of style, distinctly marked. *Two* histories are clearly defined in the Hebrew text; in one, the Deity is styled ELOHIM; and in the other, JEHOVAH; besides an infinitude of differences in relative style, that leave no doubt, on the mind of the scholastic investigator, in regard to the diversity of the records which chronicle the same event.

Again,—

I am thus particular in demonstrating, by biblical evidence, that the *art of writing* did not originate with Moses, lest the position now indisputably established, of the *prior* antiquity of this art among Gentile nations, of the earliest periods, should appear to militate against the authenticity of the Mosaic record; and it will be conceded, that when once, by arguments grounded on the Bible itself, the use of *books* among the Hebrews is carried back to antediluvian periods, not only is the charge of heresy in these matters rendered nugatory, but the inference in favour of a primary *divine revelation* considerably strengthened.

In the third chapter an attempt is made to explain the construction of the ancient language of the Egyptians,—their mode of writing, and their varied methods of expressing ideas, with some translations of hieroglyphical legends of all ages, and various kinds, from the remotest discernable post-diluvian period, down to the third century of the Christian era. We have to observe that the two last-mentioned chapters, as well as those that follow, are copiously illustrated by means of hieroglyphical figures and characters. We ought to add that the general reader will experience no difficulty in following the argument of the essayist, nor of comprehending the force of the illustrations, taking it for granted that the conception of symbols and characters, and the renderings be correct. In short the work is interesting throughout, being remarkably free from driness, considering the abstruse nature of many of the points, and the want of sympathy on the part of a modern reader, with what relates to such remote matters as are here discussed. We quote this much from the third chapter:

The *Language* of the ancient *Egyptians* is the *ancient Coptic*, prior to the introduction of foreign engraftments; which may have been imported in part, as early as PSAMETICUS the 1st, about B. C. 650. Before that time, it was an *autocthon*, or indigenous tongue; and the same idioms were orally in use from the unnumbered ages anterior to the pyramids, down to the above-named monarch of the 26th Saitic dynasty. It ceased to be orally preserved among the COPTS, the present mongrel descendants of a high-caste ancestry, about a hundred years ago. They still read it, with Arabic translations in the context, in the churches of the Coptic community in Egypt.

In construction, it is monosyllabic in all its primitive words. Its polysyllabic words are compounded of one or more linguistical roots; and these can generally be resolved into distinct monosyllables. Its syntax is in the logical order of the French language. It contains a certain number of Semitic words, due to early intercourse with Arabian nations, as well as to its primitive Asiatic origin.

Dr. Leipsius, in his "Paléographia," 1834, established very curious relations between Sanscrit and Hebrew, such as to leave no doubt of the existence of a common though undeveloped germ in both. But still more valuable were the results of this erudite German ethnologist in Coptic; for in his letter to the Chevr. Baron Bunsen, Jan. 1835, he established, that the ancient Coptic is no longer placed in linguistical solitude; but that it enters into the vast circumference of Semitic and Indo-Germanic languages; and that it is linked with each by points of actual contact, grounded on the essential structure and most necessary forms of *all three*. He considers that, in the numerals especially, so strong a similarity exists between the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages with the more ancient Egyptian system, that he deems the numeral figures of the Egyptians to have been originally transported from Egypt to India, and thence, being carried into Arabia by early commercial intercourse, were by the Arabs transmitted to us, and as such are by us termed Arabic; although by the Arabs this system of numeration is still called *Hindee*, Indian.

In his fourth section Mr. Gliddon, before venturing to speak of times prior to the Pyramids, or contemporary with them; and before launching into ages and occurrences "attested by monumental chronicles, belonging to periods *positively* (though in remoteness scarce definable,) dating previously to the year 2000, B. C.," conducts an examination into some chronological questions, the reason for this examination being thus explained:

It will be conceded, were not such my course, that when I speak with all the certainty of conscientious conviction of Egyptian events, dating, say between the years 2500 and 3000 B. C., or above 4000 years ago, some of my readers might reasonably imagine that I am thereby setting my face in direct opposition to the authority of Scripture. They would be startled, perhaps shocked, at my indiscretion; and the writer would fall in public estimation, in proportion as the novelty of the doctrines advocated might clash with the individual preconception of the reader. Some would consult the chronological dates, appended generally to our version of the Bible; and seeing therein laid down, that the Deluge took place in the year 2348, B. C.,

they might, with apparent reason, consider that my assertions were false in basis, subversive of true belief, or injurious in tendency; were I not at the very outset of my discourse to show to them, that the *chronology* of Scripture is not a matter of indisputable accuracy, and particularly that the dates appended to our Bible, which are founded on the authority of Archbishop Usher, do not demand our implicit credence.

There is nothing in my essays or lectures which militates with the most orthodox views of the Holy Writ, and there is nothing further from my purpose than to give umbrage to any one, in free, but temperate and deferential inquiries. My observations will tend, on the contrary, to confirm Biblical authority; and, if at first sight my still-apprenticed method of introducing a subject, causes a momentary apprehension that I am departing from legitimate views, I am desirous that the results should be found conclusive and satisfactory. Consequently, if I do not take the Deluge at 2348, B. C., I am not differing from the Bible, but simply from Archbishop Usher. These are the reasons which induce me to preface Egyptian History by a brief chronological inquiry.

Again,—

For the three most important events recorded in the Old Testament, i. e. the Creation, the Deluge, and the Exodus, the inquirer after truth is lost in a chaos of 300 different, published human opinions on the eras of the same events; opinions conflicting with each other! But so uncertain is biblical chronology, that among 36 Christian authorities, who have computed the epoch of the nativity of our Saviour, the year itself is a disputed point, and cannot be defined within ten years; so that, while all our present dates are dependent upon the birth of Christ for accuracy, we cannot say positively, whether this year, which we term 1842, be 1837 or 1847. If the year be liable to doubt, how much more so must the day of the nativity? Our present Christmas day was not determined till the year 325 after our Saviour's birth, and then erroneously. Hales quotes Scaliger to the effect, that "to determine the day of Christ's birth belongs to God alone, not to man." All that can be positively averred is, that Christ was born about Autumn; and most probably between 749 and 750 years after the building of Rome. Yet we are not much benefitted by this definition: for 34 chronologists assign *six* dates for the building of the Imperial city—maximum B. C. 753, minimum B. C. 627—giving a difference of 126 years for an event, which is here dependent on the implied accuracy of a date, that cannot itself be determined within ten years.

Mr. Gliddon sticks to his text, that till within the last few years, "when, through the labours of the hierogliphists, we have been enabled to obtain not only faithful and authentic copies of most of Egypt's no longer mysterious legends, but *translations* of their import," the world was left entirely dependent upon an incidental mention of Egypt in the Scriptures, or thrown upon facts, meagre in themselves, or dubious from their ambiguity, handed down by profane authors.

In the fifth chapter there is a sketch of the conjectural and pro-

bable commencement of Egyptian colonization by the Circassian children of Ham, the Asiatic,—their progress up the Nile, the rise of the theocracy or hierarchical government, down to its modification on the accession of Menes, the 1st Pharaoh of Egypt. The immediately succeeding discourse has for its object the defining the possible period of Menes's foundation of the Pharaonic monarchy, taking the year 2750 B. C., as within a few generations approximate of the truth. Mr. Gliddon descends through the pyramidal period of Egyptian monuments, admitting the difficulty of classing the "unplaced kings," but endeavouring to vindicate Manetho's claims upon our notice. He concludes this portion of the examination with these paragraphs:

We have seen, that some events of this period are positive, as we possess monuments to attest them, no less than the greatness of Egypt in those days: nor can we any longer tolerate the objection, that all is fable in history before Abraham's birth.

We have proved, that, in the wilderness of antiquity, before the birth of Abraham, there are many oases, such as the pyramids of Egypt and Ethiopia, with other Pharaonic remains; and, if we cannot trace in every case the connection between these verdant spots, we have established, that they are all embraced within a chronological circle, the lower circumference of which strikes the 16th Dynasty, while the upper rim of its imaginary orbit recedes from our view into the gloom of primeval epochs.

Who, 30 years ago, could have foreseen that we should be enabled to do a thousandth part as much? and who can now doubt, that every future year will present some new planet in the historical firmament?

Our author's series of chapters on early Egyptian History, &c., are not completed in the numbers of "The New World," that have been sent to us. These contain, however, all the preliminary matter which he considers necessary to the clear comprehension of the paleography of his subject, from the remotest times to the accession of the 16th dynasty of Diospolitans. In his future discourses, a number of remaining subjects, which he considers will be interesting to the public, are to be taken up.

We have only now to say, that in his chapters, Mr. Gliddon has availed himself of all the productions of the learned in Egyptian archæology, that have come within his reach; that he has displayed a great liking for his subject, both by his care and earnestness,—his perseverance and his glow; and that the result is a very interesting and instructive work.

ART. II.—*Reminiscences of Syria, and Fragments of a Journal and Letters from the Holy Land.* By Lieut.-Col. E. NAPIER, late Forty-sixth Regiment, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. Newby.

IT has been said that all the Napiers are brave and clever fellows; but how many this *all* comprises, or how nearly each is related to the house of *Merchiston*, famous as the seat of the inventor of Logarithms, we stop not to inquire. Certain it is, however, that there is hardly any end to the soldiers and sailors who claim the appellation; and still more certain, that their gallant deeds have seldom of late years allowed a period to pass without emblazoning the pages of its history. Nor is the name undistinguished in the ranks of those who brandish the quill. There are even several Colonel Napiers who figure on paper, with about as much of family character as they have displayed in the field; nor need we go farther than the book before us, for spirited writing, manly thought, and valuable contribution both to the literature of narrative, and the science of geography.

Lieutenant-Colonel Napier is the son of "the fighting old Commodore;" and there is clearly no degeneracy. There is a striking likeness in this, did the kinship show no farther,—that he is a man of facts, ready action, and rattling manner. He is frank, open spoken, has a sufficient assurance, and is not, we should say, any more than the father, over careful whom he may offend when he has anything to say or do that at the moment suits his fancy.

The Colonel had contracted a severe fever while serving at Gibraltar, and returning to England, retired to Hampshire to recruit his health. Nor was he yet the man that he had been, when he received a characteristic notice and command from the "old commodore," dated September, 1840, and from "Head-quarters of the Army of Lebanon." The letter ran in this fashion: "My dear Edward,—I have hoisted my broad pendant on Mount Lebanon, and mean to advance against the Egyptians with a considerable force under my command. You may be of use here: therefore, go to Sir John Macdonald, and ask him to get leave for you to join me without delay.—Your affectionate father, CHARLES NAPIER.

"To Major E. Napier, 46th Regt."

The Major was as prompt as the father was peremptory; and having without delay waited on the Adjutant-General, was informed that an endeavour would be made to overcome any informalities that might be in the case, and that no time was to be lost.

The leave asked was granted, and off started the Major. But he did not catch the Commodore in time, at least not before the capture of Acre, and the more daring and successful exploits had been achieved. However, he personally visited the scenes of conflict, and gives an account, soldierlike yet humane, of a spectacle, that offers

an impressive comment upon the text,—"glorious war." Acre is the scene.

"War, bloody war," may look very pretty on paper, and "glory" sounds very fine; but, to appreciate the effects of the former, I would recommend Monsieur Thiers or my Lord Palmerston to moralize for an hour amidst the fragments of Acre, amusing themselves in the meanwhile by raking out the half-putrid remains of mortality from under the still reeking and smouldering ruins, and then see with what gusto they could either sit down to dinner or pen a dispatch on the subject.

We landed on the south side of the fortifications, which had been exposed to the fire of the Turkish ships and the smaller craft of the English fleet; where the ramparts presented spectacles which astonished us. On entering the sallyport, immense heaps of muskets, guarded by a party of our marines, were the first trophies that met our view. These were the arms which had been given up by the Egyptians. Then the ramparts themselves, crumbling to ruin, pierced everywhere with shot; the guns dismounted, fractured, and split—merlons upset—embrasures filled with *décombres*—piles of shot, including chain and bar—with others still sticking in those parts of the ramparts which had been taken in reverse—with ever and anon a wide splash of dark-coloured hardened gore against some part of the rampart, or a dismantled gun-carriage spattered with brains and blood, told the fearful tale of death and destruction. As we advanced, breastworks of sand-bags, straw-baskets, containing earth, and traverses of timber whose interstices were filled with rubbish, showed that the science of defence had not been totally neglected, and led to the conclusion that probably the French "Genie" had not here been idle. However, this, of course, is mere conjecture.

As we advanced towards the Western defences, we overtopped the casemated barracks and square, protected by the line-wall, and now only tenanted by a few poor Egyptian women—who, huddled up in a corner, and shrouded in their veils, appeared to be mourning over their desolate condition—numerous carcases of donkeys, and a few Turkish soldiers, who were already quietly smoking the pipe of repose; whilst parties of English sailors were busily collecting all the shot they could pick up to take on board their respective ships.

More particulars:

Decending into the town, and passing numerous magazines and depôts of all manner of ordnance, we entered the area of the chief mosque: but even the house of Allah had not been respected, as was evinced by its crumbling minars and tottering walls. We next proceeded to the hospital: here a melancholy sight presented itself: the wards were filled with sick and wounded, though in a much cleaner state and better order than I could have expected; but in the verandah we beheld the ghastly sight of ten or twelve bodies, some badly lacerated, others dreadfully emaciated, and undergoing the process of being sewed up in canvas preparatory to burial; while one sturdy fellow, with tucked-up sleeves, was busily employed in cleaning the corpses, and a barber was as assiduously engaged in shaving the crowns of the convalescents; which last circumstance, in the midst of this scene of death, presented to us, to say the least, rather a novel spectacle.

From hence we proceeded to view the locality of the grand explosion, which was probably the principal cause of the garrison evacuating the place and it certainly exceeded anything I could have conceived possible. For a space of about 200 yards in diameter, where once stood the magazine, all now is bare; the very fragments of stone and masonry appear as if ground to dust by the terrific shock. The only object which seems to have escaped destruction is the stem of a solitary date-tree; whose "leaf-crowned head" still gracefully waves amidst the surrounding desolation, so forcibly manifested in the very air we breathe, charged as it is with the effluvia arising from the mouldering remains of poor humanity, now trodden under our feet.

Colonel Napier's advantages and opportunities were peculiar, in as far as regarded what was to be seen and done after his arrival. Ae was not only introduced to all the principal officers and diplomatic personages who were opposed to the Egyptians, but he had duties to perform as well as curiosities to satisfy, which led him through districts of the country, that are wild and seldom trodden by strangers, on account of the besetting dangers. He not merely made excursions to the cities and places more resorted to by travellers, but to others in the course of divergences out of and beyond the usual routes. Amongst his duties was that of commanding a Turkish party, whose business was to keep an outlook on the whereabouts of the Egyptian army. This, however, was a rascally band, that would not come to close quarters with the enemy, each choosing rather to take his own way and be off. Napier was afterwards employed with the Sultan's more regular troops, and throughout the various marches, manœuvres, and stratagies that characterized the conduct of the Turkish force against the formidable Ibrahim Pacha. At length the convention with Mehemet Ali put a stop to the military operations. The gallant Colonel was also sent to Egypt on affairs connected with the evacuation of Syria; and another publication is to be a result of this mission. In fact he is evidently a ready writer; nor is he unused to the trade, as witness his "Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands," and other volumes.

The present work supplies a good deal which neither his father's narrative nor the publication of Mr. Hunter touches. This arises in a great measure from the superior opportunities which the Colonel's military position afforded him, with regard to periods, spots, and incidents, which the others could not speak of from immediate observation. But there appears to us also to be some distinctive traits in the book. Admitting that it is too frequently loaded with quotation; that there might have been a more natural and clear disposal and arrangement of the substance and matter in his reminiscences, notes, and letters; and that a little more pains might have given an elegance to many passages, without detracting from their graphic force and soldierlike spirit, we have to add, that while the

Colonel is an improvement upon the Commodore in manner and discreetness, he surpasses the other in regard to weight of matter and apt apprehension; and that although there may be diffusion and an enfeebling discursiveness in many parts, yet solid materials are easily discernible, and no weariness experienced in tracing them out or testing their amount. The book upon the whole is pleasing and informing; the character of the man being stamped on every page,—always of itself an agreeable and useful study; while the geographical facts and novelties which it places before you have a scientific value.

Our extracts shall be but few. What has already been given lets one see something of the writer, and also of Acre in a state of fragments. We next invite attention to a sketch of the General and the Commodore at Beyrout.

The Seraglio itself had been appointed by Sir Charles Smith for his own accommodation and that of the officers who accompanied him from Gibraltar; whilst the artillerymen, who formed part of the expedition, were quartered, some in an adjoining out-building, and the rest in a very good barrack near the harbour.

On entering his apartment, we found Sir Charles reclining on a camp-couch, still suffering from the injury he had received on his foot during the explosion at Acre, but quite unchanged in appearance or dress from what I had remembered him at Gibraltar: his marked features were still shaded by the broad-brimmed Spanish "sombrero;" whilst the braided blue shell jacket and brown "contrabandista calzones" appeared to be the very identical ones he used in former days to sport at the bull-fights of Algesiras. Nor was the Commodore behind him as to originality of appearance: the old shovel-shaped cocked-hat stuck "athwart ship" was a full match for the "calanez;" whilst his short shrunken nether garments and threadbare coat, adorned with a couple of rusty "swabs," could have been fairly pitched against the round jacket and "calzones." In fact, a stranger might have gone far ere he had an opportunity of beholding two such specimens of England's Army and Navy as were now personified in the hero of Tarifa, and him of Cape St. Vincent.

The Colonel, from more than one passage in his Reminiscences, leads us to suppose that he is apt at learning languages, at least those of the East. His experience in India, however, may have lent him certain facilities, especially where speech and manners are reciprocally illustrative. He was very lucky too in some of his Syrian introductions; for example, to a Greek Christian family, where he had sundry tutors, some of them of the most attractive and effective description. The following passage gives us not merely a notice of his studies, but of daily life:

Giorgio was the only member of the family who spoke an European language: it therefore became, on every account, desirable to obtain as soon as possible a smattering of Arabic; and to this I diligently applied. Before breakfast, my time was taken up in conning over the now, to me,

interesting leaves of a Syrian grammar, or learning by heart the words and dialogues I had written down the previous day, and adding to my stock of numerous Arabic compliments, wherewith to greet the ladies on their first appearance in the morning; which event never took place till after our usually late breakfast. * * * *

An hour or two was next devoted with Giorgio to the perusal of an Arabic Testament; at the end of which time, he, on getting tired, usually went to "Shimel Howha," or to take the air; and I adjourned, with my books and narghili, to the ladies' apartment, where on Persian carpets and piles of cushions, they were by this time settled for the day, busily engaged with their needles; and I soon found the lessons they imparted of much more avail than either the instruction of Giorgio or the Arabic grammar and dictionary. In this female academy I was often joined by my companion Hunter; who, however, eschewed the more abstruse part of the studies: but our progress was so rapid, that before a month had elapsed, not only could we understand every thing that was said in common conversation, but even managed, *à notre facon*, to make suitable replies; whilst our fair instructresses showed great aptitude in retaining whatever English sentences we took the trouble to teach them.

At the first commencement of my residence among them, when any visiters were announced, my fair friends used invariably to effect a hasty retreat; and the very name of a Mahomedan, or "Tourco," would make them vanish like smoke. To my European acquaintances they, however, got gradually accustomed, and would often join the party when either Captain Laué, or my friends Ramsay and Davenport, of the Commissariat, were present.

Ramsay was a particular favourite, not only with Giorgio's family, but, from his agreeable and conciliating manners, with the natives in general, and indeed with every one who had the advantage of his acquaintance: and occasionally, in the evening, he would bring up his conjuring-apparatus and amuse a large circle of astonished Syrians by his tricks and sleight-of-hand. The day was generally concluded by a reunion of the friends of the family; who, seated cross-legged on Persian rugs or low divan, would, over a cup of coffee and the ever-bubbling narghili, gravely talk over and discuss the events of the day. Occasionally, Assaade and his wife, with one or two of the female friends of "Madame" Giummal or of her daughters, would join our evening circle; when sherbet and coffee, served up in small filagree cased cups, conversation and smoke, were generally the order of the night.

One sample more: we see in it the gallant author roughing it both for danger on the road, or indoor disease:

Whilst knocking about alone, far from all medical aid, in a country where virulent fevers and dysentery are far from uncommon, I always carried with me a stock of medicine contained in one holster, whilst the other was counterbalanced by a capital double-barrelled pistol; thus ever ready either to kill or cure.

My medical readers will no doubt smile at my practice in the healing art; but as I always found it efficacious, I will give it *pro bono publico* in spite of the sneers of the professional sons of Galen. In the first place, I generally

had my medicine-chest furnished with a flask of the best brandy, a tourniquet lancet, a few calomel pills, doses of Epsom salts, and a small vial of laudanum. In case of fever, I always tried starvation; and if this did not succeed, the calomel was put into requisition. For diarrhœa, a glass of stiff hot grog with a few drops of laudanum, if taken over night, and followed by a copious draught of boiled milk next morning, drunk as hot as possible, and abstinence from all nourishment save thick rice water, generally acted as an effectual stopper, if the disease were taken in time; and if not, and if any signs of inflammation showed themselves, calomel and bleeding became the order of the day. By following these simple remedies, my patients always recovered, and without an apothecarys bill.

The Colonel's Egypt, although the land be wearifully traversed, and its ruler served up in numberless portraitures, will, we question not, form a suitable companion in sundry respects to the present volumes, and will be cordially welcomed by all who have perused his Syria.

ART. III.—*Views of the Statics of the Human Chest, Animal Heat, and Determinations of the Blood to the Head.* By JULIUS JEFFREYS, F.R.S., formerly of the Medical Staff in India, &c. Highley.

THERE are many curious as well as practical passages in these Views; but there is also much that addresses itself properly to the professional or scientific student. Mr. Jeffreys thinks in an original manner on a variety of points; appearing to have instituted experiments that comparatively few have dreamed of, and not very many have had as good opportunities for pursuing. We must observe, however, that he deals more boldly in conjecture, and in conclusions for which, whether right or wrong, there is an insufficiency of clearly ascertained facts, than is altogether philosophical. Perhaps he is prone to affect novelty; or at least to exert an unusual ingenuity, where a doctrine is to be fortified and carried out to the utmost extent.

But with the drawbacks which the general reader may fancy he discovers in the volume, certain it is that it is uncommonly suggestive, while many of its pages are distinguished for the striking information they contain.

The work is divided into three sections, each having its theory to substantiate, at the same time pointing to practical means as well as ends. First, Mr. Jeffreys treats of the Statics of the Chest; this portion offering, we should imagine, the most interesting reasoning to be met with in the book, to the medical reader. The statics necessarily treat of the quality and the quantity of the air introduced into and residing in the lungs, and the process which obtains in its purification of the blood. Now our author differs from his predecessors in this—that instead of admitting that the atmospheric air

inspired comes directly and intimately into connexion with the vessels and air-cells of the extremely important organ, the lungs,—and that by the act of respiration the *venous* or purple blood is changed into the *arterial* or bright red, he maintains that there is always in the chest a far greater quantity of air than we draw in; therefore, fresh air is not constantly brought into contact with the lungs, impure air being resident.

The air which may exist in the chest of a healthy person may consist, he says, of four kinds; and these kinds he measures, according to their average contents in cubic inches, as follows:—

1. *Residual air.*—This amounts to 120, and in terms of a muscular law cannot be expelled from the chest by any act of expiration. It even remains in the body after death. 2. *Supplementary air.*—Its proportion is 130. It can be expelled by a strong effort, and its final departure is the act of expiring. 3. The *breath*, which is the air continually inspired and expired, being 26 of the cubic inches. And, lastly, *complementary air*, which in ordinary cases is absent, but which can be inspired by an act of the will and an effort. It would not be very easy to popularize the reasoning, or to give a clear summary of the experiments by which this theory is sought to be established. Some of his more forcible arguments are of an anatomical nature; others proceed on the evidence afforded by the general economy of the human structure. For example, to the objection that, according to the present theory, the air-cells and vessels of the lungs would never be visited by air of the freshness requisite for duly oxydating the blood, we have this answer:

> The reply to this is, that, whatever may be our preconceived notions respecting the presence of fresh air in the cells, the statics of the case render it impossible it should ever be there under ordinary circumstances. They assure us, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is resident air only which moves into and out of the cells in the action of the chest. It is this resident air which performs all the duty of oxydating the blood, and which receives from the blood its eliminated carbonic acid and watery vapour. The air of respiration performs no direct duty in connexion with the blood. In its fresh state it does not come even near to the cells; its duty is altogether indirect; its action is to ventilate the chest gradually, from above downwards, and to receive the impurities gradually brought up from below, exchanged for an equal bulk of more recent air, conveyed, in the manner described, from above.

And this is the reply to the question, why should such impure air be always resident in the lungs?

> As we proceed from the larger air-tubes onwards through their numerous ramifications, till we are lost in searching out the delicate cells, do we not find the pulmonary membrane lining the way, commencing comparatively thick and tough, and getting finer and finer, until at last it becomes too delicate to be clearly discovered, a mere film, overspread by equally delicate

blood-vessels? Again, though the greater part of the business of oxydating the blood appears to be carried on in the cells, we are not to suppose that the extensive surface of membrane expanded over the lengthened and infinitely numerous tubes leading to the cells is unemployed. Such a view does not accord with the economy of means everywhere discernible in the body; and it is opposed to the observed development of the blood-vessels, which travel along with the tubes, and spread their minute branches over them, in the same way as, at the extremity of their course, they do over the cells.

There can be no doubt, that in tubes where the pulmonary membrane grows thin enough, there the air begins to penetrate through it, and to act on the blood circulating over such tubes. Let us suppose the action proceeds with due activity at some given distance in the lungs, where the pulmonary membrane has a certain thickness, and the air in the tubes a certain percentage, say eighteen. If such a proportion of oxygen acts with due activity through a membrane of such a given thickness, could we refuse assent to the probability were it not a fact absolute), that, as the membrane grew more and more delicate, less and less oxygen should be found in the air, until in the cells the proportion of oxygen should be reduced so far as to guard against injurious activity in the process, where an infinitely delicate membrane only was interposed between the air and the minute blood-vessels? Assuredly, if, where the membrane was much thicker, the progress went on with due activity, its activity would become far above what was due, when the membrane became of extreme tenuity, unless the quantity of oxygen in the air fell in proportion, unless the air became as it were diluted in proportion.

There are far more practical matters in the volume, although to the gentlemen who profess the healing art, supposing Mr. Jeffreys' theory to be sound, there must be guidances of the last importance in what he promulgates relative to the chest and lungs. How momentous in the treatment of consumption must a correct knowledge on these grand points prove! But when we just now spoke of the practical passages, allusion was made to the mere general and unmedical reader. And to him there is a good deal that is instructive as well as engaging in these pages.

In accordance with the views laid down concerning the far greater capacity of the chest than is required for the *breath* alone, and also to the further doctrine that a great proportion of this capacity is but rarely occupied; together with other facts and laws in the statics of the chest which the author recognizes,—such as that the more *supplementary air* is retained, and also the more *complementary air* is supplied, the better for vigorous breathing and the health of the lungs,—the following hints and directions are given:

During exercise, and especially during considerable exertion, we know that the hurried circulation of blood through the lungs calls for a more copious supply of air. To command a range for a deeper respiration, we must either breathe out some of the resident air, and add the room thus gained to the previous range of the respiration,—or, retaining in our chests the

same quantity of resident air, we must increase the respiratory range by intruding upon the complemental space.

This is no trifling distinction. What is vulgarly termed "being in breath," and its opposite "not in breath," appears mainly to depend upon these different modes of increasing our respiration. An unpractised runner, for instance, tries to relieve himself by the former method; but he soon feels the consequence of letting out too much of his resident air, and drawing in too deeply atmospheric air, fully oxygenous, and perhaps also cold. He gets out of breath: that is, when he wants more air than usual, he cannot take in so much; a kind of asthmatic spasm prevents him from getting air enough down, although the chest is not really much more than half full. On the other hand, by practice he instinctively learns to keep adding air to that already present, and to breathe nearer to the top of his chest. He can then respire deeply without drawing in the fresh air too suddenly and too far into the lungs. Also, by increasing the quantity of resident air, his cells are more fully expanded, there is more surface of action, and the blood-vessels are rendered less tortuous still, by which they admit, with less distress, of the quickened circulation through them.

So much for the rules which runners should observe. But there is more in the facts which Mr. Jeffreys' observations and experiments appear to have opened up to him; for while he teaches that the higher you *breathe* the better, he also deduces that not only do persons with a full chest illustrate this naturally, but that the enviable capacity and action may in part be acquired,—may to some extent be commanded, through the developments that accompany judicious exercise as well as occupations similarly favourable.

Muscular exertion tends greatly to establish a permanently fuller state of the chest. The extent to which the chief muscles of the trunk of the body are inserted into, or have their origin from the walls of the chest, is one cause of this. In order that such muscles should act with power, we have to draw in a larger quantity of air than usual; and when we want to make a considerable effort, as in lifting a heavy weight, we have to close the windpipe and detain all this air in the chest. The walls of the chest, the ribs, &c., then are stiffly supported by this bed of air, like a distended bladder, or air-cushion. In this way, the chest can support a great pressure, and forms a firm basis for the vigorous action of the muscles attached to it. When longer-continued but not so strenuous efforts are made, as in carrying a more moderate weight for some distance, and even in active walking without any load, a man still keeps his chest more than usually distended: holding the air in for a time exceeding the period of an ordinary breath, and then letting it out to take in a fresh stock of complementary air, (to use the term adopted,) to give stiffness to his chest.

Now this action being frequently repeated, must and does have the effect of establishing a permanently fuller state of the chest. It is, in fact, the rendering a person "broad-chested;" the connexion of which with vigour is too striking to be overlooked even by the uninformed, who do not fail to see the fuller condition of the chest, though without an acquaintance with the manner in which it is brought about, or in which it is advantageous.

In such vigorous persons, then, the supplementary air becomes larger, a portion of the complementary space being added to it, and then ordinary respiration takes place on the top of this increased supplementary quantity. That this is true, we may satisfy ourselves by measuring the quantity of air such a person can breathe out, and comparing it with that breathed out by a person of sedentary habits. We shall find that the volume of the air durably resident in the chest is much larger in the former, the comparison being made between two persons of the same bulk.

Further illustration; the case of those who are doomed to a sedentary life, and who are obliged to lean over their work, being given. By constant doubling of the trunk, they have to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is necessary; while the air of respiration is introduced deeper in the lungs than is proper, proving exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen and of its temperature. There are other consequences, with a powerful appeal on the mad fashion of overlacing:

The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air, leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more breath on account of the position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they had been reduced to. The truth of this may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight-lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect, and whose countenance betrays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-destroyer, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.

The suggestions for the attention of orators, and especially when the demands of eloquence impose the employment of long sentences as well as long discourses, exhibit interesting physiological reasons, which we have no doubt many who figure in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the senate would do wisely to ponder.

The collateral but very important duty of the chest in speaking, especially in oratory, requires the command of both the supplementary and complementary spaces. The duration of an act of expiration is greatly increased in giving expression to a long sentence. The chest has to be nearly filled with air: the air, occupying almost the whole of the complementary space, is first spoken forth, then that of the region of the breath; and in a long sentence, forcibly uttered, a large demand is also made upon the suppleman-

tary air. But for this long range, there could be no powerful *eloquence*. At the same time, a loud voice and long sentences make so frequent and large demands on the supplementary stock, as to subject delicate portions of the pulmonary membrane to the frequent presence of undiluted air, against which the supplementary air was especially provided as their natural protection. Hence these efforts either by degrees inure such delicate parts as are visited by the inhaled air to its action,—or, as too frequently happens, the air gains the better of them; irritation is excited; and, if the efforts are persevered in, disease is established. By employing very short sentences, and by habituating the chest to receive a full complementary quantity of air, that quantity, together with the ordinary region of breath, will be found to suffice; so that the resident air need not ever be intruded upon. It is of great importance in such cases, that this resident stock should be also of full quantity; occupying steadily its protective position; there receiving all the impulses of quickly-inhaled breath; duly modifying the portion of it retained; and gradually incorporating it into itself as resident air before conveying it down into the cells. It is probable, that many a preacher might continue in his vocation by carefully attending to this simple rule. Indeed many, no doubt, practise it instinctively as a matter of experience, without inquiring into the physiological reason.

In the second section of his work, Mr. Jeffreys treats of the generation of Animal Heat. His conclusions here amount to this doctrine, that the production of the element is much greater in a cold climate, than under intense heat, even when the consumption of food is alike. The third part addresses itself very particularly to English gentlemen who are getting into their years, and very especially to those who are bald, with the view of guarding them against apoplexy. A Hindoo practice seems to have had a share in suggesting the novelty upon the subject of this portion of the volume,—the Determination of Blood to the Head. In that Eastern clime they keep the head warm and the feet cool; and according to a very sound principle, as our author argues; for the heat passes off more readily and speedily in the unclothed than the clothed parts of the body.

From the account we have given, as well as the examples, it will be seen that the Views have novelty and curious points in them. We only further observe that the volume confirms an opinion which we have long entertained, viz. that there are a great number of unsettled matters within the domain of medical science and practice. Theory has overturned theory; nor can we guess when there will be a fixity of principles and details —intelligible doctrines and methods in which common sense apprehension will uniformly agree with elaborate professional investigation.

ART. IV.—*Letters from New York.* By MARIA CHILD. Bentley.

TWADDLE, lack-a-daisical sentiment, and what we take to be a specimen of the highest sort of Yankee tenderness run through this book, with now and then clever sketches and sensible things happily given. It will be our business to pluck several specimens of the latter commodity, after having delivered ourselves, however, of certain censures, called for by the false principles, the unhealthy sympathies, and the sickly style of much of the book.

Mrs. Child, it is said, has written volumes which are popular in America; and many of her present sketches smack at Magazine practice. She is exceedingly discursive,—wandering from New York with the wilfulness of an indulged truant; but still more offending you by the habit of giving tender distresses, confessions and attestations about her own emotions, and transcendental opinions instead of realities and solid, or even the light, information one looks for, according to the promise of the title page.

There is little hope for American literature so long as this is a popular species of writing. Let us see how Mrs. Child professes to be affected, and the kind of philosophy which this *woman of feeling* expresses upon a subject, than which none is graver, and none demanding a more watchful and deeply grounded settlement; for it involves the question of capital punishments. We find in one letter such high-flown nonsense yet dangerous sentimentality as the following: "To-day I cannot write of beauty; for I am sad and troubled. Heart, head, and conscience, are all in battlement against the savage customs of my time. By and by the law of love, like oil upon the waters, will calm my surging sympathies and make the current flow more calmly, though none the less deep or strong. But to-day, do not ask me to love governor, sheriff, or constable, or any man who defends capital punishment. I ought to do it, for genuine love enfolds even murderers with its blessings. By to-morrow, I think, I can remember them without bitterness; but to-day I cannot love them; on my soul I cannot."

In the first place we do not believe a word about all this downheartedness on the occasion, nor of all this intense sympathy. We cannot credit that even Mrs. Child has schooled herself into such an unnatural state of mind as to enfold a murderer with her blessings. However, we need not waste time in speculating of the lady; it is the doctrine and tendency that require notice. We learn that all the professed pain of heart, head, and conscience,—all the inability to love governor, sheriff, constable, and the finisher of the law,—that all the soul-bitterness arose from the fact that Mr. John Colt had been ordered for execution, and that on the morning of the very

black and sorrowful day on which the lady could not write of beauty, nor love the officials—on her soul she could not,—Mr. Colt had cheated the executioner, by giving the finishing stroke with his own hand. But, of course, according to the sentence, John would have been hanged had he not anticipated the rope, and consequently Mrs. Child's feelings and argument as respects the governor, &c., were not a whit affected by the turn which the affair took.

No, her grounds remain the same; and she backs these with additional suggestions. "To me," she declares, "human life seems so sacred a thing, that its violent termination always fills me with horror, whether perpetrated by an individual or a crowd; whether done contrary to law and custom, or according to law and custom. Why John C. Colt should be condemned to an ignominious death for an act of resentment altogether unpremeditated, while men, who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, go out to murder another for some insulting word, are judges and senators in the land, and favourite candidates for the President's chair, is more than I can comprehend."

Not to waste words about the want of parallelism in a case where a man massacres you when altogether unconscious of danger, or at least unforethinking of it, and that of a couple of persons deliberately going out to shoot bullets at one another,—what did the functionaries of the executive do, or intend to do, in the case of Mr. John C. Colt? Why, it was resolved to fulfil the law of the land,—of a land of boasted freedom, and in which every citizen is presumed to have a voice, an influence,—and Mrs. Child amongst the rest. The governor, sheriff, &c., were therefore no more to be blamed than George the Third was in his times, who felt and acted as the majority, or at least the law-makers, did. But, then, argues our morbid sentimentalist, it is society that ought to be blamed far more severely than your Colts. Be it so; set about reforming the entire community,—a process which may be greatly retarded by poisonous or false sympathies; but do not in the meanwhile allow murderers to escape until that great end is achieved,—for this would be a terrible drawback, and to outward showing, at any rate, more barbarous in its modes, than the insidious infection of such morbidity as Mrs. Child strives to circulate; do not enfold them with your blessings, however fervently you may pray for mercy from above upon their heads and souls. On the contrary, catch and subject them to that punishment which as an example will be most wholesome for the interests of the many, and serve most effectually to render the perpetration of crime, even the slightest as well as the highest, a stranger in the land and among the nations.

This is the rational, the beneficent, and the needed mode; instead of cherishing puling sentimentalism, and giving way to surges of sympathy, in behalf of such savage members of society as Colt, who, when applied to by an ill-fated creditor for payment of a debt,

murdered the man,—afterwards cutting the body into pieces, and *pickling it*, in order, no doubt, that it might be disposed of as the circumstances of secrecy suggested. He was, however, detected; the result the reader knows. And this is the man that Mrs. Child would hug, would enfold with blessings!

Mr. Colt's case, and the lady's talk about it, will enable our readers to judge of the more offensive features and style of the volume. Upon the lesser sins, and those merely of a literary nature, such as the habit of digressing, and filling the ear with nothings, we do not dwell, but hasten to a pleasanter performance, viz., to present a few passages, that both for matter and manner will be acceptable.

New York being the proclaimed theme of the book, one naturally expects to have a good deal said of the city as such, and in the shape of a panoramic picture. Well, then, here is part of the sketch, and a specimen of the colouring, in answer to the question, "What is now my opinion of this great Babylon?"

Well, Babylon remains the same as then. The din of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run through its streets, like the perpetual murmur of a hive. Wealth dozes on French couches, thrice piled, and canopied with damask; while poverty camps on the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in the watch-house. There, amid the splendour of Broadway, sits the blind negro beggar, with horny hand and tattered garments, while opposite to him stands the stately mansion of the slave trader, still plying his bloody trade, and laughing to scorn the cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so easily. In Wall-street, and elsewhere, Mammon, as usual, coolly calculates his chance of extracting a penny from war, pestilence, and famine; and Commerce, with her loaded drays, and jaded skeletons of horses, is busy as ever "fulfilling the world's contract with the devil." The noisy discord of the street-cries gives the ear no rest; and the weak voice of weary childhood often makes the heart ache for the poor little wanderer, prolonging his task far into the hours of night. Sometimes, the harsh sounds are pleasantly varied by some feminine voice, proclaiming, in musical cadence, "Hot corn! hot corn!" with the poetic addition of "Lily-white corn! Buy my lily-white corn!"

Mrs. Child now goes on to say that she likes the city better than ever, being like the Lady's Delight, "ever prone to take root." One of its features is that of motleyness,—another of never-ceasing change.

In a great metropolis like this, nothing is more observable than the infinite varieties of character. Almost without effort, one may happen to find himself, in the course of a few days, beside the Catholic kneeling before the cross, the Mohammedan bowing to the east, the Jew veiled before the ark of the testimony, the Baptist walking into the water, the Quaker keeping his head covered in the presence of dignitaries and solemnities of all sorts, and the Mormon quoting from the Golden Book which he has never seen. More, perhaps, than any other city, except Paris or New Orleans, this is a place of

rapid fluctuation, and never-ceasing change. A large portion of the population are like mute actors, who tramp across the stage in pantomime or pageant, and are seen no more. The enterprising, the curious, the reckless, and the criminal, flock hither from all quarters of the world, as to a common centre, whence they can diverge at pleasure. Where men are little known, they are imperfectly restrained; therefore, great numbers here live with somewhat of that wild licence which prevails in times of pestilence. Life is a reckless game, and death is a business transaction. Warehouses of ready-made coffins, stand beside warehouses of ready-made clothing, and the shroud is sold with spangled opera-dresses. Nay, you may chance to see exposed at sheriffs' sales, in public squares, piles of coffins, like nests of boxes, one within another, with a hole bored in the topmost lid to sustain the red flag of the auctioneer, who stands by, describing their conveniences and merits, with all the exaggerating eloquence of his tricky trade. There is something impressive, even to painfulness, in this dense crowding of human existence, this mercantile familiarity with death.

We have observed nothing in the volume that will more strike the curious as well as the romantic reader, than the story of Julia Pell. Nothing out of the United States could possibly be met with to match the scene and the characters which it places before us.

A friend of Mrs. Child, when passing a Methodist chapel, heard such loud and earnest noises issuing therefrom, that she stepped in to satisfy her curiosity. She there beheld a coloured woman holding forth to a full audience; and the account she gave of the scene induced our authoress to seek an interview with the preacher, who was the actual Julia Pell herself, of Philadelphia. The account proceeds,—

I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek's descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had only known him as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been "sold running," as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia, a coloured man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had "bought running." "I know him very well," said Samuel; "as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap; and you'll be better without him than with him." "Do you think so?" "Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get." After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he

offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the coloured man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that everything was in due form, he inquired, "And is Zeek now free?" "Yes, entirely free." "Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?" "Not any more than he could take me," said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, "Your servant, sir; I am Zeek." The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia's intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetic, is her leading characteristic.

The following concerns both the educational studies of Julia for the ministry, and one of her pulpit displays:

I asked Julia if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, "Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a convenience if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind down. It dragged it down. When I tried to think, everything scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say, 'Behold the days come,' I began 'B-a—.' I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read." These and several other particulars I learned of Julia at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence while she poured forth a brief but very impressive prayer for her venerable host, of whom she spoke as "that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people." Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlour, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in Mad Tom. On the Sunday following I went to hear her for myself; and, in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumbling together of all sorts of things in Scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation.

She was appropriately, even tastefully dressed. She began with great moderation, but gradually rose in her tones, until she arrived at the pitch of the Methodists; and this she sustained for an incredible time, without taking breath. Imagine the following, "spoken without punctuation:"

Silence in heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel, bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop

its roaring, and the earth be still. What's the matter now? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. Go search among the angels, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; make haste, Gabriel; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, Behold! the Lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people. You will observe, it was purely her own idea that silence reigned on earth and in heaven while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception, not unworthy of Milton. Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit, to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence, that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, "buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him."

She changed the theme and scene, and brought before the audience "the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, were imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands."

It touched the strand. Oh! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of Heaven's bell the angels came crowding round, to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow travellers. Farewell—farewell; I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there," pointing reverently upward. "May we all be aboard that blessed ship." Shouts throughout the audience, "We will! we will!" Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervour. "Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me, but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning." Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild "farewell;" responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, "I shall meet you in the morning!" Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. "That's God's truth!" "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing, and wailing. It was like the uproar of a sea lashed by the winds.

Our last extract of all will exhibit Mrs. Child in a sensible mood, and with her usual felicitous command of language and illustration.

But what a sensitiveness and outcry had Mrs. Trollope, or any other English penciller, expressed the truths!

It was the frequent remark of Mr. Combe, that of all nations whose heads he had ever an opportunity to observe, the Americans had the organ of veneration the least developed. No wonder that it is so. Instead of moss-grown ruins we have trim brick houses; instead of cathedrals with their "dim religious light," we have new meeting houses, built on speculation, with four-and-twenty windows on each side, and at both ends, for the full enjoyment of cross lights; instead of the dark and echoing recesses of the cloister, we have ready-made coffins in the shop windows; instead of the rainbow halo of poetic philosophy, we have Franklin's Maxims for "Poor Richard;" and in lieu of kings divinely ordained, or governments heaven-descended, we have administrations turned in and out of office at every whirl of the ballot box.

"This democratic experiment will prove a failure," said an old-fashioned federalist; "before fifty years are ended, we shall be governed by a king in this country."—"And where will you get the blood?" inquired an Irishman, with earnest simplicity; "sure you will have to send over the water to get some of the blood." Whereupon irreverent listeners laughed outright, and asked wherein a king's blood differed from that of an Irish ditch-digger. The poor fellow was puzzled. Could he have comprehended the question, I would have asked, "and if we could import the kingly blood, how could we import the sentiment of loyalty?"

The social world, as well as the world of matter, must have its centrifugal as well as its centripetal force; and we Americans must perform that office; an honourable and useful one it is, yet not the most beautiful, nor in all respects the most desirable. Reverence is the highest quality of man's nature; and that individual, or nation, which has it slightly developed, is so far unfortunate. It is a strong spiritual instinct, and seeks to form channels for itself where none exits; thus Americans, in the dearth of other objects to worship, fall to worshipping themselves.

ART. V.—*The Vital Statistics of Sheffield.* By G. CALVERT HOLLAND, Esq., M.D., Physician extraordinary to the Sheffield General Infirmary, &c. &c. Tyas; Greaves, Sheffield.

THE Town Tract, as it is called, of Sheffield, were the instigators, in a great measure, of this very able and searching work. Dr. Holland, it is true, who is distinguished not only as a physician and medical writer, but as a proficient in statistical studies, had been for a length of time making anxious inquiries into the physical, economical, and social condition of the poor and working classes of the town and suburbs. His design, however, was not at first so extensive as it turned out; the corporation known by the title of Town Trust, whose functions are to look after the interests of the community and place, and whose funds are expended in local improvements and in cha-

ritable measures, engaged him at the expense of the body, to extend his plan, and to go into all the branches of the subject; the whole to be done at the expense of the corporation.

The doctor accordingly set to work, and with success equal to his zeal. He has indeed produced a very complete work, not merely if you regard facts and their fitting effect, but the conclusions to which these guide him, and the speculations to which they give rise. The sphere traversed is wide and varied, the views taken both large and minute; in short, in so far as Sheffield is concerned, the book seems to exhaust the subject, until some great transitions take place; and also to furnish a model for similar works as well as to solve several important questions. We cannot but think, for example, although the doctrine be not new, and ever a favourite one with Sir Robert Peel, that Dr. Holland has put in a new and strong light the evils and disasters attendant on over-production and over-speculation, not only on the part of our manufacturers, but of our builders. The number of unoccupied houses in Sheffield furnishes the text for the passage now to be quoted.

The amount of unoccupied houses has been seized with avidity by parties, not only as evidence of the existing distress, but as an exact *measure* of it. It is a measure rather of previous prosperity than of commercial stagnation. It is no just indication of the latter. The amount, however, will always be somewhat proportionate to the existing depression; not because the one is the consequence of the other, which is the argument, but from both being effects of the same general causes. They are not to be viewed in relation to each other strictly as cause and effect, but as having the same common origin—unrestrained and reckless over-production.

In a period of prosperity, the manufacturer is as little guided in the creation of productive power, by any natural demand, as the speculative builder is by the gradual augmentation of the population. They both equally neglect all calculations of the probable necessities of the future, enlightened by the data of the past. Neither acknowledges the lessons of experience. The manufacturer feels the impulse of improved trade, and not only at once adapts his means to it, but concentrates both capital and credit to the enlargement of them; and every additional impulse calls into existence far more than a corresponding proportion of productive power. The demand, when on the advance, always carries the mind beyond it. The imagination is awakened, and the future presents itself in inexhaustible resources; and hence the invariable consequence of stimulated enterprise—glutted markets—the supply having overstepped the demand. If admitted that the productive power can exceed a legitimate demand—and this will scarcely be called in question—the surplus power thus created, and unemployed in a period of depression, cannot certainly be referred to as a measure of the diminution of any natural demand: it is evidence not of existing distress, but of previous prosperity. The conduct, however, which led to the creation of this surplus power, produced also the depression of commerce; and thus misery and a vast amount of unemployed power always coexist, but, clearly, to a considerable extent as effects of the same general causes. The same reasoning will

apply to the speculative builder. His actions are not regulated by the gradual increase of population, which, were it possible to ascertain it, would be the only just guide. In common with the manufacturer, he feels the impulse of improved demand, and the growing abundance of money necessarily directs a large amount of capital towards building objects; hence the formation of new streets, the erection of houses, manufactories, and public edifices. A spirit of activity is observed in all directions. The town enlarges, and the immediate neighbourhood becomes studded with elegant and attractive villas. At length, however, the productive power becomes an ungovernable impulse, throws aside all sober restraint, all calculations as to the necessities of the population—a mania for building pervades all classes. New master builders spring up with questionable capital, and boldly project new streets. The houses erected letting, either from their cheapness or the desirableness of the situation, fresh means are acquired, and especially credit, to feed the speculative spirit: thus impulse added to impulse, creates, in the course of a few years, dwellings far exceeding the wants of the intoxicated times; and at last, the evils of the excess retard the rate of production.

A table showing the progress of new streets in the borough of Sheffield, for the years from 1831 to 1836, and the following are the observations that succeed:

These facts exhibit, with unerring fidelity, the speculative spirit of the times. In the short space of five years, the new streets entirely built, partly built, set out and made building land, and projected, amount to the extraordinary number of one hundred and fifty-six, and independently of the numerous erections in different parts of the town. It is stated, in the second column, that fifty-five streets are partly built. If the extension of building was at all regulated by the necessities of the population, it would naturally be imagined that the fifty-five streets would have been amply sufficient to satisfy such necessities; but while these are only partially built, forty-seven are set out and forty-nine are projected.

A similar table comprises the years from 1836 to 1841, upon which these are the observations:

The results of the latter five years are very different from those of the former. Forty streets are partially built, and the number set out twenty-five, while in the first period there were forty-seven; the projected are only twenty-seven; and of this number about thirteen are in the Park District, the property of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. According to these tables, the streets built, partially built, set out as building-land, and projected, amount in ten years to two hundred and forty-nine. Will it for one moment be doubted, after the consideration of these facts, that a mania for building has been carried to a reckless extent? Can evidence of a more satisfactory kind be required in confirmation of the assertion? This vast increase must have had a cause. Was the gradual progress of the population the cause? Certainly not. It exceeded the present and the immediately future wants of the population. There was less sobriety of conduct exhibited in the production of houses than in the extension of manufactures. Legislative interference cannot augment the population to the unnatural supply of accommodation.

How far free trade, especially in corn, would control the spirit of speculation and over production in building and manufactures, we know not. The extracts however will lead to a highly favourable notion of Dr. Holland's acquaintance with the Vital Statics of large towns, and the strength and independence of his opinions; for he disguises not, in many passages, his sense of the wrongs which the labouring population sustain from the unrestrained and passionate worship of Mammon on the part of capitalists. He even sticks up for the operatives on the subject of unions, in order to defend themselves and to be a wholesome curb to their employers.

"The Vital Statistics of Sheffield" take an ample sweep of topics; not merely including physical and social conditions as indicated and proved by many unerring evidences, such as increase of population, registries, dwellings and accommodation, cleanliness, &c., but going considerably into the *morale* of life, and even the educational and literary, as suggested by certain institutions.

Dr. Holland maintains that the moral statistics of Sheffield, differ very considerably from what the great manufacturing towns of Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, &c. yield.

> The middle classes are a greater proportion of the population than in these towns. The merchants and manufacturers among us are not men of large capital, exercising immense influence. They are very far from treading on the heels of the aristocracy. These striking differences may be traced to the degree in which machinery is employed in the several important branches of manufacture. In this town, no improvements can supersede, to any great extent, the necessity for adult manual labour, as in the cotton, the woollen, and the silk departments; consequently we perceive less misery, destitution, and ignorance among the artizans, and also less of the other extreme—opulence and its extravagances—than in situations where the machine cheapens to the starving-point the labour of the industrious mechanic.

This statement goes greatly in favour of manual labour over machinery on the well-being and character of the workmen. A striking illustration of the superior comforts of the artizans of Sheffield, as compared with the condition of similar classes in other overgrown towns, is to be met with in the account of their habitations. The mechanics of Sheffield have usually an entire house for themselves, and the cases are said to be indeed rare in which two families are found under the same roof. "In Manchester, nearly twelve per cent of the population live in cellars; and in the borough of Liverpool there is the immense number of 7,862 *inhabited* cellars. In this town (Sheffield) we do not know of one, and we are informed by the intelligent Superintendent of the Police that there is not an *inhabited cellar*." How emphatically does this speak to the subject of intelligence, independence, comforts, and morals!

Dr. Holland's representations and reasoning would lead one to prefer the condition of a community in which hand labour largely par-

ticipates, to one where machinery is enormously predominant, were it merely for the sake of the manufacturers themselves. Under the manufacturing system,—

Men spring up suddenly into a commanding position in society, with immense energies and determined enterprise, stimulated by one feeling—the thirst to make a fortune. The success of their exertions is in no degree retarded by any refined or delicate considerations concerning the mode; education gives no relish to participate in the pleasures of social life; time is too valuable to be wasted in the interchange of thought, or in the discussion of matters which have not an immediate and obvious practical operation. No field opens to seduce the intellect, to look abroad, or to impart the first elements of taste, by which the mind might be tempted to forget its rigid duty —which is action, and not contemplation. Thus, fortunes so created are too generally associated with little that is generous in sentiment, liberal in principle, or elevated in view. The manufacturer is an animated machine, and as regular in the routine of his operations, and often as insensible of the condition and necessities of the artizans. The success which results engenders an intolerant and overbearing disposition. The individual claims for wealth what belongs to mind, and looks upon all acquirements as things of no use in this world unless they throw light on the process of money-making; the secret of which depends not on large cultivated mental powers, but on determined energy, and the concentration of a few faculties. A comprehensive and educated understanding would throw obstacles in the way; it would suggest considerations interfering with the operations of tact, shrewdness and cunning. We have previously remarked that the manufactures of this town do not allow of the rapid accumulation of immense masses of wealth; hence the evils to which we allude exist here in a modified degree compared with many other places. The slow creation of riches is accompanied with the gradual refinement and enlargement of the understanding, and the duties which an improved position imposes are not forgotten in the one absorbing feeling of self.

But still there are in Sheffield branches of employment which cannot be equalled for their deleterious and destructive effects,—the actual prostration and devastation of human life, by anything that obtains in the great departments of cotton and wool. *Dry-grinding* is what we allude to; but how few are aware when at table that one of the most common instruments for feeding is the fellest, in the course of its manufacture, on the health of the workman! The doctor thus informeth us:—

Forks are either forged or cast. By the former process, they are hammered into the required form; by the latter, the metal in a liquid state runs into moulds having the impression of the article, and thus it is at once fashioned. The forged fork is durable and useful. The cast fork is brittle and useless, and may be regarded as a gross imposition upon the purchaser. The former is often made of the best steel, the latter of the basest metal. It is computed by good authorities, that about half the forks are cast: hence some idea may be formed of the roguery which is practised upon the public, for indeed it deserves no milder term. The next step in the manufacture is grinding, and

this is performed always on a *dry stone*. Several articles of cutlery are in the first place ground on a dry stone, and afterwards on a wet one. The former is a more expeditious operation than the latter, as will readily be conceived. Fork-grinding is always performed on a dry stone; and in this consists the peculiarly destructive character of the branch. In the room in which it is carried on there are generally from eight to ten individuals at work; and the dust which is created, composed of the fine particles of stone and metal, rises in clouds and pervades the atmosphere to which they are confined.

The dust inhaled undermines the vigour of the constitution, producing difficulty of breathing, cough, and permanent diseases of the lungs, often at the early age of twenty-five. The nature of the asthma set up is described:—

It is found, on examination, that among the ninety-seven men, about thirty at this moment are suffering, in various degrees, from the disease peculiar to this occupation, and which is known by the name grinder's asthma. The disease is seated in the lungs and the air-passages, and the progress of it is accompanied with the gradual disorganization of these important organs. In its advanced stages, it admits neither of cure nor of any material alleviation. In the early stages, the only efficient remedy is the withdrawal from the influence of the exciting cause: but how is this to be effected by men who depend from day to day upon their labour, and whose industry from early life has been confined to one particular branch? Here, then, is the melancholy truth, that nearly one-third of this class of artizans, in addition to the poverty and wretchedness common to the whole, is in a state of actual disease—and disease which no art can cure. Fiction can add no colour or touches to a picture like this. Truth transcends the gaudy embellishments of imagination. The distempered fancy has here no room to exercise her powers.

The statistical account of the mortal results of the branch of business under consideration is utterly appalling. Who would be a fork-grinder?

In 1,000 deaths of persons above 20 years of age, the proportion between 20 and 29 years, in England and Wales, is annually 160. In Sheffield, 184; but among the fork-grinders, the proportion is the appalling number 475; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally.

Between the ages of 30 and 39, a still greater disparity presents itself. In the kingdom, 136 only in the 1,000 die annually between these two periods. In Sheffield, 164; but in the fork-grinding branch, 410: so that between 20 and 40 years of age, in this trade, 885 perish out of the 1,000; while in the kingdom at large, only 296. Another step in the analysis, and we perceive that between 40 and 49, in the kingdom, 126 die; in this town, 155; and in this branch, 115, which completes the 1,000. They are all killed off. For in carrying forward the inquiry, we observe that between 50 and 59, in the kingdom, 127 die; and in Sheffield, 155; but among the fork-grinders, there is not a single individual left. After this period of life, there are remaining in the kingdom, of the 1,000, 411; and in the town, 339; but none in this branch of manufacture.

This high rate of mortality does not, however, mark the exact difference in the suffering of the parties compared. How various are the causes of death among mankind at every period of life! How great is the proportion swept away by acute diseases, in which there is neither much pain nor protracted misery.

But this is not the case with the fork-grinders. The rate at which they perish shows that they are not subject to the ordinary causes of death. The dust which they every moment inhale, the poisonous atmosphere which they breathe, gradually destroys the functions of the lungs, rendering existence one continued series of distress, pain, and anxiety. The inability to work, and yet the necessity to labour, creates a degree of wretchedness and suffering easier to imagine than describe.

Dr. Holland's book brings to our mind a weight of actual matter, and it might originate speculation without end. Fork-grinding alone is a serious and suggestive thing. Then what does the whole circle of Sheffield cutlery comprise and imply? Extend your thoughts and searchings into the entire statistics of Sheffield, and the sphere widens vastly. You have then the elements of a nation, of a world itself, to deal with. At last stretch, as our author tempts you, along and athwart the whole of the teeming manufacturing counties of the North, and how mightily the theme grows; in one view presenting grandeur and illimitable aspects for hope, in another almost crushing the mind, or filling it with lament, pity, and dark forebodings!

Take the sunny side for a moment, even although the statement as to fact may be exaggerated or conjectural.

It has very recently been reported and repeated in the newspapers, that there is a real revival of trade in the north; the factories are again at work; the wages rise; the harvest is abundant; and although commercial difficulties have been paralyzing the country, and pauperism had become appalling, the distress begins to be mitigated, a breathing time perhaps is at hand, and hope revives. It is even stated in some of the provincial papers that more new mills are about being erected in the vicinity of Manchester. Additional hands will be required to work them; a demand for a multitude of things will necessarily be created, and their production, with all the activity and prosperity connected with employment and industry, will again be the theme perhaps of many authentic testimonies.

It somewhat modifies the cheerfulness of such a prospect at any time, to know that hitherto in the history of our great manufacturing development, stagnation, gluts of the market, panics, and starvation, have alternated with flourishing periods; that the harvests are not always abundant, when the failures in other respect are the largest and longest; and that we have always hundreds of thousands of paupers. Although, then, the sunny view that we are taking should come to be realized, we may depend upon it that it will encounter clouds; that although all may for a while seem to be a smooth and

steady advance, a fit of commercial difficulty will at some period occur,—perhaps an abrupt and terrible shock,—in short another "distress." Who can tell how soon? Who will take it upon himself to calculate the violence and the duration of its throes? It may for a time at least, be all very well for the masters; competition will give rise to unwonted strainings; and the mills can make cloth almost as fast as the speculative mind will desire. And the masters will make cloth, and every other sort of ware, for which there is a periodic brisk demand, faster than is demanded, and more of it than the immediate future requires. Like the builder, the manufacturer, Dr. Holland has said, is little guided in the creation of productive power, by any natural demand. "They equally neglect all calculations of the probable necessities of the future, enlightened by the data of the past." "The demand when on the advance, always carries the mind beyond it." What then? The view is beginning to be shorn of the sunny beams: darkness and doubt are gathering upon the prospect; and the reflecting, forecasting mind already is oppressed with the thought that another crisis cannot be very far distant, aggravated and accumulated, according to a ratio, not dissimilar to the increase of population, and to the activity and industry, the speculation and brilliancy that marked the fitful sunshine. What then, in the three sections of the empire, with their heavings and their throbbings? What destitution, disorganization, and what riots by the people at the starving-point, as well as by the ill-disposed! May not the next be the last, the final ending of the periodic fits; or ought we not to see that a time will come, when out of our very manufacturing system, gigantic and enormously prolific as it is, will arise a monster evil that must become a self-destroyer?

But are there no reliefs,—no effectual remedies,—no way by which the giant power, the careering minds of men, a nation's unexampled enterprise and industry may be safely and flourishingly guided? Is it not possible to open paths, to afford outlets, to make ample room, for all that the secular mind can require,—thus letting the world live in peace, and the thoughtful man repose among the beautiful visions of the future?

It is no part of our present design to attempt an answer to these last put questions. Sufficient for the time it will have been, if we have set any one to reflect more seriously on the subject, and to look forward, not with fainting but with eager heart, so as to lend his calm and steady support to whatever doctrine and measure a competent examination of the entire matter may have conducted him.

ART. VI.—*William Shakspere, a Biography.* By CHARLES KNIGHT. Knight.

If ever there was a labour of love, "William Shakspere, a Biography" is that work. If ever a work has grown upon the hands of its author in the course of its execution, and assumed a shape and fulness uncontemplated at the first, Mr. Knight's stately volume appears to us amongst the most illustrious of the examples of such a result. It is impossible where so much learning, zeal, love, and industry have been brought to bear upon a subject as are manifested in this biography, that the work can be other than delightful and sterling—calculated to yield immediate delight and also to provide entertainment and instruction for the future. The volume is assuredly for posterity; you cannot read a paragraph of it without experiencing the pleasing conviction, that you will ever recur to it with cheerful anticipation, and also that the generations yet to come will reap a similar and lasting benefit from it.

It is likely enough that persons may be found who will sneer at the title and size of the book, pronouncing it a romance or a mass of enthusiastic conjectures, and at best a prolonged effort of curious ingenuity, without reality and without use. Above five hundred large octave pages purporting to be the biography of one of whom there is not known so much of a certain nature as would occupy half-a-dozen of paragraphs, may seem to be a stretching of the meaning of a term that is hardly to be paralleled in the whole range of literary marvels and extravagancies. But we cannot help thinking that the cavil must proceed from an ungenial spirit, from a narrow apprehension of the capabilities of the theme, and a very mistaken conception of Mr. Knight's design. Look into the book and say what other curt and sententious title could so well characterize the work, and indicate its peculiar yet expansive contents. It is a biography, showing you what William Shakspere must have been, and picturing the man to the life, all that was around him, and whatever there was that acted upon him.

Never before did we feel so assured that we saw with some degree of accuracy and to some extent into the wonderful subject of this volume. Till now our only light seemed to be derived from his unrivalled productions; but now we are made to perceive how those works reciprocate with the poet's contemporaries, whether in respect of events, costume, or manners, to the production of an individual whole,—ample and symmetrical. Shakspere here becomes his own commentator, his dramas are himself, himself his dramas, whatever be the stage of life into which he casts his mind, or the era in the world's history which he peoples and revives. His works are seen to have been perfectly natural to him,—such as he could scarcely avoid producing, although unproducible by any other human being.

Mr. Knight has entered upon his task conscious that he had much to overturn and consequently much to build up; but we are persuaded that he knew not what was within him or at his command, till the separate requirements came to be made. And then what legitimate pride must have been his when he found his strong and dexterous hand at work, and felt firmly sure that his weapons as well as his materials almost spontaneously arose around him.

The Life of Shakspere is necessarily a large and capable subject, being especially suggestive of truths, the moment that you take a rational, yet ardent view of it. For example, there was a number of traditions to test and sift;—a variety of theories to adjust,—a crowd of circumstances to dispose of. The drama's master had to be released from the learned rubbish which mere scholarly brains had flung over him; and he had also to be delivered out of the hands of credulous, uninformed admirers. It was needed that the age in which the poet lived should be thoroughly studied before one could comprehend how he himself most probably did live. Therefore, Mr. Knight has instituted a most thorough investigation into this matter, so as to plant you alongside of the dramatist in his boyhood, youth, and matured years; picturing to you the very fashion and feelings of the period. No doubt, much that is said is fanciful; but then the realities which are constantly met with assure you that you cannot be substantially wrong, or far wide of the mark; bringing you back to facts, or giving you a starting post for a bold leap forwards, whence to take new surveys and enter upon other liberal imaginings.

Accordingly, the antiquarian knowledge displayed by the biographer is copious and minute, bearing a due relation to his familiarity with the poet's productions. This very particular knowledge extends to opinions as well as manners,—to occupations, acquirements, customs, and costume in every sense. The era of Shakspere was one of change and transition,—of new ideas and young forms, blending with ancient creeds, or shearing them of their sacredness, and engrafting upon them vigorous and healthy novelties. Time-worn observances were passing away; but enough was left or witnessed to touch the poetic fancy, and still to be worked into beautiful or imposing shapes, even of the character of ceremonies and pageantry. It was a period, too, of great and touching associations, both in the form of events and of humanity,—of efforts and of fulfilment. It was the Elizabethan age of literature, as well as of policy and politicians. The drama itself was to grow into manhood.

With all these things, both as general truths and effects in detail, Mr. Knight has made himself closely acquainted. He has even made the spots and the state of society that surrounded the poet's birthplace, and were identified with his training ground, the subject of strict observation, dealing largely, of course, in deductions, so as to fill up the canvass to the nicest shade. From Stratford-upon-Avon

he is traced and accompanied to the metropolis; and just as the conjectures with regard to his father's condition and acquirements are confirmed or warranted by documentary or other real evidence, so is the state of London, the characters with whom Shakspere must have associated, and the influences to which he must have been subjected, represented to the life.

Much care has been taken to ascertain not only the sources whence Shakspere derived the subjects of his works, but their exact chronology. We cannot, perhaps, alight upon a page in the volume which affords a better proof of strict and searching scrutiny, nor of satisfactory findings from slight hints and careful comparison, than is furnished by the table, giving the order of the majority of the poet's plays.

A TABLE OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS,

Showing the *positive facts* which determine the dates *previous* to which they were produced.

Henry VI., Part I.	Alluded to by Nashe in "Pierce Pennilesse"	1592
Henry VI., Part II.	Printed as "The first Part of the Contention"	1594
Henry VI., Part III.	Printed as "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York"	1595
Richard II.	Printed	1597
Richard III.	Printed	1597
Romeo and Juliet	Printed	1597
Love's Labour's Lost	Printed	1598
Henry IV., Part I.	Printed	1598
Henry IV., Part II.	Printed	1600
Henry V.	Printed	1600
Merchant of Venice	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres	1598
Midsummer Night's Dream	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres	1598
Much Ado about Nothing	Printed	1600
As You Like It	Entered at Stationers' hall	1600
All's Well that Ends Well	Held to be mentioned by Meres as "Love's Labour's Won	1598
Two Gentlemen of Verona	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Comedy of Errors	Mentioned by Meres	1598
King John	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Titus Andronicus	Printed	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor	Printed	1602
Hamlet	Printed	1603
Twelfth Night	Acted in the Middle Temple hall	1602
Othello	Acted at Harefield	1602
Measure for Measure	Acted at Whitehall	1604

Lear	Printed 1608. Acted at White-hall	1607
Taming of the Shrew	Supposed to have been acted at Henslow's theatre, 1593. Entered at Stationers' hall	1607
Troilus and Cressida	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court	1609
Pericles	Printed	1609
The Tempest	Acted at Whitehall	1611
The Winter's Tale	Acted at Whitehall	1611
Henry VIII.	Acted as a new play when the Globe was burned	1613

*** Out of the thirty-seven Plays of Shakspere, the dates of thirty-one are thus to some extent fixed in epochs. These dates are, of course, to be modified by other circumstances, which are stated in our Introductory Notice to each Play. There are only six Plays remaining, whose dates are not thus limited by publication, by the notice of contemporaries, or by the record of their performance; and these certainly belong to the Poet's latter period. They are—*Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*.

This is a valuable table; and it sheds considerable light upon other mooted points. But we have cited it to indicate the kind of assurance one may safely have in taking the biographer as an authority. We observe that objections have been taken to the principle adopted, and the illustrations used, in order, not merely to come at the degree and kind of Shakspere's education, but the range of his journeyings and movements. Is it probable that the dramatist, while connected with the theatre, remained constantly and closely in London,—in and out of season? Do not many passages in his works conduct to the conclusion that he may have personally visited localities, and had his genius touched by actual observation; just as in others, again, his head and heart must have been moved by passing events? In certain documents, and also in parochial registries, some of them for the first time adduced for such a purpose, Mr. Knight thinks he has met with sufficient proofs of the poet's having paid a visit to Scotland with his company in 1601,—and this, too, under royal auspices. We recommend the chapter in which the inferences to this effect are worked out, to the consideration of the doubting as well as the curious. To us it carries great probability, and also on other points that must be dear to the admirers of *Macbeth*.

Mr. Knight's zeal, industry, and judgment, have been displayed in forming an estimate of Shakspere's moral character; affording, at the same time, a happy illustration of skill in the collection and disposal of scattered lights, and in bringing their rays to rest upon a centre. The condition, management, and economy of theatrical establishments; the character and behaviour of his contemporaries and rivals; and a variety of nice facts or deductions are handled with uncommon

ingenuity and clearness. Even with regard to the marriage of the poet and the birth of his daughter, two events, which, if to be construed strictly according to the proximity of their dates, are hardly in congruity with our notions relative to holy wedlock, an attempt is made to shield him. Nor is the deer-stealing tradition allowed to remain undisturbed, any more than the disparaging story about his course of life when first coming to London. Altogether, a more enthusiastic work was never produced; nor one in which research, mastery of facts, and cunning joinery, are more attractively combined. Why, the very engravings themselves, so profusely inserted, tell a great part of the narrative, and when examined, in connexion with the written commentary, produce a strength of conviction utterly unhoped for, prior to the perusal of the entire performance.

Seldom have we met with a book where our sense of being baffled, when attempting to convey a notion of its multifarious and peculiar contents, has been more decidedly experienced than now upon *William Shakspere, a Biography*. For instance, we feel that the failure must be nearly utter, should we strive to indicate by what means Mr. Knight has described and shadowed forth, the manners and customs of Shakspere's time. The condition of England question, in short, during his era, never before was more faithfully pictured; a singular condition too, being, as already stated, one of strong transition, in respect of literature, opinion, and modes of every sort; and the whole is delivered in a style of healthy, hearty eloquence, and with a tact which saves the most enthusiastic passages from having the appearance of exaggeration or any kind of extravagance. We do not mean to say that we agree in everything with the biographer. Much of the work, besides, purports to be no more than that *such and such was very probably the case, or something essentially similar*. But then, the power and vivifying art with which the fancied things are placed before you, carries you along, just as the writer himself has been, with a trustfulness and a good faith that requires you to pause and to reflect, ere you are inclined to question.

Our next extract will present a specimen of the sort of disquisitional criticism, and also of some of the conjectural matter of the book.

The noble tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* is in every respect an acting play. It is not too long for representation; it has no scenes in which the poet seems to have abandoned himself to the inspiration of his subject, postponing the work of curtailment till the necessities of the stage should demand it. Not so was *Coriolanus*: not so especially was *Antony and Cleopatra*. They each contain more lines than any other of Shakespere's plays; they are each nearly a third longer than *Julius Cæsar*. It is our belief that they were not acted in Shakespere's lifetime; and that his fellows, the editors of the folio in 1623, had the honesty to publish them from the posthumous manuscripts, uncurtailed. In their existing state they are not only too long for representation, but they exhibit evidence of that exuberance which characterises the

original execution of a great work of art, when the artist, throwing all his vigour into the conception, leaves for a future period the rejection or compression of passages, however splendid they may be, which impede the progress of the action, and destroy that proportion which must never be sacrificed even to individual beauty. We know that this was the principle upon which Shakespere worked in the correction of his greatest efforts—his *Hamlet*, his *Lear*, his *Othello*. We believe that *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra* have come down to us uncorrected; that they were posthumous works; that the intellect which could not remain inactive conceived a mighty plan, of which these glorious performances were the commencement; that Shakspere, calmly meditating upon the grandeur of the Roman story, seeing how fitted it was, not only for the display of character and passion, but for profound manifestations of the aspects of social life, ever changing and ever the same, had conceived the sublime project of doing for Rome what he had done for England. He has exhibited to us the republic in her youthfulness, and her decrepitude; her struggle against the sovereignty of one; the great contest for a principle terminating in ruin; an empire established by cunning and proscription. There were, behind, the great annals of Imperial Rome; a story perhaps unequalled for the purposes of the philosophical dramatist, but one which the greatest who had ever attempted to connect the actions and motives of public men and popular bodies with lofty poetry, not didactic but "ample and true with life," was not permitted to touch. The marvellous accuracy, the real substantial learning, of the three Roman plays of Shakspere, present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history, including the nicer details of Roman manners, not in those days to be acquired in a compendious form, but to be brought out by diligent reading alone. It is pleasant to believe that the last years of Shakspere's life were those of an earnest student. We confidently ask if the belief is not a reasonable one?

Part of this may be true, with regard to the chronological order of the appearance of certain of the plays. Shakspere, too, may have been an industrious reader. Yet we can hardly think it was necessary for him to have profoundly studied the whole range of Roman history, and made himself intimately familiar with the nicest details of manners, ere he created his Roman dramas. However, the passage is an example of the conjectural matter of the volume.

Mr. Knight stands up manfully in behalf of the respectability of Shakspere's father, and consistently with this view, in defence of the poet's learning. Quoting Hales of Eaton, "*If* he had not *read* the classics, he had likewise not *stolen* from them." We cite at greater length.

It is not our intention here to enter upon a general examination of the various opinions that have been held as to the learning of Shakspere, and the tendency of those opinions to show that he was without learning. We only desire to point out, by a very few observations, that the learning manifested in his early productions does not bear out the assertion of Rowe, that his proficiency in the Latin language was interrupted by his early removal

from the free-school of Stratford. His youthful poem, Venus and Adonis, the first heir of his invention, is upon a classical subject. The Rape of Lucrece is founded upon a legend of the beginning of Roman history. Would he have ventured upon these subjects had he been unfamiliar with the ancient writers, from the attentive study of which he could alone obtain the knowledge which would enable him to treat them with propriety? His was an age of sound scholarship: he dedicates both poems to a scholar, and a patron of scholars. Does any one of his contemporaries object that these classical subjects were treated by a young man ignorant of the classics? Will the most critical examination of these poems detect any thing that betrays this ignorance? Is there not the most perfect keeping in both these poems—an original conception of the mode of treating these subjects, advisedly adopted with the full knowledge of what might be imitated, but preferring the vigorous painting of nature to any imitation? Love's Labour's Lost, undoubtedly one of the earliest comedies, shows—upon the principle laid down by Coleridge, that "a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits"—that the habits of William Shakspere "had been scholastic, and those of a student." The Comedy of Errors is full of those imitations of the ancients in particular passages which critics have in all cases been too apt to take as the chief evidences of learning. The critics of Shakspere are puzzled by these imitations; and when they see with what skill he adopts, or amends, or rejects, the incidents of the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, they have no resource but to contend that his knowledge of Plautus was derived from a wretched translation, published in all probability eight or ten years after the Comedy of Errors was written. The Three Parts of Henry the Sixth are the earliest of the historical plays. Those who dispute the genuineness of the First Part, affirm that it contains more allusions to mythology and classical authors than Shakspere ever uses; but, with a most singular inconsistency, in the passages of the Second and Third Parts which they have chosen to pronounce as the additions of Shakspere to the original plays of another writer or writers, there are to be found as many allusions to mythology and classical writers as in the part which they deny to be his. We have remarked upon these passages, that they furnish the proof that, as a young writer, he possessed a competent knowledge of the ancient authors, and was not unwilling to display it; "but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigious range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pedantry to which inferior men so pertinaciously clung in the pride of their scholarship." Ranging over the whole dramatic works of Shakspere, whenever we find a classical image or allusion—such as in Hamlet,

> "A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"—

the management of the idea is always elegant and graceful; and the passage may sustain a contrast with the most refined imitations of his contemporaries, or of his own imitator, Milton. In his Roman plays he appears coexistent with his wonderful characters, and to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian. When he employs Latinisms in the construction of his sentences, and even in the

creation of new words, he does so with singular facility and unerring correctness. And then, we are to be told, he managed all this by studying bad translations, and by copying extracts from grammars and dictionaries; as if it was reserved for such miracles of talent and industry as the Farmers and the Steevenses to read Ovid and Virgil in their original tongues, whilst the dull Shakspere, whether school-boy or adult, was to be contented through life with the miserable translations of Arthur Golding and Thomas Phaer.

We next quote a specimen of the descriptive, and also of the personifying fancy portions of the volume, giving, at the same time, Mr. Knight's theory of the origin of the Shaksperian stage.

"It is the twenty-third of April, and the birthday of William Shakspere is a general holyday at Stratford. It is Saint George's day. There is high feasting at Westminster or at Windsor. The green rushes are strewn in the outward courts of the Palace; the choristers lift up the solemn chants of the Litany as a procession advances from the Queen's Hall to her Chapel; the Heralds move on gorgeously in their coat-armour; the Knights of the Garter and the Sovereign glitter in their velvet robes; the Yeomen of the Guard close round in their richest liveries. At Stratford there is humbler pageantry. Upon the walls of the Chapel of the Holy Cross there was a wondrous painting of a terrible dragon pierced through the neck with a spear; but he has snapped the weapon in two with his fearful talons, and a gallant knight in complete armour is uplifting his sword, whilst the bold horse which he bestrides rushes upon the monster with his pointed champfrein: in the background is a crowned lady with a lamb; and on distant towers, a king and queen watching the combat. This story of Saint George and the delivery of the Princess of Silene from the power of the dragon was on the twenty-third of April wont to be dramatized at Stratford. From the altar of Saint George was annually taken down an ancient suit of harness, which was duly scoured and repaired; and from some storehouse was produced the figure of a dragon, which had also all needful annual reparation. Upon the back of some sturdy labourer was the harness fitted, and another powerful man had to bear the dragon, into whose body he no doubt entered. Then, all the dignitaries of the town being duly assembled, did Saint George and the Dragon march along, amidst the ringing of bells and the firing of chambers, and the shout of the patriotic population of "Saint George for England." Here is the simplest of dramatic exhibitions, presented through a series of years to the observing eyes of a boy in whom the dramatic power of going out of himself to pourtray some incident or character or passion, with incomparable truth, was to be developed and matured in the growth of his poetical faculty. As he looked upon that rude representation of a familiar legend, he may first have conceived the capability of exhibiting to the eye a moving picture of events, and of informing it with life by appropriate dialogue. But in truth, the essentially dramatic spirit of the ancient church had infused itself thoroughly into the popular mind; and thus, long after the Reformation had swept away most of the ecclesiastical ceremonials that were held to belong to the superstitions of Popery, the people retained this principle of personation in their common festivals; and many were the occasions in which the boy and the man, the maiden and the

matron, were called upon to enact some part, in which bodily activity and mental readiness might be required; in which something of grace and even of dignity might be called forth; in which a free but good-tempered wit might command the applause of uncritical listeners; and a sweet or mellow voice, pouring forth our nation's songs, would receive the exhilarating homage of a jocund chorus.

One passage more presenting a very articulate account, not only of Shakspere's stage, but of the other playhouses in London contemporary, or nearly so, with his theatre.

In the continuation of Stow's "Chronicle," by Edmund Howes, there is a very curious passage, which carries us back from the period in which he was writing (1631) for sixty years. He describes the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, the burning of the Fortune Playhouse four years after, the rebuilding of both theatres, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." He then adds, "And this is the seventeenth stage or common playhouse which hath been new made within the space of threescore years within London and the suburbs; viz. five inns or common hostelries turned to playhouses, one cockpit, St Paul's singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built Bear-gardens, which was built as well for plays and fencers' prizes as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of threescore years above said, I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory." It would appear, as far as we can judge from the very imperfect materials which exist, that in the very early period of Shakspere's connexion with the Blackfriars, it was the only private theatre. At a subsequent period, the Cockpit, or Phœnix, in Drury Lane, was a private theatre; and so was the theatre in Salisbury Court—the "new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars'" of Howes. What, then, was the distinction between the private theatre of the Blackfriars, of which Shakspere was a shareholder in 1589, and the permanent and temporary public theatres with which it entered into competition? It is natural to conclude that the proprietors of this theatre, being the Queen's servants, not merely nominally, but the sworn officers of her household, were the most respectable of their vocation; conformed to the ordinances of the state with the utmost scrupulousness; endeavoured to attract a select audience rather than an uncritical multitude; and received higher prices for admission than were paid at the public theatres. The performances at the Blackfriars were for the most part in winter. Whether the performances were in the day or evening, artificial lights were used. The audience in what we now call the pit (then also called) sat upon benches, and did not stand as in the yard open to the sky of the public playhouses. There were small rooms corresponding with the private boxes of existing theatres. A portion of the audience, including those who aspired to the distinction of critics, sat upon the stage. "Though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars to arraign plays daily," says the pre-

face to the first folio of Shakspere. The passage we have quoted from Lambarde gives us a notion of the prices of admission at the very early theatres. Those who paid a penny for the "entry of the scaffold," had, of course, privileges not obtained by those who merely paid "the penny at the gate;" and those who, when they had reached the scaffold, had to pay another penny "for quiet standing," had no doubt the advantage of some railed-off space, in some degree similar to the stalls of the modern pit. But the mass of the audience must have been the penny-payers. The passages in old plays and tracts which allude to the prices of admission, for the most part belong to the high and palmy period of the stage. But we learn from one of Lyly's tracts, in 1590, that the admission at "the theatre" was twopence, and at St. Paul's fourpence; though a penny still seems from other authorities to have been the common price. It is possible, and indeed there is some evidence, that the rate of admission even then varied according to the attraction of the performance; and we may be pretty sure that a company like that of Shakspere's generally charged at a higher rate than the larger theatres, which depended more upon the multitude. At a much later period, Ben Jonson and Fletcher mention a price as high as half-a-crown; and the lowest price which Jonson mentions is sixpence. At a later period still, Jonson speaks of the sixpenny mechanics of the Blackfriars. Those who sat upon the stage, it would appear, paid sixpence for a stool, in addition to their payment for admission.

We must not dismiss *William Shakspere, a Biography*, without stating that the numerous portraits, after drawings on wood by Harvey, are not only beautiful specimens of art, but are closely copied from authentic prints; while the views are either in accordance with a similarly trustworthy source, or originals, where truth and reality have been anxiously studied. Mr. Harvey has been remarkably happy in respect of the characters, groups, and scenes which he has introduced to illustrate the doctrines and the descriptions of the text.

ART. VII.—*Extracts from the Presbytery Book of Strathbogie; A.D. 1681—1654.* Aberdeen. Printed for the Spalding Club.

MR. STUART, the Secretary of the Spalding Club, has edited these Extracts. The period over which they extend was eventful in the history of the country; contention, civil and ecclesiastical, reigned during a great portion of the time; war, revolution, and enmities were the order of the day. Strathbogie, the Gordon district of the North, was not exempt from troubles, and, indeed, it seems, from the figure which the Presbytery that passes under the name recently cut in the schism of the Kirk, that it is a locality fertile of dispute and of a stout-hearted people. No doubt multitudes of them would prove themselves as *dour* in affairs of state, as of those that more nearly concern religious doctrine and practice. It is, however, but natural, that the

Presbytery Book should deal chiefly with ecclesiastical matters. These, of course, are often interwoven with secular and political turns of fortune; but still the grand feature of the volume is that which is immediately indicated by its title, and by the quarter whence its contents have been derived.

And a very curious volume it is, and hardly less valuable than entertaining. Most striking and distinct is the light which it sheds upon the Presbyterianism of the period; clear and pointed are its illustrations of manners and character; and frequently it helps to complete one's notions about national and historical occurrences.

Nothing in the volume will strike those who have been bred on the southern side of the Tweed, or even the Scotchman of the present day, more forcibly, than the discipline presbyters, ministers, and other ecclesiastical functionaries exercised at the period embraced. The marvel is, that not only people and parishes could be found to submit to the inquisitorial treatment, but that it was popular, and the theme of general boasting, as compared with what obtained in other communions. We believe that nothing of so meddling a nature ever was endured in England, under the severest puritanic rule. A few illustrations must be cited of the working of the system; which, although it might to a certain extent subserve the interests of external morals, must, we think, have trained up abundance of hypocrites as well as scandal-mongers.

There was nothing which could be reckoned among offensive things at the time, that escaped ecclesiastical scrutiny, censure, and punishment; no grade of society was potent enough to bid defiance to suspicion and ecclesiastical penance. It was dangerous to speak one's mind, if in severity, of the *minister*. Nay, there seems to have been a constant risk of busy tattling bodies bringing accusations, it might be, for alleged breaches that could not, in common decency, be made the subject of investigation; and on other occasions, where the witnesses ought not to have been credited. The following was a case in the year 1637:

Patrick Wilsone being sumonded, *apud acta*, to answere this daye anent his night drinking, compeared. Mr. Joseph Brodye, to prove his alleagances against him produced witnesses, namely James Morisone, George Wilsone, Johne Wilsone, who being all admitted and sworne, deponed as after followes: James Morisone depoued, that he continued drinking till cockcrowe, and that he and his companye dranke eleven pyntes ail: moroner, the said James deponed that in his drunkenness he stroke James Troup, messinger, with his hand, and that he rayled against some gentlemen in the parish. George Wilsone deponed that he left Patrick Wilsone and his companye drinking after cockcrowe, and that he strake and rayled, *et supra*. Johne Wilsone deponed that the said Patrick was ouercome with drinke, and that he dranke after cockcrowe. The brethren ordained the said Patrick to stand in sackcloth two Sabbaths, and to paye four markes penaltye.

One cannot help thinking that the witnesses must have been tippling also after *cockcrowe*. The penances were oft performed in sackcloth, "till the congregation be satisfied;" and offences against the marriage laws furnished the mass of cases for exposure and discipline. It was a grand triumph when a Kirk court could get a grievous offender to make a public confession of his sins, and especially not only by act, but verbal and written declaration. The case of Mr. James Kennedy, who had served both under the Marquis of Huntly and the Marquis of Montrose, appears to be one in point; Scotch episcopacy being at an end, and Charles the First dead. We begin with the full and particular narration of his public misdeeds, drawn up under his own hand. He had been previously excommunicated, but he now carried himself, we may presume, to the very heart's content of the presbytery.

I doe, in all humilitie, most ingenouslie confesse and sincerle acknowledge, to the glorie of God and my oune shame, that at the beginning of that horsid and wnnaturall rebellione raised in the notherne pairts of this kingdome, being moved with the spirit of presumptione and singularaitie, I did abandon the societie of Gods people within the toune of Edinburgh, amongst whom I lived formerlie about the space of ten yeirs or therby, with George Gordon, sumtym Marquis of Huntly, about the yeir 1643; and having caried armes wnder him in the forsaid rebellione in the yeir 1644 or thereby, against authoritie both civill and ecclesiastick, I was, about that tym, most justlie excommunicat by the Commissione of the Generall Assemblie for the same, and for my delinquencie and wickednes in opposing the Covenant and work of God in this land, and endeavouring the ruine and subversione thereoff according to my pouer, the justice of which sentence I doe heirby most sincerelie and seriouslie acknowledge.

That, being defeited by the Spirit of Grace, and therby left to myselff, I proceided from sinne to sinne, till at last I became altogidder insensible of sinne, having my conscience cauterized with the habit and custom of sinning, wherwpon I not onlie continowed in armes with the said wnquhill George Gordoune, sumtym Marquis of Huntlye, after my said excommunicatione, wntil such tym as he wes forced to disband and leaue the feilds, and retire himselff to Stranaver, bot did immediatelie therefter associate myselff to wnquhill James Grahame, excommunicat traitour, who had invaded this kingdome with ane number of bloodie Irishes and barbarous Hielanders, with whom I continoued in armes for the space of ane yeir and aboue, until I wes takin prisoner efter Philiphauch; being also partaker and highlie guiltie of all that bloodshed, raising of fire, rapine, plundering, and other barbarous insolencies, and wnnatturall cruelties and outrages committed all that tym.

And not being sensible of that happines and blessing conferred vpon me at that tym by the merciful hand of God, first, in arreasting me by prisone, therby to haue stopped that violent course and torrent of my bypast wicked and sinfull lyff, and to haue recalled me to himselff; and nixt, in releiving me from the snares of a violent death, which I daylie expected and justlie

deserved, by setting me at libertie furth of prisone, I wes so baselie ungrate to so gracious a God and mercifull a father, that in place of returning thanks and acknouledging of his benefits, being givin over to a strong delusione, and possessed with seven worse spirits then the former, I returned againe to my oune vomit, and walloued myselff of new in the myre and puddle of my former wickednes and sinfulnes, so that, efter my relieff furth of prisone in the tolbuith of Edinburgh, I retired myselff north againe to the said George Gordoune, sumtym Marquis of Huntly, who had raised a new rebellione in the yeir 1646, to whom I adhered till October therefter, 1647, that he wes takin prisoner.

Then comes the story of his private transgressions:

I doe also, in all humilitie, most seriouslie confesse and sincerelie acknowledge that the whole course of my lyff, both befor and since my excommunicatione, hath bein nothing but a progresse of wickednes and daylie heaping of sinne wpon sinne, by drunkennes, whordom, cursing and swearing, break of the Saboth, neglect of Gods worship, pryd, envy, malice, contempt of the meane of grace, mocking of religione, profanitie, and all sort of wickednes and excesse of ryot; by all which I have offended Almightie God in the highest maner, and given great occasione of scandall and offence to his people. And the rather that no pretext or cloack of ignorance wes left me, having had sufficient occasiones of the ordinaire means of my educatione and instructione, and being educat and bred both at schools and colleges and other seminaries of learning within this kingdome; all which doe so much the more aggravat and aggrage my sinfulnes and wickednes, having sinned so highlie both against my knouledge and the light of my conscience, and against the light of the gospell shyning so cleirlie for the tym.

Kennedy, of course, was in a fair way for satisfying the Presbytery. The following account of convictions and fresh lights must have crowned the Kirk's triumph at that turn:

As for these demands proponed unto me, anent the Covenant, League and Covenant, the lait unlawful engagement, and religione presently professed, I do ingenuously confess and sincerely acknowledge, that I was for a long tym possesed with a dislyk of the Covenant, League and Covenant, and all the means used for promoving thereoff, being induced thervnto by a prejudiced opinion wharwith I wes possest, and a wilfull neglect of the means to have bein informed of the necessitie and lawfulnes of the same, bot most by ane affected singularitie. Bot having informed myselff more particularlie theranent, and especiallie by these several conferences above mentionat, which I haue had with your wisdomes, not only sufficientlie satisfied and fullie convinced [ ].

And as for the religione presently professed, I doe not apprehend any difference in mater of doctrine from that I wes educat in from my infancie, n and wherwnto I have still adhered be my professione, and shall, God willing, continow in all the dayes of my lyftym, though I confesse to my great greiff that my practice hath bein far contrarie. Bot for the discipline and church government, I doe professe ingenuouslie I wes not so weill

satisfied therwith till of lait, by the forsaids several conferences I have had with your wisdomes to that purpose, whereby I am so fullie satisfied therein that I doe confidentlie beleive that Presbyterian government, as it is presently established in the Kirk of Scotland, is the only trew and laufull church government, grounded upon the Word of God and institut be Chryst and his Apostles.

Slander was an offence for the Kirk's disciplinarian practice.

The said day Robert Gordon of Colythie gau in a bill of slander upon Alexonder Leith of Bucharne, compleaning that the said Alexander should have said, in a publict taverne, that the said Robert was drunk in [ ] Gordon of Cocklarachies house, and should have vomited such ane hudge quantitie that he drown a bitch whelps therwyth. The said Alexander being sumonded to this day by the session, who have referred the cognoscing of the bill to the presbytrie, was called, and compeiring, confessed he spoke the words, but that he heard them of another. He was ordained to present the nixt day his author befor the presbytrie, or else to be holden for the slanderer himselfe.

It was of importance to a delinquent to be beyond the bounds of the presbytery who was informed of his evil sayings and doings; as is evidenced by the further prosecution of Alexander Leith's case, he having been able to present his authority:

Sicklyk, the said Alexander Leith being sumonded to this day, to present his author from slandering George Gordon in Colthie, compeird not, but sent a letter, under Mr. Robert Cheyn his hand, showing his author for quhat he spoke, the tenour quherof follows: Reverend and deir brother, these are showing yow that Hew Morise has com befor Alexander Forbes of Culquharrie, Robert Muir, Walter Rosse, and me, and confessed that he had said that he had publictlie spoke that Collithie had spued as much as wold have dround two whelps, and sall giue his informer quhen he sall be posed, which is all he hes for the tyme, who is your loveing brother, *subscribitur*, Mr. Robert Cheyne Kenethmont, 11th Maij, 1653. The presbytrie finding the said Alexander had given his author, as he was appoynted, and the said author of his wes nocht in the bounds of the presbytrie, the brethren acquiesced in the former declaration.

The dealings of the Presbytery with its members,—the manner and authority with which the qualifications of a minister might be tried, were not a little remarkable. It was not alone that morals and learning were searched into, but *gifts* for popular ministration were required. Here is the way that was taken with the *lyvles* and *inarticulate* Mr. Robert Irving:

Mr. Robert Irving taught, Hos. 14, v. 1, 2, 3.

The said Mr. Robert Irving being remoued, and doctrine censured, the brethren thoght him lyvles in his applicatioun, and not applying himself to the tymes; his speech somequhat inarticulate.

The elderis being seueralie posed how they yer edified by his doctrine, how he caried in lyf and conversation, and how he discharged himself in his min-

isteriall calling, declared, all in one voyce, that he was no worse in preaching then befor, and that by him they ver edified, and he vas blameless in his lyf and conversatioun. It been shewen them that the bretheren could not distinctlie vnderstand his expressionis in manie wordis; answered, through custome they vnderstood him better than vtheris. Notwithstanding heirof, the bretheren thought expedient that ane helper sould be adjoyned to him, and posed the elderis if they thoght not the same; vho answered, they ver content vith their owne minister, and thoght him als able to discharge his calling as befor. And yet, be ther discourse, the bretheren perceiued ther unwillingnes to haue ane helper procedit cheiflie from feare of imposing the said helper his mantenence on them.

We have hinted that it was a perilous thing to speak in other than a respectful manner of the Kirk, of its ministers, or any of the inferior functionaries. It came to pass, however, that the inquisitorial tone and practice of the reverend court grew tamer. This was a result, at any rate, when Cromwell's progress northward could no longer be impeded, of which event a certain William Gordon, with alacrity, took advantage, in order to tell his mind plainly. He wrote and was answered as given in the following extract:

"I vnderscryber, of the pariochin of Dumbennan, and Presbytrie of Strathbogye, having, by manie and sundrie sad experiences, found the manie bloodie and barbarous inconveniences quhich hav alvays accompanied the Presbyterian government, by their usurpatioune and mixed auctoritie with the civill power, and tyrannous persecuting of mens consciences who out of tender scruples did differe from their opinions in matters indifferent and circumstantiall; as also, finding that the greatest part of their prayer and preaching doth more tender the advancement of their private interest and factioune then the propagatioune of the gospell; and seeing their freqnent railing against the auctoritie and civill power which God hath set over us, quherby the peoples mynds ar keeped unsetled and averse from the cordiall compliance and union of both nations, quhich, by God's great mercie, we ar now lyk to enjoy. For thes reasons, I doe therfor declare, that I neither will nor can continue a member of the Presbytrie of Strathbogye, and that I shall no mor esteeme of their excommunicatioune than thei did formerly of the Pope, but intend, God willing, to live in such a gospell way as the Lord hath dispensed in his sacred word, and not occasion any disturbance to this present government of the commonwealth of Great Brittan. And, to testifie this solemn separatioune, I have subscribit thir presentis with my hand. William Gordon." The Presbytrie, haveing read and considered the paper, how malitious and invective it was against the servants and Government of Christs church, did ordaine Mr. William Jamison to excommunicate the said William *quam primum;* quhilk sentence beeing intimate to him, he lookit verie frowardly, and uttered himself most proudly and malitiously.

Other varieties might be picked out of the volume, which are not less curious in themselves, and illustrative of the period which the extracts cover; while very many repetitions might also be adduced.

It is probable that some of the other presbyteries may lack in their books the riches of the records kept of the "Gordon country." Still, the present registry cannot be supposed to have been at variance with the practice and temper of Scotland two centuries ago; so that one is enabled to speculate regarding the nature of progress and change, yea, and of the vicissitudes that have marked the history of the Kirk, from the middle of the 17th century to that of the 19th. Whether the recent schism in the body may, were it but in the mere spirit of rivalry, tend to a greater outward strictness of morals and of religious observances than latterly, we cannot foretell. But that the kinds and degrees of discipline-practice of which we have been hearing will ever be enacted in Strathbogie or any other of the presbyterian districts, is a thing neither to be expected nor desired.

ART. VIII.—*The English Universities.* From the German of V. A. HUBER, Professor of Western Literature at Marburg. An abridged Translation; edited by F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of the Greek and Latin Classics at Manchester New College. 3 vols. Pickering.

THE history of these volumes is rather singular. Bulky as the publication is, it is yet only an abridgement of a version by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, of Corpus Christi; the condensation throughout being "considerable," and in some of the chapters "immense." To be sure, Mr. Newman has added notes, and entered to some extent into controversy with the German author; the English editor being an advocate of University reform, while the foreign Professor stands up stoutly for the vested rights of these great schools, and looks upon them as having duly performed all that has ever been undertaken by them, or that can reasonably be required from their constitution.

From the size of the original work, our readers will be ready to learn that at least it is characteristically German, in as far as industry and diligence are concerned. That it presents numerous proofs of extensive learning will not be doubted for a moment; and that the author's familiarity with English literature is particular, may be assumed from the position he holds at Marburg. His disquisitional powers are also very considerable, as are also his descriptive talents; but he is not a good historian in the stricter meaning of the term, nor even an expert combiner of separate, yet consecutive things.

Huber no doubt follows pretty closely in the order of events, tracing the Universities from the earliest foundation according to the lights and traditions that have reached us, and bringing the account down to the present time. He has also helped himself by taking in the origin and progress of similar institutions on the Continent, and glancing at such periods of antiquity and of the middle ages as appear illustrative. But still he gives us views rather than regular and

continuous narrative; he comments far more frequently than he describes; while his reasoning has more of solidity in it than there is of vivacity, or even a display of skill in delineation.

For example, the German Professor's account of the origin of the University of Oxford is in accordance with the story that King Alfred was its founder; but the merit of the passages in which this conviction is set forth consists rather in the way taken to fortify the tradition, than in setting its points before you. He attends to the scholastic movement in which the Anglo-Saxons partook during the eleventh century, many of them having frequented the celebrated school of the monastery of Bec in Normandy. He then proceeds in this way to back his conclusion:—

> The political intercourse of England with Normandy, and the extent of British commerce, made this inevitable: and though the only passage in which Oxford is *named*, (viz. by Ingulf, the Conqueror's Secretary,) is not beyond suspicion; it has never yet been attacked. The oldest authentic accounts of Oxford lead us to believe, that its schools are earlier than the Norman Conquest. That scholastic streets (*School-street* and *Shydirnd-street*) existed there in the year 1109, is clear from old documents quoted by Wood. A scholastic population must have filled them; and we can hardly allow less than from twenty to thirty years, for the gathering of such a population and erecting of the streets. Now this takes us back just to the horrors of the Norman Conquest and its immediate consequences. None can choose such a date as the conceivable origin of the system: we are forced to carry it higher. We then fall back on the Saxo-Danish period, and on the time when Ingulf is said to have studied in Oxford. Granting that this is the first notice of the system, it is unreasonable to infer that this was its beginning. Indeed even at a later period, it is seldom enough that the Chronicles are led to name the Academicians. Now considering what times preceded the Conquest, we may be sure that at most they would barely sustain existing schools. No reign nearer than Alfred's was likely to originate them. Thus whatever we know at all,—by tradition, by documents (suspected or unsuspected,) or by the evidence of general probability,—converges to the same result,—that the Oxford Schools are as ancient as King Alfred.

This passage affords a specimen of the manner in which the Professor indicates and buttresses views instead of presenting scenes, or directly narrating what has been done or reported. Many, to be sure, are the events which he notices; but then he does so for the most part incidentally, and to serve his purpose for the sake of a conclusion, instead of being filled with the importance of the event itself; and instead of appearing to have been desirous of making it the medium of absorbing the interest of the reader, or of forcibly carrying him forward to the natural or historical results and sequences in the shape of other events. He snatches circumstances and incidents in order to expound, or it may be to theorize and to deliver an opinion.

relative to constitutional questions; so that the work gives you doctrines, comments, epochs, and occurrences in a detached form, so as to indicate principles and their operation, without much anxiety being shown about the details of the things, or the characters identified with their occurrence.

In this way, however, the reader obtains glimpses of a vast number of facts, at the same time that his curiosity ought to be stimulated thereby to examine them fully for himself, were it only to test the conclusions of the author. Your attention is called to the changes, the vicissitudes, and the struggles to which the Universities have been subjected from time to time, as well as to the original constitution of these venerable establishments. You have sights of their economy, their system of discipline, and of the manners as well as the learning of which they have been the parents. And you are made aware of a multitude of influences, collateral passages of history, and prominent personages who have been brought into juxtaposition, or who have interfered with the institutions, so as to lend a large amount of varied information, and to yield a broad national view, which you may fill up for yourself.

Of the struggles to which the University of Oxford was exposed, those during the middle ages have the most character for action, sundry of them issuing in frightful riots, and sometimes setting all England in a blaze. Be it remembered that Oxford for a long series of years was a centrical city in the kingdom, and the frequent seats of royalty and parliament. The King had not rarely to interfere, sometimes to correct and overawe the Universities, but still oftener was his supreme authority exerted in support or to the extension of their privileges. Several of the severest contests which the Oxford ancient schools had to wage were with the town Coporation. Here is the account of one of these desperate brawls:

The events of 1296 deserve especial mention. In vain efforts to pacify the warring parties, the King, his Councillors, and the Peers of the realm, had been called in. The great opponent of the University was a baker named Robert de Wells, who was a personification of the deeply-rooted hatred of the citizens to the University. We have no means of learning whether it was further inflamed by personal motives in his case; but, anyhow, he possessed much boldness, activity, and cunning, and in another place might have left a reputation in history like Arteveldt of Ghent. He did not shrink from appearing before King and Parliament as champion of his native town, of which he was soon chosen Bailiff. In 1283, having been excommunicated by the Chancellor, he protested against it so powerfully before the Parliament, that the Chancellor was obliged to give way. In 1288, academic influence ejected him from his post; upon which the University was indiscreet enough to enact in solemn congregation, that should he ever be readmitted to office, all the studies should be suspended as long as he held authority in the town. So oppressive an interference with the town-

elections exceedingly strengthened him in the good-will of the citizens, and held him up as a martyr for the liberties of the town.

Excitement and bitterness increased. The University solemnly implored the King to prevent the bakers and brewers from using fetid water, and the vintners from diluting their wine. For some years a diversion was brought about by contests of the University with the Bishop of Lincoln and his Archdeacon, and by quarrels of the *nations*. But in February 1297, an affair took place, possibly arranged by Wells and his party, but in fact it is so variously told that we know not where to lay the blame. A scuffle arose between the rabble dependents of the two *nations*, in which both citizens and scholars joined; while the authorities on each side, instead of restoring peace, attacked one another. It grew into a battle, in which many thousands on both sides took part. The armourers' magazines were plundered, and other shops of citizens. On the second day of the fight, a host of countrymen who had been called in overpowered the scholars; yet not till the third day, when the victorious party was itself worn out, was quiet restored by the King's special Commissioners. Many of the combatants had been wounded, and not a few killed. Scholastic houses had been devastated, and churches desecrated by corpses and by blood. Nevertheless, the result was a practical triumph to the University, by help of Episcopal fulminations and Royal decrees. Robert de Wells and other of the most violent citizens were expelled from the town, or forbidden all intercourse with the University.

The contest for principal authority between the Town and the University was carried to a most alarming pitch in 1355. A few years before this date a dreadful plague had ravaged all England; carrying off or dispersing all the Oxford scholars, so that the studies were intermitted for three years; after which not one third of the former number re-assembled. In the meanwhile the police was exercised by the Town Authorities, and many of the buildings that had previously been in the possession of the academicians, were applied by the citizens to other purposes. At the time mentioned, John Bereford was bailiff of the city, and seems to have been preparing himself for an explosion. Nor was the event to be long delayed, as the following narrative will explain:

A quarrel arose on St. Scholastica's day (February 10th) in the year 1355, between certain scholars and the host of a tavern which belonged to Bereford. The scholars thought the wine bad; and as the host only answered by ill words, they broke his flasks about his head. The tavern-keeper called for help. Speedily (as if all had been pre-concerted) the town alarm-bell was rung from St. Martin's Church: armed citizens assembled, and fell upon the scholars who were walking unarmed and unsuspecting in the streets. The Chancellor in vain, and at the hazard of his life, entreated the townsmen to keep the peace; at last he ordered the bell of St. Mary's to sound an alarm, and call the scholars to arms. They had taken to flight at the first surprise; but they now rallied, and offered so stout an opposition, as to keep their adversaries in check that night. In the morning, the Chancellor's efforts at pacification were again frustrated by the determined hostility of the Town; and it appeared that the scholars would be murdered, if they did not stand

on their defence. Though so inferior in numbers, yet by great exertion they succeeded in seizing the gates, to prevent the entrance of the country people;—a measure of traditionary tactics. But towards evening, about two thousand armed countrymen burnt down the West Gate, and forced their way in, headed by a black banner, with a wild cry of *Murder* and *Plunder*. The scholars, borne down by the torrent, fled into the open country, into their churches or into their private rooms. But the savage mob, that night or next day, stormed most of the Colleges and Halls, and hunted out the inmates. Those who could not escape were killed, wounded, thrown into the sinks and sewers, or dragged to prison. All their property was destroyed or plundered; after which the mob began to carouse, and abundance of drink inflamed them to still madder deeds. Crucifixes and church ornaments were demolished; students shaven as monks were treated with peculiar cruelty: the scalp was actually torn off the head of some. No holy place was respected. In vain did the more popular of the clergy carry the host along the streets in solemn procession. Monks were seized or maltreated at the foot of the cross or chalice. In short, *forty* scholars or masters are recorded by some, as having been killed in this fray; but these, without a doubt, are but a fraction of those who suffered. As soon as the storm began to subside, and the rabble to decamp with their booty, the more prudent citizens assembled to prevent further mischief. The Town-Authorities also met, with a few of the more eminent Academicians, who had sent to demand assistance from the Bishop of Lincoln and from the King. The former issued an interdict against the Town, and the latter pursued measures, at first equally vigorous. Less energy however appears in their after-proceedings. Perhaps upon examination, the King found the blame to be more equally divided between the parties, than was supposed in the first moment of wrath against so brutal an abuse of victory. At any rate it was clear, that the scholars had begun the fray; and there must have been plentiful ground for crimination against them. That the Town-Authorities had misconducted themselves, does not appear; but the Sheriff of Oxford was displaced by the Royal Commissioners, which may seem to imply that the fault was in a different quarter. There is also ground to believe, that the very intensity of this savage contest gave rise by reaction to feelings of a far more honourable and Christian nature. Terror, grief, repentance and a feeling of helplessness and misery, seem to have driven all the more baneful passions into the back-ground. Both parties were humbled at the common guilt, distressed by the common suffering; and such feelings were widely shared by the nation at large. The whole affair assumed a public importance, and no one was concerned so much to recriminate or retaliate for the past, as to reconcile and prevent for the future.

This dreadful riot induced Edward the Third to re-model the laws both of the University and the Town, granting to the former that preponderating influence which it has since retained.

In the first of our extracts it is stated that not only were the contests of the University of Oxford maintained with the city, and also with the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese the town was situated, but among the *nations* themselves; the term being familiar to the

ears of scholars. In Oxford the nations were only two,—the Southern and the Northern; and the passage we now cite will explain the nature and duration of the quarrel which arose between these parties:

About the end of the twelfth century, the conflicts of Realism and Nominalism began, but they rose into full vigour under the patronage of Duns-Scotus and Occam, in the first half of the fourteenth. The Northernmen declared for their Countryman and his Realism; the Southernmen sided with Occam and his Nominalism. Wyckliffe also, who soon became celebrated, was a North Countryman and a Realist, but it would be far too precipitate to connect Realism with the Reformation *generally*. We only assert, that at *that* period both Realism and Reformation found favour chiefly with the Northernmen; and that the two causes may in *their* minds have been somewhat connected. The author believes also, that the Germanic spirit, being prone to Ideology (as Napoleon remarked,) has also in it certain spiritualism that tended to Protestant views. But all this is said with diffidence and under correction. Any-how it will not be questioned that there is a close sympathy between the Germanic mind and Protestantism, between the Romanic mind and Roman Catholicism; nor is it a mere fancy, to believe that this very controversy was deep at work in the University at Oxford, at a time when none understood the full meaning of their strife. Even at a later period, when all England was decidedly Protestant, as contrasted with the great Southern Kingdoms, the Northern part of England was pre-eminently Protestant as compared with the South. Indeed at the end of Elizabeth's reign, after method so stringent had been used to suppress the weaker party in the Universities, and so great and internal revolution had passed upon them, we find the contest of Northern and Southernmen renewed, at the time when the Puritan controversy was rising into strength. It is remarkable how much underhand countenance Presbyterianism received at Oxford, (as will hereafter be stated,) even when professedly in disgrace. The distinction of *races* has vanished in the nation at large, and *political parties* have taken their place. We may however remark that Whiggery is of Scotch (or Germanic) origin; while *Toryism* had its strength in the South. The Southern element still prevails in the Aristocratic and High-Church spirit, and in the *old-fashioned* classical studies of the College system; and that this system is truly Romanic, may easily be proved by comparing it with the Universities of Spain, which have suffered least disturbance in recent centuries. The Northern system, driven out of Oxford, took refuge in Edinburgh, the Athens of the North, where everything reminds us of the German Universities and of the German development of the Reformation. The main strength of the *Liberal* intellectual development in the last half century has come from Scotland and the North. That is ever the seat of the animating spirit, though the material power which ultimately works out the results will be found in the populous and wealthy South; whether in the seventeenth or in the nineteenth century.

In the account quoted of the riot in which Bereford figured, we find mention of the judgment which the scholars passed upon the

wine of the tavern-keeper. But during the earlier periods, the University corporations, although populous, were poor, and seem to have fared but scurvily. "By fees, contributions, impositions, and donations, money came slowly in: legacies were rather more productive. Their slender funds, lent out at moderate interest to their own members, yielded a scanty income." In the whole earlier period the colleges had none but *rented* buildings, and little or no land. They were miserably supplied with Public Rooms for scholastic uses. Endowments did not exist; and every teacher was left to find his own level, generally dwelling with his pupils in the same Hall or Inn. "Their food and other expenses were defrayed in common: but in the *Disciplina Scholarum* (Ed. of 1496) it is hinted to be convenient that the scholars relieve the Master from the trouble of all such provision."

The earliest colleges were not intended to afford their members a permanent maintenance, but to assist clerical students through their course of study, which might last from ten to fifteen years. But the practice gradually became established that the *Fellows* retained their stipends until they obtained some benefice; it being deemed unnatural to turn them out to want and misery. And this became the understood or express rule in the colleges of later foundation. We thus begin to see how the rise of Fellowships as permanent property took place. "As then in the political tempests of the 15th century, nearly all other stipends disappeared, and the whole academic population diminished, the College Fellows became gradually the actual stem of the University." Still, for a long time their wealth and their manner of living were by no means sumptuous:—

Assisted by the endowment, the *Fellows* of the Colleges lived on through the hard times; yet even they had but the barest necessaries of life, and these not always. Moreover, the rules prescribed by the College discipline for study and devotion left but few hours for sleep, food, and recreation. It is indeed clear enough from what we have said above of University, Merton, and Balliol Colleges, that it was not the object of the earlier Colleges that their members should live in pleasure and luxury. Even the richest establishments—such for instance as New College—gave no more than from ten to twelve pounds yearly to each Fellow. The annual revenues of this College were reckoned in the time of Henry VIII. at eight hundred and eighty-seven pounds (v. Chalmers), and that of Balliol College at seventy-four pounds. Those of the others lie for the most part between the two. Bitter complaints were made before Parliament by the Fellows of University College, respecting their distress and want, occasioned by the maladministration of their revenues by the Head of their College. (v. Rol. Parl. iii. 69.) A lively picture of the very frugal circumstances of the Colleges at the beginning of the sixteenth century, containing more special details of what is intimated in general terms by earlier testimony, is to be found in a manuscript written by a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge; in which, after many

bitter complaints of the general distress, he proceeds [in Latin]:—"The greater part of the scholars get out of bed between four and five o'clock in the morning: from five to six they attend the reading of public prayers, and an exhortation from the Divine Word in their own chapels: they then either apply to separate study, or attend lectures in common, until ten, when they betake themselves to dinner, at which four scholars are content with a small portion of beef bought for one penny, and a sup of pottage made of gravy of the meat, salt, and oaten flour. From the time of this moderate meal to five in the evening *they either learn or teach*, and then go to their supper, which is scarcely more plentiful than the dinner. Afterwards problems are discussed, or other studies pursued, until nine or ten o'clock; and then about half an hour is spent in walking or running about (for they have no hearth or stove) in order to warm their feet before going to bed." It is not very clear, it is true, whether this account includes those on the foundation: but even if in what is there said, we comprehend only the pupils who bore their own expenses, it gives us a standard to judge the whole by. The difference between the manner of living of the Fellows and of these pupils, was certainly not very great. From Erasmus we learn that the Fellows drank beer, not wine. His letters from Cambridge depict much external meanness there: Indeed Oxford appears already to have gained a start of Cambridge in these matters, which until recent times she kept. In more prosperous days we may admit that the Colleges had more to eat and drink, and possibly a fire in the chimney; but no one who considers the above, will imagine them ever to have had luxuries; while, how matters stood at a still earlier time, Chaucer's description of an Oxford clerk may show.

We have intimated already that Huber is a staunch advocate of the ancient English University system. He would conserve with a firm hand, even maintaining that what these ancient schools teach is sufficient and suitable for their purpose. They are intended, he argues, to produce a *well-educated gentleman*, a peculiarity to this country, and not to form *professionals* or *officials*:—

In the national opinion, the destination of the English Universities is *not* to form Professional men or State officials. This fact once admitted, it can be no reproach to the English Universities, that they scarcely possessed or offered the scantiest means for the studies in *Law*, *Medicine*, and *Divinity*, or for the foundations of the science of *State Economy*. The Philological and Mathematical branches appear to be the only exception, inasmuch as the Universities offer every means for rendering those who devote themselves to these two branches *real and most learned schoolmasters*. There is no want of persons who make use of these advantages: yet nothing results of it but a certain circle of movement, which begins and ends at the University, and is confined to this limited range. These schoolmasters and their schools form, to a certain extent, a part of the academic organization, as preparatory institutions, from which they derive fresh streams of pupils, a part of whom again flow back to the schools as teachers. Yet these form but a very small part of the academic youth; and we come back to the question—what do the Universities make of the materials confided to them, if they form neither pleaders, nor physicians, nor lawyers, nor judges, nor

statesmen, nor historians, nor Oriental linguists, nor botanists—in short, nothing of what is or is thought "*any thing*," either with us or elsewhere?

Our Universities produced learned men in the several sciences, or men for practical life; the latter of whom were either aspirants after official station, or intended to employ themselves as physicians or advocates. Nor is the case altered now, except that the general desire of University education has on the whole increased. To study from the love of knowledge was generally out of the question, on account of the prevailing poverty of the Germans: and even among the higher classes such an idea was very seldom entertained. The standard at the Universities was, it is true, a somewhat elevated one, and comprised a liberal cultivation of taste; but a person of family, who had not an eye, in pursuing his studies, to State service, was always a rarity. The English Universities, on the contrary, content themselves with producing the first and most distinctive flower of the national life, a *well-educated* "*gentleman*." I cannot enter into any exact definition of the old English gentleman; but I hope that no one need be offended by my saying that *we* have nothing of the kind. A gentleman must possess a political character, an independent and public position, or at least the right of assuming it. He must farther have average opulence, with landed property either of his own or in the family; a condition not very easy to be fulfilled among us. He should also have bodily activity and strength, unattainable by our sedentary life in public offices. The race of English gentlemen certainly presents, or rather did present, an appearance of manly vigour and form, not elsewhere to be found among an equal number of persons. No other nation produces the stock; and in England itself it has already been much deteriorated. What comes nearest to the English gentleman, strange to say, is the Castilian *cavallero*.

It does not follow that the University course was *sufficient* or *essential* to form the gentleman; but it was a decisive *presumption* in any man's favour, and, as it were, his final stamp. A liberal "education," such as could scarcely be obtained but at the Universities, was, at all events, requisite for a perfect gentleman; not to the exclusion, however, of other requisites, such as birth, wealth, and position. What was meant by a "liberal education" might be perhaps best characterized and explained by the analogous Roman expression. The cultivation of the faculties was more thought of than the amount of knowledge acquired; and was rather elegant, in the best Roman sense, than learned in a modern sense. We scarcely need add, that even during the University residence the studies were by no means the only thing that brought about this result. A complicated machinery of reciprocal influences lies in the manners, habits, and other relations peculiar to the English College life, bearing upon the education of youth, and the development of their feelings and characters.

A specimen of the Professor's description will be met with where he attempts a picture of the exterior of Oxford:—

In one of the most fertile districts of that Queen of the Seas whom Nature has so richly blest—whom for centuries past no footstep of foreign armies has desecrated—whose trident bears sway over a wider circle than ever did the sword of the ancient mistress of the world—lies a broad green vale,

where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full streams. Here and there primeval elms and oaks overshadow them; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows and fields, villages, cottages, farm-houses and country seats in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace and castle. Some few Gothic church-towers and Romanic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines; yet the general impression, at a distance and at first sight, is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the middle ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical: a certain softness, a peculiar repose reigns in these broader turret-like rising masses. Not that the Gothic pinnacles that point up into the sky are in themselves inconsiderable: the tower of St. Mary's is inferior to but few of the third order. But they all appear less prominent than either the horizontal lines or the cupolas form, which here and there rears its head; whether it be from its greater variety or its more perfect harmony with the style of the whole, that the latter arrest the eye more than the former. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find any spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light. In *reality*, probably, there is none anywhere. The principal masses consist of the Colleges, the University buildings, and the city churches; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view. But on entering the streets, we find around us all the signs of an active and prosperous trade. Rich and elegant shops in profusion, afford a sight nowhere to be found but in England; although side by side, it must be owned, with the darkest contrasts of misery and depravity. But the stately houses of merchants, retailers, craftsmen, and innkeepers, with all their glitter and show, sink into a modest and as it were menial attitude by the side of the grandly severe memorials of the higher intellectual life; memorials which have been growing out of that life from almost the beginning of Christian civilization. They are as it were the domestic offices of these palaces of learning, which ever rivet the eye and mind of the observer, all beside seeming perforce to be subservient to them. Oxford indeed has no manufactures of consequence. The sweating, sooty, giant industry of the day, offers to the Muses nothing but his previously finished produce, without forcing on the sense the thousand offensive consequences of its creation. The population, moreover, has a tranquil character, making it seem to be far less dense than in other flourishing English towns: and in fact, the noisy whirling streams of human creatures that hurry along the streets of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, would be ill adapted to the architectural and historical character of the place. Yet there is nothing herein to suggest the idea of poverty or decay. What strikes the eye as most peculiar, is the contrast between the fashionable and varied dress of the more active and busy townspeople, and the ancient, severe, and ample ecclesiastical costume of the "gownsmen," who may plainly enough be seen to be the ruling spirit of the place. Everywhere, indeed, wealth and rank are sure to meet with outward signs of respect; nowhere more surely than in England, and from tradespeople of the middle classes. But perhaps in all the world it might be hard to find so many forms, evidently the stately representatives of the

genius of the place, as are the Fellows and Masters of the Colleges at an English University. It is a peculiar type, propagated from generation to generation. The University towns have happily escaped the lot of modern beautification, and in this respect harmonize with the Colleges. Each of the larger and more ancient Colleges looks like a separate whole—an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries: in fact, every College is in itself a sort of chronicle of the history of art in England, and more especially of architecture.

We have hinted above, that the editor, Mr. Newman, controverts the German Professor's views with regard to the vested interests and independent rights of the University corporations, and that he advocates reform and an extension of system corresponding to the demands of the age. Huber seems to think that these venerable institutions are beyond the improving powers of the state, and cannot be meddled with. The Professor at Manchester, on the other hand, while imbued with a becoming share of reverence and admiration, is liberal and tolerant, holding that the interests of the public deserve first to be considered, and that the created rights of the University corporators, although he would not touch those of individuals, are the last of the concerns and matters to be weighed in the great question of education. Mr. Newman also suggests important improvements even as respects the internal economy of the Universities, the social sentiments to be cultivated and cherished, and the deportment of the various grades towards one another. We close with a passage relative to these points of decency and moral feeling.

After taking the bachelor's degree, a student at Oxford is admissible to dine at the high table with the Fellows, and to sit in the Fellows' common room; and a Bachelor, who is likely to continue in residence either in Oxford or Cambridge, often passes abruptly from the society of Under-Graduates and, in a year's time, associates almost solely with Graduates. At any rate, by the time that he takes his *Master's* degree, which is generally about the age of twenty-five, his contemporary Under-Graduates have either vanished from the place or have passed with him into the elder and ruling part of the University. Unless, therefore, a positive effort be made to form new acquaintances with the younger men, he becomes absorbed completely into the body of the fixed residents. From various causes it sometimes happens, that very young Fellows are called to be tutors, and as such to bear an important place of authority in matters of discipline; and the old doctrine used to be, that without much technical formality, men so young could not keep up discipline at all. At any rate the young Fellow would be in danger of imbibing airs of self-importance. The term *Don* is familiarly used to denote a character who is actuated by a petty love of form and of power; who, upon attaining his degree, aims to separate himself as widely as possible from all familiarity with Under Graduates, although he may be but two or three years older than they; puts on the air of a man of middle age; avoids all use of their common phraseology; and behaves with a rather stiff politeness and condescending kindness. This is the machinery by which an exterior decency

of deportment, may *perhaps* be more uniformly kept up than would be possible without it; but young men are keenly alive to the true state of things, and resent its absurdity. A sort of enthusiastic perverseness is called out to resist or outwit one invested with sciolistic authority, whenever a love of power is perceived in him and a sense of personal dignity; much more if admonitions are given for decency's sake and for form's sake, are they received as meaning nothing. In short, *Donnism*, wherever it exists, destroys that simple acting of heart on heart, and conscience on conscience, which is God's great instrument for regenerating society and for the training-up of youth; without which College restraint on high-spirited young men certainly cannot be of any moral benefit. It is, however, by no means true that the University youth spurn at all restrictions: on the contrary, a severe Proctor is often more popular than one who is lax. They look to the *motives* of his severity, and to the *manner* of the enforcement, far more than to the amount of the restraint. If they find in him a ready and cordial granting of all that can be yielded, an unassuming deportment, an indisposition to meddle in petty matters or to enforce anything for mere form's sake, they only respect him so much more for strictness in matters of moral seriousness. By far the worst uproar which took place in Oxford during my personal acquaintance with it, was occasioned by the (then) Dean of Christ Church forbidding his Under-Graduates to hunt in *red coats*. A night or two afterwards, they daubed over with red paint all the doors of the Dean and Canons; and when inquiry into this was instituted, they the next night wrenched the doors off their hinges and made a fire of them in the Quadrangle. Had they been forbidden to hunt *at all*, they would probably have been less exasperated, because this would have seemed to involve a moral end.

ART. IX.

1. *Suggestions for the Improvement of our Towns and Houses.* By T. J. Maslen, Esq. Smith and Elder.
2. *The Corporation of London and Municipal Reform.* Clarke.

In a thousand different shapes and ways may the observer descry signs of a growing interest in behalf of the people, of whom the working classes and labouring poor constitute the great mass. Every party man, no matter what his own status may be, however exalted or however wealthy, inscribes on his banner that all he utters and performs of a public nature is for the benefit of the million. Now, however hollow may be his principles, the mere profession of that which falls in with the popular demand is a proof that there is some controlling motive for the open and reiterated declaration. Fashion has, no doubt, something to do with it; a desire to be looked upon as a patriot and a patron, perhaps a little more; a shrewd foresight of what nearly concerns self may be operating; nor are we altogether to leave out of consideration the feeling for what is abstractedly right, any more than a conviction of what will one day be exacted, *nolens volens*.

One of the common and the most immediate as well as intelligible modes of proclaiming a hearty anxiety in behalf of the masses, is to talk of or to propose plans for the improvement of their worldly condition,—of their health, of their physical comforts, and even of their luxuries. Nor are professions in this case likely to be rotten or false. For not merely do the many now find themselves to be possessed of power and force, of which their forefathers were partly destitute and partly unconscious; not merely have the labouring community lost much of their reverence for the upper classes, but these latter classes are beginning to be fully sensible that the social welfare and the physical well-being of their inferiors in respect of health and condition, especially where multitudes are crowded together, are things that touch themselves nearly and come home closely. Hence, we have now many real as well as pretending philanthropists belonging to the upper and middle ranks, the genuineness of their sentiments and sympathies being vouched for by the fact that the *better* sort begin to see more clearly the nature and inseparableness of their relations to the working classes and the labouring poor,—nay, their dependence on the masses who were wont to be disregarded,—than does this same working majority for itself or in return. The aristocracy of the West-End no longer think it safe, for example, to allow disease to fester unheeded by them in the sinks, the dens, and the rookeries of the metropolis; while the Government and people in authority perceive that there exists an intimate union between squalor and misthrift, domestic comfort and every-day conduct, social decency and public contentment.

The improvement of large towns, in respect of cleanliness, draining and ventilation; nay, in regard to the minor details of street construction, house building, and family distribution; nay, still further, as relates to external, tasteful, and lightsome appearance, so as to relieve and enliven the eye,—are points that come to be warmly and variously urged. One denounces the architectural enormities which the metropolitan interminable rows of parallel houses present to the weary sight. Another falls foul of the muddy streets, and calls for an organized and large establishment of sweeping machines, to the offence and dismay of the troops of scavengers. A third would not only have the great public buildings and sacred edifices periodically cleared of the dirt which fog, dust, and smoke are continually depositing, so as both to hasten decay and to mar many an artistic beauty or ornament, but would have each indweller to wipe, rub, and wash the outside of his own particular brick with a degree of attention somewhat analogous to the pains taken, if not with the furniture within doors, at least with the handles and knockers and bell-handles and other comeatable objects without.

Such minor attentions, it is argued, would help to neutralize the remarkable difference between the exhilarating sights and skies of the

continent, and of smoky, dirty London. Further, to aid this renovating and cheering effect, it is urged that every house should hereafter be built, if burnt clay is to be used, of red brick, with stone and stucco dressings, thus giving a ruddy and glowing face to the outside of the houses, corresponding to the warmth and comfort that is within. All this and much more of a little and nice nature, is reiterated and recommended by gentlemen who like to benefit the public through the columns of the newspaper press; and no doubt much that is disagreeable, and even of what is hideous might be cheaply removed in all our large towns, if people would set about it, and so many of them join heart and hand in the process as to render its results fashionable. We, however, despair of any such general unanimous movement, even among the more tidy and tasty of our busy citizens. Habit is second nature. We have been accustomed from infancy to look upon the same dingy and dull walls. Perchance, people associate the idea of venerableness with thick incrustations; nor do we look for any sudden change in the mere outside of brick, stucco, and plaster, unless indeed, Queen Victoria and the Prince should signify it as their intention to pass leisurely through and along every street. We remember when George the Fourth paid his visit to *Auld Reekie*, there was a wondrous scrubbing, sweeping, and whitewashing, wheresoever it was thought there would be a chance of the dwelling being greeted by the royal eyes. A similar result might celebrate and commemorate the Queenly and Princely progresses through the Babylon, and thus set the fashion *agoing*.

We have been speaking of a minor class of improvements, which, however, may look formidable or Utopian to many a staid citizen, and even to the spruce cockney. But exhaust not your ridicule or your incredulity, before you have a morsel of Mr. Maslen's mind about your filthy ways, your barbarous backwardness, and your horrid deformities, entirely putting a stop to your town ever rising above the level of a second-rate city.

To begin with a few of the more practicable and needed improvements which he suggests; he would have the metropolis amply supplied with lungs,—with parks, dotting in circular order the outskirts of the present densely-peopled mass of brick and lime, and being connected by means of a magnificent circumferential street. His scheme, and even the line which he argues ought to be adopted, are thus explained:

"A Boulevard or circumferential street round London, is a great desideratum; but the plan of it is so connected with the Parks, that we will offer a few suggestions respecting the latter.

"Victoria Park, at the North-east end of London, is already planned; and it is understood that Finsbury Park and Lambeth Park are also decided upon; but there should be two or three more small parks made besides the above three, if it were for nothing else but to prevent the increase of the Me-

tropolis; otherwise millions of houses will be built, and so enlarge the suburbs, joining them to the City, that London will be like a kingdom of itself in a few hundred years more, so overgrown and unwieldly will it become.

The other sites which should have parks to stop the spreading pestilence of house-building and house-crowding, are—first, one at Pentonville; second, one at Hoxton; third, one between Stepney and Bromley; fourth, one at Walworth; fifth, one at Rotherhithe; and sixth, one at Deptford; making, with the three of Finsbury, Lambeth, and Victoria Park, a total of nine new parks, entirely encircling the Metropolis. This would be better than two or three large parks, as these small parks would divide the pleasure and recreation of such places more equally and more beneficially to the widespread population of the Metropolis; and the scenery afforded by them would render the approaches to London from various quarters extremely beautiful.

There is another consideration regarding the forming of many parks, which must not be lost sight of,—and that is, where are the numerous regiments of London Volunteers, amounting to two hundred thousand men, to be drilled and manœuvred, in any future war with France, if we permit every open space, every field, every corner and crahny of the Metropolis, to be built upon for miles round.

To revert to the Boulevard. The North Boulevard should be a connecting avenue from one park to another, consisting of a broad raised road planted with several rows of trees on both sides, and forming splendid malls or drives, encompassing the Northern portion of the Metropolis; beginning at the Green Park, and from thence passing Kensington Gardens to the North-west angle of Hyde Park, thence to the Regent's Park, and from the latter in a straight line to Victoria Park, embracing in its course Pentonville Park, Finsbury Park, and Hoxton Park; and from Victoria Park to Stepney Park, and thence down to the New Quay Street at the Isle of Dogs (or proposed new Fort-Waterloo.) The South Boulevard in like manner forming an avenue and mall, or drive from South Lambeth Park to Walworth Park; thence to Rotherhithe Park; thence to Deptford Park; and thence to Greenwich Park.

The scheme of a sweeping line of circumferential road, with a distribution of spacious parks in the course of the *boulevard*, might perhaps be accomplished with comparatively little trouble and expense, if the Legislature and Government should set their hearts upon the improvement. It would assuredly add greatly to the beauty and the healthiness of the suburban districts; and, at the same time, form outlets and pleasure grounds for those who could conveniently reach them from the heart of the metropolis. But it is certain that unless the work be set about speedily, the time will have gone by for the fulfilment of the plan or anything upon an equally large, or a similar scale; for the spaces at present open, or thinly planted with houses, chalked out by Mr. Maslen, will in a few years be as closely packed and built up, as those were a generation ago, upon spots that would at that period have allowed parks and a circumambient line to

have been established far within the sweep of the proposed *boulevard*; so that according to the ratio of progress and increase which has been witnessed for the last twenty or thirty years, the day is not far distant when, should Mr. Maslen's suggestions be overlooked till that time, a chained line of parks will have to be carried a great way farther out,—much enlarging the circle, and consequently rendering the said lungs and breathing spots still more inaccessible to the bulk of the metropolitan public.

Mr. Maslen's proposal is not so visionary as may at first appear; and for this among other reasons,—the necessity for some such large scheme of improvement and accommodation is pressing, and daily becoming more sternly urgent. How many miles may you walk from the west to the east end of the metropolis without meeting with one open spot, in the shape of garden or park, to which the public can resort for recreation; and how rapidly is the ocean of streets and brick walls extending and deepening around, to the forbiddance of all escape, except by persons who have time and money to enable them to coach or steam it far away from the smoke, the everlasting pavements, the din and turmoil of the metropolis! Give the people room, give them breathing space. Make it imperative that there be wider streets, better drainage, more direct and beautiful lines within and through the denser quarters; but do not stop there; present the masses with the means of having at their ready command healthful exercise, innocent relaxation, and unsullying recreation; with all which social comforts and moral susceptibility and practice are so naturally combined.

Mr. Maslen has much more to propose than a *boulevard* and a chain of *parks*; but we think, in so far as his voice and suggestions are concerned, his practicable and sensible views will have their proper effect neutralized, by the extremely visionary and enthusiastic notions of the major part of the book. He has been, the title-page of the book tells us, "many years a Lieutenant in the Army;" and in that capacity has witnessed more things than Old England can pretend to furnish to the observer. He has been in India, where he has narrowly surveyed the habitations of Mahomedan and Hindoo. He even went from home with a passion for studying street and house-building; but seems to have returned with an enlargement of the feeling in due proportion to the amount of his added studies. He accordingly set himself earnestly to the office of visiting the larger towns of England, of spying out their deformities, and of speculatively providing for their wants.

His schemes and proposals are stopped by no sort of difficulty in the shape of expense, the destruction of property, or the antagonism of rooted prejudices. Nay, utter impossibilities he minds not a straw. He would have a garden instantly provided for the Lord Mayor of London immediately in the rear of the Mansion House. He thus speaks and explains himself on this head:

It is a remarkable fact that the City within the walls cannot boast of a single garden; and this leads us to the consideration of the privation suffered by the annual King of the City, the Lord Mayor, who has a palace indeed, but not a single rood of ground for the exercise of the right honourable legs. Every palace ought to have a garden adjoining it; and the Chief Magistrate of the City is as deserving of such an ornamental, pleasant, and healthful adjunct, as anybody in the world. We should recommend that all that block of houses in the rear of the Mansionhouse, enclosed between Cannon Street, Walbrook, and St. Swithin's Lane, be pulled down, and the whole space be planted with shrubbery and grass, and enclosed by a railing of musket-barrels on a low wall painted green.

There is no physical impossibility to the carrying out of this proposal. Neither is there to the widening of every street that does not agree with Mr. Maslen's standard; or of establishing magnificent promenades along the Thames, and of forcing the business transacted in them at present to be carried on in docks. There may be nothing but what convenience, expedience, expense, and a world of trading opposition would interpose, with which these wholesale and Utopian plans would have to contend prior to their prompt and complete execution. We think, however, that something beyond the conventional and the natural would have to be encountered ere our enthusiastic projector could have it enacted and carried out, that "no respectable house should be built without an entrance-hall, communicating with a central hall, of thirty feet long by twenty broad; the latter open to the roof, lighted by a skylight, and having galleries five feet wide all around it on every story." Putting expense of building and fittings-up out of the question, what space would London occupy? or could it be London any longer? But the impossibilities do not stop here, for he would have every room fifteen feet square and, as we understand him, in every town-house in the island. How rapidly would this encroach on grass lands and agricultural scope! How soon would Mr. Maslen have his towns to overtake and surround every suburban escape and removed nuisance, to the effect of stultifying his own scheme.

We have been fighting with shadows for some little space of time, or with a hero whose castles are in the air, chiefly within the atmosphere of the Great Metropolis; although had we followed the exlieutenant to other parts we should have found ourselves not seldom similarly drawn away from every-day life and the solid earth. But ere closing our paper, it may be desirable to bring our readers back to realities, and also to grievances that clamorously call for redress,—redress that is practicable although long deferred; and London is still the grand theme.

The pamphlet named second at the head of the present article, being a reprint from the *Westminster Review*, and having "The Corporation of London, and Municipal Reform" for its subject, may be not disadvantageously used and cited.

What enormous sums, and what enormous abuses are identified, according to the statements before us, with the municipal history of the Corporation of London! The City, be it remembered, constituting about the fifteenth part of the metropolis, and being not so populous as the single parish of Marylebone! Why, it would appear that the city estates, held for public and charitable purposes, and professed to be appropriated to and for the benefit of the citizens, produce above 364,000*l.* annually,—that the local rates amount to 272,788*l.*,—that the duties on coals, provisions, &c. are 202,549*l.*,—and that about 150,000*l.*, for freedoms, licences, and other privileges, as well as dues, may be added,—altogether reaching a sum not far short of *One Million* a year!

Now, how and by whom are these prodigious sums disbursed? For whose benefit, and according to what principle in regard to publicity and responsibility, at all consistent with the ordinary transactions of the world? It would require a perusal of the publication before us to fill the mind and imagination of any person with the otherwise incredible close burgherism and privileged abuse which attaches to, and must long have been inherent in, the system. The jobberies appear not only to be on a monstrous scale,—a scale which has no likeness,—but to be practised with a prescriptive and unblushing pomposusness. The great source of the evils seems to abide in the fact, that the disbursements are in the hands of persons that in reality are irresponsible, or who cannot be reached without extreme trouble, or almost the certainty that, when found out, the thing needed will be balked, and the persons urging it baffled.

We shall not go into details with anything that we may offer in the way of statement or remarks, in support of the charge, that oppressive exactions, and arbitrary wrong-doing to individuals and to classes, are quite common in the civic government, just as are constantly occuring on the part of the *companies*. We may succeed, however, in calling attention to the exposure, in the pamphlet, if we cite a case or two from the many strange and preposterous instances which abound in it.

First then, the City maintains a monopoly of labour, by the power the authorities possess or assume of having licensed labourers and porters. There may be nothing very unseemly or wrong in this, but, it is added, that the Corporation will force you to employ their measurers, their weighers, and porters, whether you require them or not, and even to your inconvenience and hindrance.

Messrs. Combe, Delafield, and Co. malt their own barley in Norfolk, and import it, by the river, for the use of their brewery in Castle-street, Long-acre. They do not want to measure it, because the malt is not for sale; and they do not want City porters to carry it, because, in their own establishment, they have better porters for the work: yet, says the Corporation, our meters and our porters shall be employed, whether you want

them or not. Messrs. Combe, Delafield, and Co. forthwith, Chancery proceedings were instituted against them; and this cause, which has been five years before the Court, is still pending. The case will appear the more striking, when we state that the wharf of Messrs. Combe, Delafield, and Co. is not in the City, but on the west side of Waterloo bridge, in the Savoy; but the Corporation is actually at the present moment, contending for the right (which, if it ever existed, has at least been long in abeyance), and are enforcing their claim at Brentford and other places, to send their own meters and porters into every wharf along ninety miles of river navigation between Staines bridge and Yantlett Creek beyond Gravesend.

There is said to be a most flagrant system of monopoly exercised in the case of oyster meters; and what is worst of all, to have been an usurpation which operates to the injury of the public, to the amount of 10,000*l.* annually.

It appears that, down to the year 1680, the metage of oysters was performed by certain officers called *yeomen of the water side*, of whom there were formerly four, now but two, receiving, for almost nominal duties (chiefly connected with the Lord Mayor's household), in salary and fees the sum of 83*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The yeomen of the water side are still called master measurers, but long ago, growing tired of measuring, they made over the duty to *deputy oyster meters*, who in their turn, finding that unloading, shovelling, and measuring oysters, in all weathers, was not the most agreeable occupation, appointed deputy assistants to discharge their duty, seeing them paid of course for their services, as the reader will naturally suppose, and as he will suppose correctly, but seeing them paid by the public in shape of additional charges. The deputy oyster meters' deputies or assistants are fellowship porters, called *Hoblimen*; and for the last half century they have been in the habit of doing the work demanding and receiving a recompence from the purchasers of oysters over and above the charge made by the deputy oyster meters, upon the importer, of 8*s.* per bushel for the first one hundred bushels of every cargo, and 4*d.* per bushel for the remainder.

The property possessed by the *companies*, is reckoned to yield about a quarter of a million per annum; nor if attention be paid to some of the modes by which certain of these bodies have acquired almost unnameable wealth, need one wonder at the return. Thus—

I have a field worth 10*l.* per annum; I bequeath 5*l.* to school A., and 5*l.* to school B., and after my death this field rises in value as building ground to 500*l.*, then the Master and Wardens, the trustees of the testator, claim the right of keeping for their own uses the difference between the 10*l.* and the 500*l.*;—the testator having neglected to provide, that *the whole* produce of the field should be divided between the two schools; and it is understood that the greater proportion of the funds held by the Trading Companies as their private property, is the residue of charity funds thus acquired, or held under this claim.

If there be truth in the pamphlet which contains these and many other arresting charges, the Russell, the Brougham, or the Governmental purge, should be applied immediately. It is as much needed as any reform or improvement which Mr. Masien can project, and indeed would go a great way towards the ends which the mere builders, ventilators, and drainers have so much at heart.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs and Recollections of the late Abraham Raimbach, Esq., Engraver.* Edited by M. T. S. RAIMBACH, M.A.

ABRAHAM RAIMBACH was an eminent line engraver, and a worthy man. He was born in London in 1776, his father a native of Switzerland, having come to this country when only twelve years old, and continuing to reside amongst us. But although arriving at that early age, and so long settled, he seems never to have become master of the English tongue; for the subject of these Memoirs thus reports:

"I had, when a boy, exceeded my usual allowance of pocket-money, in the purchase of weekly periodicals, and had got into debt with my bookseller to the amount of a few shillings, but which, small as it was, I saw no immediate prospect of liquidating, unless by the discontinuing of my numbers. This, of the two, being decidedly, in my opinion, the worst alternative, the other was adopted, of disclosing the circumstance, and making an appeal to the bounty of my father. The appeal was admitted; and I was merely recommended not to run in debt, and never to *defray* my more expenses than were necessary. Of course *incur* was the word meant."

Abraham's mother was from Warwickshire, and is said to have been a descendant of Burbage—the friend of Shakspere. She was a woman of a gentle nature, but endowed with sound sense. At a very early period the subject of the volume narrowly escaped a frightful death, his nurse having let him drop from a second floor window. Providentially "I was floated in a manner by my baby's long clothes, and my fall was broken by the leads of the first story. The servant girl rushed into the room where my mother was sitting, exclaiming that she had killed the child, quitted the house, and was never seen by her afterwards." But the child was "not materially hurt."

Young Raimbach first saw the light in Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane. His rudimental education was received at Archbishop Tennison's Library School and Highgate. At St. Martin's school he had for fellows, among others publicly known, the late Charles Matthews, and the late William Lovegrove. Liston was either a master or an assistant. The Memoir remarks that "The qualities that indicate the future actor, are not, perhaps, developed so early as may be sometimes witnessed in other pursuits connected with the imitative arts.

Certain it is, that neither Matthews nor Lovegrove, in their school-boy days, showed any of that *vis comica* which in after years used to set the house in a roar."

We may here observe, that the remark just now cited is a fair sample of the unaffected and sensible character of the book, the staple of which is of the nature of an autobiography; having been "written at the earnest and repeated request of his eldest son." And the subject merited such an authentic record; for so long as the Fine Arts shall be appreciated in England, so long as the name of Wilkie shall be current in ordinary speech, (of whom, by the bye, the volume includes "a Memoir") or so long as the "Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent" shall fill and teach the heart, equally enduring will be the admiration accorded to the works of this distinguished translator from canvass to copper. A more interesting illustration can scarcely be adduced of the importance of the engraving art than is furnished by Raimbach's multiplication of some of the most celebrated productions of the Scottish master. How confined to space and numbers must have ever remained the beauties and the lessons of the originals—how few could ever be permitted to gaze upon and study the paintings in the princely houses which they adorn and enrich! But now, thanks to the genius of Raimbach and the agency of the graver, tens of millions shall continue to luxuriate over the feelings and the truths which have been imperishably transferred to metal by the cunning hand.

Raimbach has, we believe, been universally acknowledged to have caught Wilkie's spirit, and developed its minutest expression with an effect that is unsurpassed in the annals of art. His trustfulness in respect of exquisite detail, of warmth, almost even of colour, and assuredly of sentiment,—ample and exquisite as this latter transfusion is allowed to be, must for ever entwine the two names indissolubly.

Raimbach gave early tokens of a predilection for the fine arts, at least for pictures; and his father was thereby led to make a choice for the lad. He says—

> I do not know how it happened that engraving was chosen as the most fitting department of art for me to pursue, unless it was suggested by the cleverness with which I used to dig, with a cobler's awl, upon a marble, ground flat upon the pavement, the initial letters of my schoolfellows' names. I rather wonder that this did not lead to my being made a seal-cutter, or carver of stone. Engraving was, however, determined on; and, in the beginning of the year 1789, application was personally made by my father to the two most eminent men in the art, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Heath; the former of whom professed himself to be unwilling to take a pupil, as he had it in contemplation to go abroad (which, by the by, he never did); and the latter stated (what I believe was true enough) that he was already overstocked with pupils.

At Mr. Hall, at that period a respectable engraver, and in considerable practice, who had been the pupil of Ravenet, a French engraver, who came over to pursue his profession in England, was next applied to and an arrangement concluded, the apprenticeship being for the usual term of seven years. The mediocre character of the tutor suggests observations that have a comprehensive applicability. Says our autobiographer:

I have never considered it a matter to be regretted that the application to Sharp and Heath did not succeed, though their professional talents were doubtless greatly superior to those of Hall. So little is to be derived, in the acquirement of an art, from the skill and ability of a master, however distinguished he may be, that the degree of his eminence I take to be of very small importance to the pupil. In my own case, I am disposed mainly to limit the benefits of pupilage to the constant and regular habits of assiduous attention, induced by example and enforced by authority. Almost all beyond the mere routine the student must seek out for himself. The very best of teaching can do little more than indicate the means of success—the path which leads to distinction: it cannot convey originality, or the power of forming original or new combinations: and without these, or some such faculties, nothing beyond mediocrity can result. All true excellence in art is, in my humble opinion, to be chiefly attributed to an early conviction of the inadequacy of all means of improvement, in comparison with that of self-acquired knowledge.

The grand difference between Hall and his pupil as artists, was that the one had genius, the other had little else than mechanical skill and the facilities acquired by practice. Hall never could have drank in of the same fountain with Wilkie.

During his apprenticeship, Raimbach was fortunate in respect of the distinguished persons with whom he was brought into contact, by means of the family connexions of his master, and also of the works upon which he was engaged. We may mention Stephen Storace (Hall's son-in-law), Kemble, Sheridan, and Copley. The portrait of Sheridan, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, "was Hall's first work after I had been fixed with him." This is further stated in a note relative to the portrait. Hall published it himself, but it had but little success. On its termination, Macklin, in my hearing, offered 400 guineas for the plate, but Hall stood out for 500 (observing that Macklin had given the larger sum for the portrait of Lord Mansfield, in the chalk manner, by Bartolozzi); and the negotiation went off, very unfortunately for Hall, as I do not believe it ever produced him half the money. By the way, the Memoirs and Recollections are clogged with Notes. We have the following statement with regard to the autobiographer's good fortune, and the portrait in question:

I have always been disposed to reckon among the chief advantages I derived from being placed with Mr. Hall, the opportunity it afforded me of

getting occasionally a glimpse of men distinguished in some way or other by talent or notoriety. Sheridan came twice or thrice, once with Joseph Richardson, author of *The Fugitive*, during the engraving of his portrait, and my memory dwells with pleasure to this hour on the recollection of his having said a few kindly and encouraging words to me, a boy, drawing at the time in the study. I was, however, most struck with what seemed in such a man an undue and unbecoming anxiety about his good looks in the portrait to be executed. The efflorescence in his face had been indicated by Sir Joshua in his picture, not, it may be presumed, *à bon gré* on the part of Sheridan, and it was strongly evident that he deprecated its transfer to the print. I need scarcely observe that Hall set his mind at ease on this point; but I could not but wonder that a matter that might be excused in the other sex should have had power to ruffle the thoughts of the great wit, poet, and orator of the age.

The first thing that the young artist did at Hall's was to etch the Key to Copley's Death of Chatham. Some interesting facts are stated connected with this engraving. As all the world of art knows it was by Bartolozzi, the price agreed upon with Copley was 2000 guineas. But this sum, it appears, was nearly expended by the engraver on assistance, which proved, for the most part, worse than none. Delatre was afterwards commissioned by the painter to make a smaller engraving a copy of the larger, for which five or six hundred guineas was the sum to be paid. When finished, payment was withheld on the ground of gross imperfections. But a jury gave it against Copley, whose motive was to prevent surreptitious copies being circulated to the detriment of the larger one, from the successful sale of which he expected, it is said, extraordinary results. In this, I think, he must have been greatly disappointed. The last time I saw Copley was in 1812, at Wilkie's exhibition in Pall Mall. The family was latterly supported chiefly by the son. The smaller engraving was never published.

Raimbach's apprenticeship terminated in 1796, when he entered as a student of the Royal Academy. The period was inopportune for art.

Every thing connected with the Arts, of course, at the lowest ebb—so low indeed, that I remember, during Mr. Pitt's administration, the members and associates of the Royal Academy were expressly exempted from the operation of some war-tax, then levied, in consideration of the abject and almost expiring state to which the fine arts had been reduced. I forget the name of the tax in question, but have a distinct recollection of the fact stated, and, moreover, that it excited no feelings of dissatisfaction whatever in the community at large, so universally known was the destitute condition of the artists in general.

It was at first a hard struggle with the young engraver, although he had always a kind hearted parent to lean upon. He also plied the then *great* patrons of art, Stockdale and Cooke, for the former of

whom he did the figure of a Maroon chief, to illustrate Edwards's "History of the Maroon War." There was some squabbling about the payment of the sum demanded, Raimbach asking six guineas, and the publisher deeming the third of that sum sufficient. Stockdale, we presume, regarded the engraver's art much more in the light of a mechanical trade than it afterwards came to be estimated amongst us. Perhaps he could not afford the larger sum. Be this as it may, four guineas was the price paid, but not until after some correspondence had been held in writing on the subject, as the communication we now quote testifies:

Sir,—I am very sorry that the note I sent to you yesterday should have occasioned any surprise, and I can assure you that I was myself much astonished when I understood that you expected to be asked no more than two guineas for the produce of three weeks' labour. With respect to the suspicion you entertain of my having consulted some very unconscionable engraver, I beg leave to inform you that I was regulated in my charge by one in whose favour I have heard you express yourself in strong terms of approbation. I should be very sorry to forfeit the good opinion of any one, more especially of a gentleman who has hitherto behaved with more than common civility; but I must be allowed to say, that I would decline any man's favour who would wish to reduce the value of my labour to the level of blacking shoes, or sweeping the streets. If there should still exist a difference of opinion between us as to what ought to be the price of the plate, I am willing to abide by the decision of any engraver of real respectability that is unconnected with either party. I beg to decline the impressions, as I do not wish to receive any obligation that may be considered undeserved.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, A. Raimbach.

It was by dint of repeated applications that he obtained a small commission from Cooke, who was a publisher of miniature editions of the poets and novelists. A little picture of Kirk, from the "Tales of the Genii," formed his first essay with this pompous dispenser of patronage "among the hungry artists." Cooke bore himself with an air of conscious superiority, and the plate, it appears, was undertaken under the implied condition of "No cure no pay." Raimbach passed the ordeal, received six guineas,—Cooke's average price,—and the promise of more employment, which was faithfully performed, from time to time, but irregularly, owing to the paralysing influence of the war; so that the young engraver's prospects of success were still anything but encouraging.

It was about the period at which we have arrived, that Raimbach, who never relaxed his efforts to improve himself, was introduced to Mr. Wilton, the keeper of the Royal Academy. The young man was first admitted as a probationer, but soon received a ticket of admission. In the year 1799, he won a silver medal for a drawing from the living model. He never relaxed his studies, whatever was his discouragement or his success, pursuing them at the Academy for

about nine years, acknowledging that he owed much to the opportunities there and then afforded him. He particularly observed what his superiors,—Barry, Stothard, Flaxman, and others, were doing at the same time. He became a miniature-painter as well as an engraver, in order to have two strings to his bow. He also occasionally brandished the pen in theatrical critiques for the *Morning Post*; and had the advantage of mixing more and more with men of celebrity in their day.

The necessity became obvious of making a decided choice. He thus records:

My miniature-painting commissions increasing, and those for engraving certainly not relaxing, I soon found that it would be necessary to decide upon giving up the one or the other as a profession. Though it may not be in accordance with the proverb "Two strings to your bow," it is, I believe, generally admitted that one trade, well learned and steadily pursued, is better than two less known and irregularly followed. I did not, however, in my final determination in this momentous concern, act solely on my own judgment, but took the opinions of others whose judgment and experience were entitled to respect and consideration. The taste I had had of the business of portrait-painting, though it was but in a small way, most assuredly did not enchant me. The purchaser of an article, be it what it may, feels a right, in laying out his money, to have the commodity he pays for suited to his liking, if it be possible. Now, taste is so capricious, and personal vanity so difficult to satisfy, that it is no wonder that the self-respect and feelings of independence which, I presume, every man possesses in a greater or lesser degree, are liable to great mortification in the profession of portrait-painting. I certainly, in my very humble efforts, found it so; and I am greatly mistaken if much abler men have not found it so too. Engraving, whatever may be its disadvantages, (and they are many) has not the fancies of individuals to humour or consult, but appeals at once to the public, or to that small part of the public that takes an interest in such trivialities. The opinions I had solicited concurred with my own feelings on the subject; and, thus fortified, I did not hesitate to adopt the course I have since unremittingly pursued, namely, to devote my whole attention to engraving. Looking back at past events, I do not know that I have any reason to regret the decision I then came to.

Having given up miniature-painting, he at length got an engagement on Smirke and Forster's edition of the "Arabian Nights;" and having reaped from this source *seventy pounds*, he determined on a trip to Paris, the events of 1802 having temporarily opened the continent, which had been so long sealed against us islanders. In the French capital he, of course, profited by the earnest study of those great works of art which Napoleon had unscrupulously transferred to the seat of his mighty power. The foreign trip does not call for particular notice, for it does not present anything that is new, although the whole is in the usual sensible and correct manner of the artist-biographer. In 1805, he took unto himself a wife; in the same year

losing his father, and not long after his mother. Almost contemporaneously with the last-mentioned event, he formed an acquaintanceship with David Wilkie; in 1812 becoming the great painter's engraver, and supplanting Burnet. We need not trace Raimbach's future and upward career, which was steady and honourable, with any degree of particularity.

The eminent engraver's intimacy, friendship, and co-operation with Wilkie certainly constitute the event in the autobiographer's professional career. We do not enter into the particulars of the change from Burnet to Raimbach. A few notices relative to certain works must suffice in our pages. Well, then, with regard to "The Village Politicians," which was Raimbach's first Wilkie print:

"Its success at first was not very encouraging; and though I will not say there was much reason for absolute despondency, yet certainly I found none at all for self-congratulation as the result. The printsellers, though compelled by the great popularity of Wilkie to deal in his prints, were nevertheless, naturally as traders, opposed to any enterprise originating out of the pale of their own (as they considered by right) exclusive domain. However, the sale kept creeping on by little and little, though checked perhaps by our having raised the price to non-subscribers, and for more than twenty years never came to a full stop. Two hundred and fifty proofs were printed, besides twenty-four before the insertion of the coat of arms, and the alteration of the etched letters of the title, making together two hundred and seventy-four, a number that for some years remained a complete drug on our hands; so much so, that we sent a large quantity on a venture to America, and never received any tidings of them more. A favourable change has since taken place, and proofs have brought, even at auctions, the extravagant sum of fourteen or fifteen pounds each.

The Recollections relative to the print of "The Rent Day," of "The Cut Finger," of "The Errand Boy," and of "Blind-man's Buff," contain lessons as well as interesting particulars, just as does the statement already quoted concerning "The Village Politicians," and the American venture. *Ex. gr.*

A capital error on our parts regarding this print may be briefly noticed, namely, the printing of a very large number (five hundred) of proofs: though that quantity, great as it certainly is, does not reach half the amount that has been taken of impressions under that denomination, from various plates published by the printsellers. The value of proofs of Village Politicians and The Rent Day having doubled in the market, led us to believe that we might safely venture to increase in a proportionate degree the number of proofs of Blind-man's Buff, especially as our preliminary subscriptions were numerous and encouraging. The experiment, however, signally failed; the price continuing the same, or with a small unimportant advance, as at the first publication.

The demand for Wilkie's prints continued to wane, as was experienced in the case of the "Distraining for Rent," "The Parish

Beadle," and "The Spanish Mother and Child." In reference to this decline, Raimbach's remarks are, like all that he offers of the same sort of reflective nature, candid, manly, and undoubtedly correctly prophetic. He thus confesses, explains, and predicts:

For the long term of more than twenty years the prints from Wilkie's pictures had enjoyed an almost unprecedented popularity; and it can scarcely be held as a matter of reproach to the public if, after so long a period of favour in one direction, the desire of some sort of change of object should be entertained. The great talents of Edwin Landseer had been already well appreciated, when his picture of the Monks of Bolton Abbey appeared, and placed his reputation on a still higher elevation. Seconded by Cousins's admirable mezzotinto from it, there followed a rush in the track thus so auspiciously commenced, and the new lights (as in Aladdin's lamp) were preferred to the old. However this state of matters may continue for a time, the sterling qualities of Wilkie are sure, in the long run, to establish themselves in permanent supremacy in his department of art.

We shall now extract a few miscellaneous notices, several of them of a personal nature.

Of Woollet:

In person Woollet was rather below the middle stature, and extremely simple and unpretending in manner and demeanour. He had been apprenticed to a general engraver in Cheapside. His great works were executed at his house, the corner of Charlotte and North Streets. The house has undergone much alteration of late years; but, till a comparatively recent period, the window of his workroom, which he had adapted to his purpose, and had a northern aspect, remained unaltered. He was accustomed, on the completion of a plate, to assemble his family on the landing-place of his study, (the first floor) and all give three cheers. He was intimate with Parsons, the celebrated comedian, who had a taste for fine arts, and they occasionally smoked their pipes together. Woollet was a man of integrity, candour, and liberality, worthy of his elevated station as an artist. I have seen a letter of his, in which he bore the highest testimony of his admiration and respect for the talents of his then-considered rival, Bartolozzi.

Of Sharp:

Sharp I knew personally. He was as notorious for singularity of character as he was celebrated for talent in his profession. After his apprenticeship, with a man of the name of Longmate, he began as a writing and heraldry engraver in Doctors' Commons, where he kept a small shop, of which there is a card extant of his own execution. He afterwards engraved a good many book plates, for the *Novelist's Magazine*, *English Theatre*, &c. His first great work (perhaps the greatest) was The Doctors of the Church, &c., which was followed by the splendid portrait of John Hunter, The Sortie of Gibraltar, King Lear, and a great number of other fine works. He was engaged by Copley to engrave his picture of the Destruction of the Floating Batteries, (exhibited in a large tent in the Green Park, by express permission

of George III.) which, after the lapse of twenty years, was published, but with little success. Sharp was said to have dissipated a decent patrimonial fortune in the indulgence and pursuit of his wild vagaries. He was a proselyte of the insane prophet, Richard Brothers, and of Johanna Southcote, to the very last engraving their portraits in testimony of his faith in their prophecies. He was implicated slightly in the affair of Hardy and Horne Tooke, who were tried for high treason in 1794. In his ordinary conversation he was shrewd and intelligent, but with a general tinge of eccentricity.

Of Heath.

His numerous early book-plates for *Bell's Poets*, *The Novelist's Magazine*, &c., exhibit a display of tasteful ingenuity till then unknown in this department of art. Its popularity afforded Heath an opportunity of turning his talent to account, of which he did not fail to profit. He constantly employed a considerable number of assistants, from whose labours he derived great pecuniary advantages, and willingly sacrificed a portion of his reputation as an artist to his desire of becoming a rich man. Hence many of the works bearing his name contain but little of his labour, and are far below that standard of tasteful and elegant execution in which his excellence was acknowledged. His larger productions, The Riot in Broad Street, Death of Major Pearson, and Death of Nelson, do not maintain a very high character, though it must, I think, be admitted that the small figures in the first-named are of exquisite beauty. Heath accepted the diploma of Associate Engraver in the Royal Academy, to the great vexation and surprise of Sharp and Hall, who had invariably spurned it, considering, as did Woollet and Strange, that it was injurious to the profession, and degrading to the individual.

Proceedings of the Royal Academy:

In the first year's exhibition in their new apartments in Trafalgar Square (1837), a picture of cabinet size was presented for admission by M. Gudin, the French marine-painter, and was at first refused, but, on the indignant remonstrance of more than one academician on the discredit which such a proceeding towards an eminent foreigner would reflect on their society, it was afterwards admitted, *but only on condition that one of the remonstrators* (Mr. W. Daniell) should withdraw one of his own pictures already received, of similar dimensions. The condition was at once acceded to by Mr. W. Daniell, and rigidly enforced by the Academy, who justified this harsh proceeding on the plea of want of sufficient space in their rooms for works of superior claims. It required, however, but little critical knowledge to perceive at a glance over the exhibition, that Gudin's *La Détresse*, as the picture was named, possessed more interest in its subject, a shipwreck, and displayed more talent in its execution, than scores of the gay works which surrounded it. During my stay in Paris, in 1824, one of the chief attractions was the *Salon*, as the collection of works of living artists is called; and it was highly gratifying to observe the sensation produced by Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures, two of which (portraits of the Duc de Richelieu and of Mrs. Hanford) he had sent for exhibition.

Raimbach on Electrotype plates.

To the introduction of steel-engraving by multiplying almost indefinitely the number of impressions each plate would produce, may in a great degree be attributed the decline and debasement of the art, exercised on a small scale. The embellishments of books are no longer what they have been, and the recent discovery and application of the electrotype bids fair to affect similar results as regards works of a large size. This most ingenious process has the power of reproducing, and at a comparatively small expense, any number of fac-similes of the original plate, so perfect as not to be distinguishable from it, whereby an indefinite amount of prints, all equally good, may be taken from them, consequently greatly lessening the value of the aggregate, and destroying at the same time, root and branch, the long-established system of proofs and early impressions, which contributed so much to the advantage and respectability of the profession, by holding out inducements to connoisseurs and lovers of rarity, to form collections of choice exemplars. The electrotype has not yet been brought into full activity, nor indeed can it ever be unless by the discovery of some means of effecting a prodigious increase and multiplication of print-buyers, a task of great difficulty, if we may form our judgment upon the very slow progress that has hitherto been made in the dissemination and cultivation of a taste for the fine arts among the bulk of the population in this country.

It will be readily admitted, from the samples which have been cited, that the Memoirs abound with attractive matter, and also with valuable hints. The narrative is interesting, the particulars informing, the criticisms suggestive and judicious. The book is a fitting self-tribute, and must be gladly received by the admirers of art, while by the circle of his friends it will, we have no doubt, continue to mirror the individual as he lived and moved amongst them, with an unusual degree of fidelity and tenderness. Such is the natural result of an unaffected, upright, and eminent career.

Raimbach died on the 17th of January, 1843, of water on the chest, and within a short month of the completion of his 67th year. He was short and stout in person, and by constitution perhaps as well as calling inclined to corpulency. A person of his steady habits and eminent success was not likely to die in straitened circumstances. One or two peculiarities are deserving of mention. He never employed assistants, but worked with untiring perseverance and care. Some of his plates cost long-protracted labour. "The Rent Day," for instance, took two years and a half of unremitting diligence; and so delicate and timid was he about his productions, that when completed and to be carried to his printer, he called in a friend to accompany him.

The "Memoir of Sir David Wilkie" is but brief, and contains little to enhance the interest of the work. The same thing, however, cannot be stated of the notices and recollections of particular prints. We close with an additional proof to those already adduced, of the

justice of our concluding remark. The passage relates to the Exhibition of Wilkie's Pictures in 1832:

> The Wilkie Gallery was by far the most popular exhibition of the day, and was attended by throngs, while other pictorial attractions were comparatively deserted by the public. The profits, notwithstanding, were by no means proportionate; as, in addition to the necessary expenses of rent, fitting-up, attendants, wages, advertisements, and posting-bills, a most untoward circumstance must be added to the debit side of the account, namely, the seizure of the pictures for rent, due by the person of whom Wilkie hired the rooms to the original landlord. The distraint was regularly made, some of the pictures (the Rent-Day, Village Holyday, &c.) scheduled at a valuation by the broker, sufficient in his estimation to cover his employer's demand, and a man in due form placed in possession. The broker, as was his duty, put a very low price, for greater security, on the article selected—though the sum of ten or twelve pounds for the Rent-Day would seem somewhat ridiculous, from excess of caution. This vexatious interference was got over, of course, by the one only method,—that of Wilkie paying the debt and costs in the first instance, and seeking his remedy against the debtor by deducting the future rent accruing for his use of the rooms. He was not so great a loser by this event as was at one time feared he might have been; and something may, I think, be fairly set off, if the strong impression made upon Wilkie's mind by the occurrence led, as I believe it did, to the production of one of his pictures of the highest degree of excellence, namely, Distraining for Rent, which was the subject he commenced immediately afterwards.

ART. X.—*The History of Egypt under the Romans.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. Moxon.

MR. SHARPE has made Egypt the subject of the most careful and exact study. He has in his several publications reviewed and pondered its annals throughout all its early and ancient stages, according to the various and best lights discovered and that could be combined at the period of his writing. For example, we had in the year 1836, "The Early History of Egypt, from the Old Testament, Herodotus, Manetho, and the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions." In that work, our author's object was to collect out of the writings of the ancients every particular relating to the History of Egypt, before the conquest of the nation by the Persians, assisted by the remaining monuments of the country. In a subsequent volume he gave us, "The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies,"—the Græco-Egyptian monarchy from which the arts and sciences derived more encouragement than perhaps occurred during the sovereignty of any other person that can be named. "It is true," observed Mr. Sharpe in the concluding remarks of the last-named work, "that Alexandria never sent forth works with the high tone of philosophy, the lofty moral aim, and the

pure taste which mark the writings of Greece in its best ages, and which ennoble the mind and mend the heart; but it was the school to which the world long looked for knowledge in all those sciences which help the body and improve the arts of life, and which are sometimes called useful knowledge. It was almost the birth-place of anatomy, geometry, conic sections, geography, astronomy, and hydrostatics."

Other important publications, devoted to the land of the Pharaohs, which in recent years has created an intense interest not merely among antiquarians and those who love to store their minds with ancient histories, but all who have practical aims, and who desire to become acquainted with the social condition,—the arts, trades, and manufactures of exceedingly remote times, as practised by one of the most celebrated nations that ever existed. "Egyptian Inscriptions from the British Museum and other sources," extending to sixty plates in folio; and "Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics," have been given to the world by our laborious and earnest author.

Before entering upon the publication more immediately before us, a remark may not be mistimed relative to the useful arts,—the trades and manufactures of the ancient Egyptians. The existence and nature of these trades and manufactures is embarrassed with no problematic inferences. All the records relating to them are detailed with that minute precision, and in that unquestionable shape which leave no room for doubts,—viz. in pictorial forms of description, so as to make *seeing* and *believing* simultaneous processes. Many of these forms tell us that a number of the most useful and ordinary arts of modern times are precisely similar to those which obtained among the ancient people of whom we are speaking. But there are also forms which tell us most distinctly that the ancient Egyptians had achieved great scientific triumphs, and been proficients in arts, which we have long laboured, and sometimes vainly, to recover.

Now, the question forces itself upon us,—how came these things to be lost? Why is it that we know not the means by which copper tools were so tempered as to cut the hardest granite, with the most minute and brilliant precision? By what mechanical agency could they raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples, and which our architects confess could not be done by the usual mechanical powers? We cannot answer these questions, even at this day, after all the boasted advances made in our progress: the things are lost. But how and why have they been lost? Because no Press existed to bid defiance to the eruptions of barbarous nations, and which would have spread and preserved the light of science from ever being extinguished or entirely eclipsed. Our comfortable and exalting assurance, on the contrary, is, that we can never, seeing that a bright and protecting shield of civilization has been invented, of

which we are in sure possession, relapse into such a period and condition of darkness as that into which the world has several times fallen back; and that while we can take a calm and instructive retrospect of the past advances and retreatings of mankind, we may cherish a hopeful presage of the future; assured that vast and continuous is the part which this engine is destined to perform in the destinies of our race, and on the wide theatre of human meliogation. In the words of Ebenezer Elliot, it is certainly ordained to be, like another ark, the vehicle of preservation and limitless propagation. He says of the power and the workers of this mighty engine,—

"The second ark we bring,
The Press all nations sing,
What can they less?
Hear! human nature, fall'n and dark!
Hear! pallid want; hear, labour stark,
Behold, we bring the second ark!
The Press!"

"The history of Egypt under the Romans" carries us over a period of about six hundred and seventy years; viz. from the battle of Actium to the six hundred and fortieth year of the Christian era: a memorable period,—its opening predictive of strange and mighty results, its closing wonderfully impressive. And Mr. Sharpe has treated the subject with uncommon ability. The work is brought within such a narrow limit as to remind us of the ancient classical historians, however large the theme and important the events to be dealt with; for it is compact, yet full; dignified, yet simple in narration; and, what could hardly be expected of the remoter and more antiquarian periods, life and vividness are in the book, so that the reader is made to see and to feel as well as to understand; there is no dryness here, but warm and actual being.

Mr. Sharpe's "History" was needed; for while the only other accessible authorities for the general English reader are of very considerable size, correction and original research had scope for important offices, to the diffusion of new lights and the enlargement even of the interest attaching to "Egypt under the Romans." Gibbon was not to be relied on throughout; Mosheim's object necessarily interfered with the complete plan and purpose of our author; while the compilations which may be met with have but repeated, and not seldom garbled, that which was imperfect or limited before. There still remain, we have no doubt, mines to be dug into, treasures to be ransacked, left by oriental writers, that might yield rich materials for an author who is desirous of traversing the period which is here done, although there are before us most manifest tokens of learning, independent investigation and judgment, as well as a true love for the subject.

There are certain views that may be taken of Egypt under the Romans which are of unsurpassed importance in the history of our race, and to which Mr. Sharpe has ably directed his attention. Egypt as a province exercised a greater influence in civilization, and on the future opinions of mankind, as well as in modifying the absurdities of Paganism, than has generally been allowed. In the words of our author, "whatever help we have received from grammarians and critics, whatever in history we have gained from chronology, in poetry from prosody, in geography from mathematics, and in medicine from anatomy, was first taught by the Alexandrians." Again, the effects of the Alexandrian schools of New Platonism on the genius of our religious establishments, as well as the controversies which have divided the Christian church, were so potent and decided as not to admit of doubt or misapprehension at the present day. Hence it is not too much to aver, that Egypt under the Romans presents a theme not to be eclipsed, whether regard be had to the history of literature and science, or the progress and eventual condition of religious sentiment and dogmatism. Let the reader especially guard against the imposing but flippant and untrue remark of Gibbon, that the decline of all literature was identical or contemporary with the rise of Christianity, as if there was in the genius and the workings of this faith, something that is barbarous, or hostile to the cultures and display of the highest principles and exercises of the human mind. Christianity was not the cause of decline in letters, science, and art. These were parallel events, not consequences. The early professors of the Christian creed were poor; they were regarded as insignificant; their faith was not deemed of dignity and power sufficient to command the favour of the worldly wise, the wealthy, the learned, and hardly of the middle ranks of society. The *new* religion could not check the decline, could not save from utter oblivion the old classic literature, any more than it could hasten the end. It was a doomed thing entirely separate, and brought about by the civil unhealthiness and revolutions of the Empire; by the madness and despotism of the Emperors, the licentiousness and weakness of the nation as well as of the army, and by the eruptions of barbarians.

The city of Alexandria itself furnishes an imposing and extremely variegated subject for the historian's pen; and whether regarded for its grandeur or vices,—its controversies and germs of lasting bitter division,—or its services in the preservation of the great Greek writers, and even of our earliest manuscripts of the Bible,—Alexandria was, in fact, the great mart of the world, whether of goods or opinions; and a glance at its intellectual, moral, and social condition about the fourth century of the Christian era, as lent by Dion Chrysostom, in the following unfavourable but graphic account:

With their wealth, they had all those vices which usually follow or cause the loss of national independence. They seemed eager after nothing but food

and horse-races, those never-failing bribes for which the idle of every country will sell all that a man should hold most dear. They were cool and quiet at their sacrifices and grave in business, but in the theatre or in the stadium, men, women, and children were alike heated into passion, and overcome with eagerness and warmth of feeling. They cared more for the tumble of a favourite charioteer than for the sinking state of the nation. A scurrilous song or a horse-race would so rouse them into a quarrel that they could not hear for their own noise, nor see for the dust raised by their own bustle in the hippodrome: while all those acts of their rulers which, in a more wholesome state of society, would have called for notice, passed by unheeded. In the army they made but second-rate soldiers, while as singing boys at the supper tables of the wealthy Romans they were much sought after, and all the world acknowledged that there were no fighting-cocks equal to those reared by the Alexandrians.

What a motley population had collected in the city, the natural originators of all sorts of opinions and subtleties! Egyptians and Hebrews, Greeks and Romans,—in short, levies from all the nations and tribes on the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Atlantic, not excepting the natives of Britain any more than those on the skirts of the German forests or the sands of the African deserts. In this heterogeneous assemblage no group presents a more interesting aspect than the little colony of Greek Jews who occupied a hill near the lake Maria, and to whom our author supposes we are indebted for the preservation of the Old Testament Scriptures. We extract the attractive and touching account given of this little society, borrowed from a good authority.

They had left, says the historian Philo, their worldly wealth to their families or friends; they had forsaken wives, children, brethren, parents, and the society of men, to bury themselves in solitude, and pass their lives in the contemplation of the divine essence. Seized by this heavenly love, they were eager to enter upon the next world as though they were already dead to this. Each man or woman lived alone in his cell or monastery, caring neither for food nor for raiment, but having his thoughts wholly turned to the Law and the Prophets, or to sacred hymns of their own composing. They had God always in their thoughts, and even the broken sentences which they uttered in their dreams were treasures of religious wisdom. They prayed each morning at sunrise, and then spent the day in turning over the sacred volumes, and the commentaries which explained the allegories or pointed out a secondary meaning as hidden beneath the surface of even the historical books of the Old Testament. At sunset they again prayed, and then tasted their first and only meal. Self-denial indeed was the foundation of all their virtues. Some made only three meals in the week, that their meditations might be more free; while others even attempted to prolong their fast to the sixth day. During six days of the week they saw nobody, not even one another. On the seventh they met together in synagogue. Here they sat, each according to his age; the women separated from the men. Each wore a plain modest robe which covered the

arms and hands, and they sat in silence while one of the elders preached. As they studied the mystic powers of numbers, they thought the number seven was a holy number, and that seven times seven made a great week, and hence they kept the fiftieth day as a solemn festival. On that day they dined together, the men lying on one side and the women on the other. The rushy papyrus formed the couches; bread was their only meat, water their drink, salt the seasoning, and cresses the only delicacy. They had no slaves, since all men were born equal. Nobody spoke unless it were to propose a question out of the Old Testament, or to answer the question of another. The feast ended with a hymn to the praise of God, which they sung, sometimes in full chorus, and sometimes in alternate verses.

Egypt under the Romans supplies us with characteristic lessons in respect of the prompt and politic manner of the Imperial government of the provinces, even when despotism and profligacy of the most ruinous kinds and degrees were hastening the doom and fulfilling the destinies of Rome. For example, when Flaccus, the prefect, was resolved on having Caligula's statue worshipped by the Jews, the imprudent and time-serving prefect was speedily checked by his furious matter.

To have found it necessary to call out the troops was of course a fault in a governor; but doubly so at a time and in a province where a successful general might so easily become a formidable rebel. Accordingly a centurion, with a trusty cohort of soldiers, was sent from Rome for the recal of the prefect. On approaching the coast of Egypt, they kept the vessel in deep water till sunset, and then entered the harbour of Alexandria in the dark. The centurion on landing met with a freedman of the emperor, from whom he learned that the prefect was then at supper, entertaining a large company of friends. The freedman led the cohort quietly into the palace, into the very room where Flaccus was sitting at table; and the first tidings that he heard of his government being disapproved of in Rome was his finding himself a prisoner in his own palace. The friends stood motionless with surprise, the centurion produced the emperor's order for what he was doing, and as no resistance was attempted, all passed off quietly; Flaccus was hurried on board the vessel on the same evening, and immediately taken to Rome.

It so happened that on the night that Flaccus was seized, the Jews had met together to celebrate their autumnal feast, the feast of the Tabernacles; not as on former years with joy and pomp, but in fear, in grief, and in prayer. Their chief men were in prison, their nation smarting under its wrongs and in daily fear of fresh cruelties; and it was not without alarm that they heard the noise of soldiers moving to and fro through the city, and of the guards marching by torch-light from the camp to the palace. But their fear was soon turned into joy when they heard that Flaccus, the author of all their wrongs, was already a prisoner on board the vessel in the harbour; and they gave glory to God, not, says Philo, that their enemy was going to be punished, but because their own sufferings were at an end.

We shall now cite a few short unconnected passages from which Mr. Sharpe's qualities as a historian may in part be appreciated. Take him upon Christianity and its early effects on Paganism, and why neglected by the historians.

When the crier, standing on the steps of the portico, in front of the great temples of Alexandria, called upon the pagans to come near and join in the celebration of their mysteries, he cried out: "All ye who are clean of hands and pure of heart, all ye who are guiltless in thought and deed, come to the sacrifice." But many a repentant sinner and humble spirit must have drawn back in distrust from a summons which to him was so forbidding, and been glad to hear the good tidings of God's mercy offered by christianity to those who labour and are heavy laden, and to the broken-hearted who would turn away from their wickedness. While such were the chief followers of the gospel, it was not likely to be much noticed by the historians; and we must wait till it forced its way into the schools and the palace before we shall find many traces of the rapidity with which it spread.

An anecdote of Julian:

George had employed his wealth in getting together a large library, rich in historians, rhetoricians, and philosophers of all sects; and on the murder of the bishop, Julian wrote letter after letter to Alexandria, to beg the prefect and his friend Porphyrius to save these books, and send them to him in Cappadocia. He promised freedom to the librarian if he gave them up, and torture if he hid them; and further begged that no books in favour of christianity should be destroyed, lest other and better books should be lost with them.

Caliph Omar and the Koran.

The Arabic historian tells us that when Alexandria was conquered by Amrou, he set his seal on the library, together with the other public property of the city. But John Philoponus begged that the books might be spared, as being of no use to the conquerors; and Amrou would have granted the request at once if he had not thought it necessary to ask leave of the Caliph. He therefore wrote to Omar for orders, who answered him that, if the books were the same as the Koran, they were useless; and if not the same, they were worse than useless; and that in either case they were to be burnt. Amrou obeyed his order, and sent the books, most of which were of papyrus, to the public baths of Alexandria; and the Arabic historian, in the poetic style of his nation, says that the baths were heated by them for the space of six months.

A greater governor than Cæsar. Papyrus is the name.

It was grown in the pools of stagnant water which were left after the overflow of the Nile. Its thick knotted roots were used as wood, both for making fires and for furniture, and its graceful feathery head was often entwined round the statues of the gods as a garland. Wicker-work boats were woven out of its stalk, while of the bark were made sails, cordage, and

cloth. It was chewed as food, both raw and cooked, though the juice only was swallowed. Paper was made of it by splitting it into sheets as thin as possible. The best kind had been called Hieratic paper, because it was used for the sacred books: but in the time of Augustus two better kinds were made which were named Augustan and Livian, after himself and his wife. A fourth and fifth of worse quality were called Fannian, from the name of a clever Roman maker, and Amphitheatric, from the name of the street in Rome where it was sold. A sixth kind was called Saitic, from the city Sais, near which it grew in greater quantity, but of a still worse quality. A seventh, called Leneotic, was nearer the bark, and so much worse as to be sold by weight. The eighth and last kind was the Emporetic, which was not good enough to write on, and was used in the shop to wrap up parcels. The first two were thirteen inches wide, the Hieratic eleven, the Fannian ten, the Amphitheatric nine, while the Emporetic was not more than six inches wide. After a time the best kinds were found too thin for books, as the writing on one side often made a blot through to the other; and so, in the reign of Claudius Cæsar a new kind was made, called Claudian, of two sheets thick, in which the fibres of one crossed those of the other.

The Church, a greater power than that of kings:

Athanasius died at an advanced age, having a name more famous than that of any one of the emperors under whom he lived. He taught the Christian world that there was a power greater than that of kings, the Church. He was often beaten in the struggle, but every victory over him was followed by the defeat of the civil power; he was five times banished, but five times he returned in triumph. The temporal power of the Church was then nearly new; it only rose upon the conversion of Constantine, and it was weak to what it became in after ages; but, when an emperor of Germany did penance barefoot before Pope Hildebrand, and a king of England was whipped at Becket's tomb, we only witness the full-grown strength of the infant power that was being reared by the Bishop of Alexandria.

ART. XI.—*Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829. Part the First.* Newby.

THIS is a well-timed book; it is more opportune, and will be more eagerly sought after, than could have been contemplated when the author was writing it, or even at the moment when it was first announced as having been published. The events of the last few days, the turn which affairs have taken in Ireland, the decided measures of the Government with the Liberator and sundry portions of his Tail, invest the subject of the volume with an extraordinary importance, and will send many a reader to examine its pages and pictures. But the book has that within it which at any period would excite, and to a very considerable extent, satisfy, the interest which attaches to Ireland and its Rulers. It is written with great spirit and apparent truthfulness. The author is intimately acquainted with what he

speaks about, writes as one who is not merely a quick and comprehensive student of whatever concerns his native country (for *native*, we cannot for a moment doubt, he is) but as a writer who has had personal or unusually close means of describing what he talks about, and of pronouncing opinions upon a number of mooted and disputed points. He may not go far beyond the surface, and he dresses up in his own style much that has been made familiar to us ere now; but that style is vivacious and vigorous, his descriptions are graphic and even picturesque, and his opinions are unhesitating, hearty, and unmistakeable. Altogether a more unaffected, rattling, and discursive work cannot be looked for; nor will it be powerless in regard to the valuable service, of making people on this side of the Channel much better acquainted with Ireland and its Rulers, whether appointed by Authority, or self-elected, than either speeches in Parliament or party pamphlets are ever likely to do.

The term *party* leads us to observe that the author appears to be remarkably free, supposing him to be an Irishman, of one-sided views, —of favouritism for the one *nation* or the other. He strikes right and left, somewhat recklessly, but with that sort of cordiality that is entirely removed from bitterness, and with that freedom and carelessness that looks as if he had little personal interest to study either one way or the other. We have said that he is discursive: the book is not a history, it is not even a narrative, nor a comment, nor an exposition; but a series of sketches, with opinions, speculations, predictions, and suggestions interspersed. It has the character of a volume made up of a series of papers, each written on the spur of the moment, and mostly in the *article* style. Probably the author is a gentleman of the long robe, and a popular magazine contributor to boot.

But it matters little what he is,—our business is to attend to some things that he has said; and for the reasons alluded to by us at the commencement, we shall pretty copiously supply our readers with his dicta and his portraitures.

He begins by citing M. de Tocqueville's observation to a friend, that all the evils of Ireland spring from this—"you are two nations here;" and the truth is illustrated at some length. But the distinctiveness, it is asserted, could only be perceived by an eye accustomed to observe, and set forth only in works of fiction aiming to depict life dramatically, such as Griffith often did in his novels.

"Keep down," is the resolve of the one; "drag down," the determination of the other. There is an upper, and there is a lower nation. The upper has the wealth and the property of the country; the lower has the bulk of the people and the demagogues of the land; and wide is the chasm that exists between them,—even to exclusiveness and separation in social life and domestic circles.

How few houses there are in Ireland, where guests of opposite politics are entertained. Even in the Metropolis, every dinner party is Conservative, or Popular. The persons responsible for this petty and disgusting social bigotry are those of the upper nation. It is *they* should commence with liberal examples. Woe to an aristocracy which lets itself be taught humanity and courtesy by a democracy! The Tory Protestants generally treat all Catholics and Liberals alike. They tacitly determine not to mix with them. A member of the Bar who received high office under Sir Robert Peel was notorious for rigidly excluding Catholics from his table. Was he a man of high birth? Not at all, he was of plebeian Protestant extraction. So lamentable are the effects of this odious policy, that I cannot help thinking those who open their houses to both sides, display far more genuine patriotism than many of the brawlers who struggle for shadowy schemes of Irish regeneration. The true way to regenerate Ireland is to create a formidable public, which should spring from a fusion of men of both parties. Two publics in a country are as bad as having no public at all. While the moral and physical forces are at war with each other in Ireland, the statesman can never calculate, as in England, on having his measures supported by opinion. There is no common standard in Irish politics to which both parties appeal. Hence the opinions of the wealthy, and the agitation of the lower classes, have no reciprocal influence on each other.

"All efforts should be had recourse to, for *bridgeing over* the chasm which keeps the two Irish nations asunder." "*An independent Irish public with self-sustaining power, would effect more good in that country than any positive institution whatever.*" The italics are the author's.

The Rulers of Ireland, in the author's sense, are not to be construed as meaning merely such powers as would be understood by the term in this country. O'Connell, of course, comes in for a large share of notice, and as one in chief authority. Nor is this notice confined to the Agitator's career since 1829, when the Catholic Relief bill was passed; for his progress as a public and professional character is sketched up to that period. We have the following account of him, as a Counsellor:

He went the Munster Circuit, which in those days was thronged by men of great professional ability. But O'Connell ranked first among the first: his qualities as a professional man, have, perhaps, never been sufficiently noticed.

Caution in conducting a case was his most prominent characteristic. He affected to be careless, but a more wary advocate never stood in a court of justice. Perhaps no great advocate ever had the same relish for the legal profession. O'Connell hunted down a case with the gusto of a Kerry foxhunter in pursuit of Reynard. He keenly enjoyed baffling the Crown counsel, and bullying the witnesses against some trembling culprit in the dock. In those times, counsel for prisoners were not allowed to address the jury; but O'Connell had a great art of putting illegal questions to a witness, and in arguing for their legality made "*aside*" short interjectional speeches to the jury. * * *

In civil cases he was equally successful. In will cases, disputed entries, and questions originating in family quarrels, he was unrivalled for his tact, presence of mind, and above all for his understanding the details of business. He was the best man of business that ever appeared at the Irish bar, and was rather vain of his skill in arithmetical calculations. He had a great knowledge of character, and directed [dissected] the motives of a plaintiff or defendant with inimitable skill. His combination of worldly knowledge and professional information—his aptness and ingenuity—his exhaustless supply of humour—his torrents of caustic ridicule—his zeal for his client, and untiring physical energies, rendered him altogether matchless at the Irish bar.

Perhaps his greatest quality in a court of justice was his oblivion of himself. When addressing a jury, he forgot every thing around him, and thought only of bringing off his client victorious. No lust for oratorical display ever tempted him to make a speech dangerous to the party by whom he was retained. Sooner than have made such a speech as Brougham delivered in the case of Ambrose Williams, O'Connell would have thrown up his brief. He was *par excellence* the safest advocate ever intrusted with a case. For the union of great general powers he stands without a rival in the history of the legal profession. Curran and Erskine were finer orators, but they were shallower lawyers; Plunket had a more powerful understanding, and was superior to all contemporary advocates in sustained reasoning powers, but he had little of O'Connell's versatility. If Sir Thomas Wilde had pathos and humour, he would be a sort of English O'Connell. Redoubtable as was Garrow at cross-examination, he was inferior to the great Irish advocate in the art of putting a prepared witness off his guard. Besides, Garrow had a set plan of approaching a witness, and seldom made those wonderful guesses at character by which O'Connell gained many a verdict.

O'Connell is said to have become as conspicuous in his religious character as in anything else; and especially after the death of D'Esterre; the author declaring that the Liberator "was as blameless in that duel as it is possible for any duellist to be." O'Connell's religiosity.

Of course the censorious world was at once ready to cry out, "Hypocrite!" The detracting tongue of slander shout out many a bitter jibe at the prominence and publicity of his frequent receptions of the Sacrament. Nor did these remarks proceed from political foes. The "knowing ones" amongst the Catholic body bit their lips, hemmed three times, and turned away to laugh. Many even of the Catholics who did not openly deride this manifestation of O'Connell's *religiosity*, admitted that much of it was for *edifying purposes*. At all events so much attention did this point of O'Connell's character obtain, that it was very frequently commented upon amongst Catholics.

Whether there was any deliberate ostentation in this *religiosity*, must be left to another and more awful judgment than that which this world can give. But that Daniel O'Connell was a hypocrite in his religious faith, and that he was a mere crafty actor, publicly kneeling at the altar rails in order to enhance his character with a people who luxuriate in devotion, and are partial to the external manifestations of religious sentiment, is a falsehood

too black for any malignity, save that of Spanish Jesuits, to invent, or any credulity, except that of English Puseyites, to swallow.

O'Connell is essentially a mediæval Catholic. The glorious struggles—exuberant literature, and the creative philosophy of the last three centuries have left hardly any impress on his understanding. In matters of religion he is by conviction and habit the decided partizan of the principle of Priestly Authority, and the Catholic Church has not throughout the globe a more docile subject than the politically intractable leader of the Irish Democracy. His intellect, however comprehensive or powerful, has little of the spirit of insurrectionary genius in its nature. He has essentially one of those minds that would in any age follow whatever faith—Mahommedan or Gentoo—Greek or Roman,—Catholic, Lutheran, or Presbyterian—it chanced to have been reared in.

However, this religiosity greatly contributed to make him powerful with the priesthood, and popular with the multitude. Both felt that he was thoroughly with them, and deserving of their most intimate confidence.

Blarneying George the Fourth:—

When George the Fourth visited Ireland, O'Connell blarneyed the Monarch in the most fulsome manner, and disgusted all those who were not carried away by the excessive folly of the people, who with delirious joy shouted for one who had never done a single thing to deserve the admiration of any country. They who believe in the "vox populi, vox Dei," would certainly find it difficult to defend the delirium of frantic joy into which Ireland fell at a King visiting its shores.

The people believed, of course, that he would do wonders for them, and they had been told that he was their well-wisher, and at a time when there was not in the Government any friend to the Irish, when Castlereagh was Leader of the House of Commons, and Lord Talbot Viceroy of Ireland, undoubtedly it was some gratification to a gallant and unfortunate people, to receive a Royal visit *meant as complimentary*, and when aristocratic insolence had so often scowled upon them, it was something to have a Sovereign smile graciously. This is the only possible way in which an Irishman can apologise for the thoughtless joy of his countrymen upon that occasion, but nothing can be said in extenuation of the loathsome slaver with which O'Connell smeared the character of the most selfish Monarch alive, and of the plausible air with which he deliberately acted a part of revolting humbug, not to give it any harsher designation.

The rise, progress, and career of Fergus O'Connor are touched in a slap-dashing style, confining the history to his early displays in Paddy-land. The demagogue, it appears, made his first public exhibition in the summer of 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, at a large meeting held in Cork, in honour of the Reform Ministry. The majority of speakers, of course, were Whigs of the South, making quite an imposing assembly, to the great delight of the crowd. But there were sundry City radicals who were scarcely satisfied with the *moderado* character of the meeting.

Towards the end of the day, a gentleman whom no one knew claimed a hearing from the High Sheriff. He appeared to be about thirty years of age; had red hair, and a fierce countenance, with an indescribable "dare-devil" demeanour. He proposed some amendment, for the purpose of entitling him to speak; and literally electrified the meeting with one of the most inflammatory harangues that even Irish ears had ever heard. "Who is he?" was eagerly asked; but no one could tell the orator's name. His person was unknown, except to a few who thought they had seen him "in the bar-box at the last assizes." The Whigs wished him far away; but the mass of the meeting were delighted with his dashing and rattling style—his high-sounding claptraps, his unbroken fluency, and his *ultra*-Irish principles. "Away with this canting Whiggery!" he cried, "Repeal, and nothing but Repeal, will do for Ireland." Cheers greeted the unknown speaker, as he poured forth a torrent of vituperation against the Whig Ministry, the Lord-Lieutenant, and "the tyrant Stanley." It was most amusing to witness the blank faces of dismay among the Whig gentry, and to contrast them with those of the delighted "people." Many were heard to say that this new public speaker was "finer than O'Connell."

The Whigs listened to him in silence; until the strange orator, after having abused the aristocracy, "these *fruges consumere nati*, this kid-skin glove aristocrat with his gingerbread Geneva watch in his fob—his hat on three hairs of his head, actually stinking with perfume," &c., &c.—clenching his fist suddenly, told the astonished meeting that "*he* would open up the rotten borough of Cork." Shouts of laughter from the Whig gentry greeted this foolish escapade, as it was then thought to be. A man whose name nobody knew, wresting the County from the Whig patriots, who had always supported Emancipation, and had carried Reform!—'twas too ridiculous! even the City Radicals thought the stranger was "very wild in his ideas." What! for a man without a passport from the recognized organs of Agitation to take matters into his own hands! Besides, would O'Connell give him leave to come forward? In short, though the humbler, more numerous, and least reflecting portion of the meeting were in ecstacies with the stranger, his announcement that *he* would open up Cork County made some persons strongly suspect his sanity.

And this was Fergus O'Connor's début in political life. Yes! the stranger whom no one then knew was that demagogue who has done so much mischief to himself and others—who excited the Repealers of Ireland and the Chartists of England—injured the one cause and ruined the other.

Our author proceeds to characterise Fergus's qualifications for demagogueism.

It must be admitted that Fergus was well fitted in some respects for an Irish tribune. He had the three great requisites, viz. brazen audacity, a fine sonorous voice, and a copious supply of words. Besides these, he had other qualities—a frank and ingratiating demeanour, very popular manners, high spirits, and a reckless nature of adventurous turn. His face was very ugly—its features were haggard and care-worn—the forehead retreated sharply from the brow—his hair was foxy; but his stature was large, with massive shoulders, and his action in public speaking was peculiarly easy and

graceful. Almost all other qualities for a public man he wanted. For example, he had neither tact, direction, power of reflection, *or* capacity for retaining his influence.

His style of demagogueism had much individuality of character. Most Irish demagogues, for the last few years, have been only bad copies of O'Connell or Sheil. They try and imitate the vehement politics and funny scurrility of one, or the *sesquipedalia verba* and fustian sentiments of the other. They are seldom original; their topics are hacknied; and they survey Ireland with the eyes of men who take all their ideas from the Corn-Exchange.

But Fergus was original; and certainly O'Connell had good cause for being jealous of his powers for popular speaking. There was a wild Ossianic spirit about O'Connor's spirit-stirring effusions, that was altogether different from O'Connell's wearisome blarney and incessant cajolery. As men of talent and mind, it would be absurd to institute any comparison between them; but as Irish popular speakers, Fergus was in some respects superior to O'Connell. Though he had no poetical powers, he had strong poetical feelings, (which are totally deficient in O'Connell); and to these he often gave vent in speeches of a most romantic character, whose effect was not the less powerful because they could not bear the criticism of the closet. These poetical feelings were natural to Fergus: he had lived much in the country, and had roamed over the Continent—he was fond of theatricals, and reputed to have no mean histrionic powers. His mind was crammed with legendary poetry; and on the whole there was in those times, before he became a hardened agitator, a mystical spirit in the man, that found an utterance in pouring out his feelings to an impassioned peasantry, who heartily sympathized with the fancies of this wild and singular demagogue.

Besides, there was a strong dash of high and aspiring character in Fergus's popular speaking. He did not talk down to his audience after O'Connell's "free and easy" colloquial style, and put himself on a level with all the coblers and tinkers in the crowd. He played the part to perfection of an Irish chieftain, and addressed the Repealers rather as his gallant clansmen than as his fellow-citizens or comrades. In truth, he was a picturesque agitator. His voice was in those days greatly in his favour; and when he poured out some half-poetical harangue in his dramatic tones, interspersing it with vague aspirations after Freedom, in the style of "Young Germany," and snatches of verse, aiding the whole effect by his flowing delivery and the gallantry of his deportment, nothing could exceed the delight of "the people." Many persons, competent to judge, considered him a much better popular speaker than O'Connell. But he had nothing of the various powers of the "Great Agitator." When he had ceased to talk, his influence was at an end.

A good deal is said of the private as well as the public character of the Irish Catholic priesthood. It is only for us to quote, on a subject of the kind. Thus,—

There is no use in attacking the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. Their faults are the results not of their creed but of their social position, and of their country's unhappy state. The priests are effects rather than causes.

Their Church was degraded and rendered despicable. Persons of superior station declined entering the priesthood. Even the young men of the middle-classes looked down upon it. The Catholic Church was left to recruit its pastors from the families of humble farmers and the peasantry, and these latter classes rejoiced to have their sons made *gentlemen*. To the tiller of the soil it was a proud thing that his little "Paudrig" or "Shemus" should be styled "Reverend Sir" or "P.P."—that he should be dining with "the gentels," and confronting his landlord on the hustings. He saw his son, that a few years before had been a ragged little urchin playing about the roads, emerge from Maynooth clothed in decent black, write English fluently, and read, nay even construe Latin, with an unfaltering tongue. He saw him clothed in pontificals, ascend the altar, perform the dread mysteries of religion, and change the elements of bread and wine into "the body, and blood—soul, and divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He saw the Catholic ladies of the parish going to confession, and kneeling down before his little Paddy. He beheld his humble offspring changed into a priest—that is (in the eyes of the uninstructed peasant) a being powerful to save and to curse. He heard him haranguing at political meetings, outshining the young agitating counsellor, and casting into the shade even the liberal magistrate in the chair. Hence it became the ambition of every decent farmer to get one of his boys made a priest. So far there would have been no evil; but, unfortunately to the Catholic clergyman himself, there has resulted considerable detriment.

Having observed that a Catholic priesthood is a formidable *puissance* in any country, our author asserts that nowhere is this power so odiously and arrogantly displayed as it is in Ireland.

Every Irish Catholic, not blinded by absurd prejudices, must admit that the priests are most overbearing in their tone and manners. Among their own flocks they are *exigeant* in their expectations. Their character is precisely what might be reasonably expected from antecedent circumstances. They have not only the consequential deportment of priests, but there is superadded the arrogance of upstarts. In the society of those who fear them not, such as Protestants, and persons accustomed to mix largely, they display a morbid sensitiveness. As the saying goes, you must always be "on your P's and Q's" with an Irish priest. When in company with one of them, it is difficult to retain natural ease; every petty and antiquated form of ceremonial politeness must be carefully performed.

The reasons why the better sort do not educate their younger sons for the Irish priesthood.

Ultra Catholics of the Irish Democracy may denounce their Peers and leading Commoners as "base Catholic aristocrats," and hint that it is pride prevents them educating any of their younger sons for the church; but this is not true, for the entire well-to-do class in the Catholic body is open precisely to the same charge. Wealthy shopkeepers, who can bring up their sons as barristers, physicians, or attornies, never force them into the church. On the other hand, farmers drive their "promising boys" to gratify their own parental ambition.

Lord Stanley is the theme of the most particular and painstaking portraiture in the volume, if we except the Agitator. We copy out parts. Speaking of him as Chief Secretary in Ireland:

In some respects a better appointment than that of Mr. Stanley could not have been made. He had most of the requisite talents for office; firmness—decision—great facility in mastering details—and a powerful, penetrating mind were amongst his qualities. Besides he had a strong love of labour, and was no mere *dilettanti* statesman of the Keepsake school. He had already displayed remarkable talents for debate, and had been complimented in an unusual degree by the first members in the House of Commons.

In one important respect he was unfitted for the office of a Chief Secretary for Ireland; his temper was reserved and dictatorial, and he had not the art of concealing his disgust at the servile persons who beleaguer Dublin Castle. He was less of a popularity-hunter than had ever gone to Ireland, and never was a minister less willing to employ the baser arts of conciliation. His proud and rather moody disposition injured him in the estimation of the Irish, who like to see a Chief Secretary bow, smile, and push condescension to excess. He could not "buss the stones" and go before the people with "bonnet in his hand." He had too much lofty self-respect to

> "——————— mountebank their loves,
> Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
> Of all the Trades in Dublin."

He neither would, nor could, resort to those agreeable little artifices by means of which the Mulgrave Administration made itself so popular amongst the Irish Liberal gentry and middle classes. There was nothing theatrical or dazzling in his deportment. He had never practised how to bow with amiable dignity—how to keep an eternal, simpering smile upon his features—how to "Jack and Tom it" with the Irish Nobility. His dinners were "few and far between," but in other respects they were not "like angel's visits;" perhaps his dancing parties were rather serious affairs, and then he never presided at pleasant *pic nic* excursions for the politicians of his party! Indeed, it must be admitted that he was quite incapable of "*doing* the thing" properly in Dublin.

Again,—

But his haughty honour, and his excitable disposition, unfitted him in many serious respects for the government of Ireland, where flattery and vituperation are alternately used to cajole or intimidate a minister. For though it was impossible to wheedle him by sycophancy, or to frighten him by abuse, he was prone to chafe at the excessive artifices of the Irish gentry, and the unprincipled denunciation of the demagogues. When the agitators and the Dublin press discharged upon his character the dregs of their virulence, he did not receive the visitation with the *sang-froid* that a Peel or Melbourne would have exhibited under similar circumstances. He was not intimidated but irritated, and the purpose of his enemies was served. His government of Ireland was one long broil with the Irish people. Never

did any Chief Secretary effect more positive good, and more indirect evil for that country, and never was any Irish official more unpopular.

He was the first Irish Minister who smote the Orange Party to the ground. Lord Wellesley and Mr. Plunket had failed in the attempt to crush the Orangemen. In putting an end to the Orange Processions, and vigorously directing the whole force of the Executive against those illegal societies, he accomplished one of the greatest advantages that Ireland has received.

He was the first Irish Minister who took means to prevent the packing of juries. Lord Morpeth, and Sir Michael O'Loghlen only trod in the *route* which Lord Stanley had struck out.

He established the system of National Education, on a wise and equitable basis, and boldly confronted the unreasoning bigotry of the fanatical clergymen of both religions. By this measure he extinguished the system of proselytizing, that had been the bane of society in Ireland.

He was the first Irish Minister who grappled with the evil of an overgrown Church Establishment, and though he did not go so far as was desirable, he considerably reduced the number of Protestant Bishops, and brought the Establishment within more reasonable dimensions.

Perhaps more than any other Minister he devoted his attention to the physical resources of the country. Under his auspices the Irish Board of Works was established—the means of intercourse between various parts of the country were improved and enlarged, and the Shannon Navigation was taken up by Government.

He was the first Irish Minister who did not allow the Irish Bench or Bar to bully him. When Baron Smith's conduct was brought before Parliament, the speech of Mr. Stanley was read with dismay by the Irish Judges "of the right sort."

A number of other subjects and topics have engaged our author in this First Part of his work. Whether he will pursue a similar course, in what is to follow, or whether he will endeavour to build up, after the accumulation of facts, a system of practical measures, recommending them for immediate adoption, we need not conjecture. In the meanwhile, he has gone, besides the themes we have already mentioned, into some degree of critical description of certain Irish administrations,—those of the Duke of Northumberland and also of the Marquis of Anglesy, as the notices of Secretary Stanley necessarily required. We have also Father Matthew and places of worship in Cork brought forward, while the review of the present Agitation could not be avoided. We recommend the chapter on the "Difference between Emancipation and Repeal" to the attention of our readers, and whatever is advanced relative to the principles of the Reform movement, as well as of the cry that is at this moment distracting the island. Says our author,—

The agitation is not a national movement, because the genuine moral force of Ireland is opposed to it. Not merely the rank and fortune, but the intellect and education of the country remain aloof. The aristocracy and overwhelming majority of the gentry, the bar of Ireland, and the profession of medicine, are hostile to its avowed objects.

If it were really a national movement, would there be no expression of *the mind* of the country upon so exciting a subject as the independence of Ireland? In a land celebrated for eloquence, would there be no successors and historical rivals to the Grattans, Floods, Hussey Burghs, Currans, and Plunkets of other days?

No subject is more inspiring than the regeneration of an oppressed country. No political cause produces a greater number of remarkable characters than the genuine struggle for national liberty. But a mock contest for legislative independence can produce nothing but a dull and incessant clatter of the soulless machinery of the Corn Exchange.

Does O'Connell himself look like a genuine national leader? Are his speeches those of a man thoroughly in earnest—of one roused by a glorious occasion—*of one who believes in the mission which he has himself assumed!* Fancy the Grattan of 1782 standing upon Terra Hill—with the theme O'Connell had to dilate upon; and you will then feel that the big Agitator, with all his popular talents, does not come up to the stature of one who believed and resolved that he should be the leader in a great revolution. You will then perceive that the Great Dan is a popular and not a national leader—that he is more infuriated with the vulgar vehemence of agitation than inspired with the honest consciousness of being a regenerator of Ireland.

O'Connell a regenerator! His statesmanship is that of a smuggler, who thinks he can run an Irish Parliament, and discharge his contraband Legislature at College Green.

The agitation is half factitious and half genuine. The peasantry in the rural districts believe in it; but the middle classes have no faith in it, although many of them joined in its furtherance. The common sense of Ireland perceives that "knowledge is power—thought is power, but *talk* is not power.

The volume closes with a chapter on "Sir Robert Peel's Conduct and Position." Here the author takes ground that has frequently of late been occupied. We have seen that he maintains the present agitation is not a national but a popular movement. The Minister has therefore adopted the proper course in not lending it importance by any measures that might savour of persecution, and that would give a handle to an unscrupulous press; however surely these measures for a time might keep down the assemblings and the insurrections. He did politicly in allowing the movement to reach extremes, and also to run itself out, having the seeds of exhaustion—of a natural dissolution in it. But the author would not have Sir Robert to remain a mere looker-on; but urges a considerate, firm, and determined system of policy for the future, and during the coming session of Parliament; and the adoption of decided practical steps, suggesting certain of these which seem to him most pressing. But we shall not further accompany the writer, persuaded that what we have said and shown will be to our readers sufficient to induce them to seek for a further acquaintance with the book; for they cannot but feel assured that there is much in it to entertain them, and not little that will tend to enlighten; at the same time enhancing the interest which the Sister isle is so surpassingly calculated to excite and to sustain.

ART. XI.— *Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture.* By JUSTUS LIEBIG, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited by JOHN GARDNER, M.D.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG has long been in the enjoyment of an European reputation; but is best known in this country from his two great works,—"Organic Chemistry, in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology," and "Animal Chemistry; or the Application of Organic Chemistry to the Elucidation of Physiology and Pathology." His researches into the chemistry of the vegetable and animal kingdoms have been of the most sagacious and profound order, creating within the last fifteen or twenty years, a new science, and making during that period rapid and most interesting progress; so that now it is no preposterous thing to talk of Organic Chemistry, as a distinct branch in which the greatest principles and most remarkable facts have been recently discovered and ascertained.

With regard to Organic Chemistry, in its application to Agriculture, Sir Humphrey Davy and other eminent men had made considerable advances; but Liebig has pursued the subject much further than even our distinguished countryman could do with the evidences and materials within his reach, to the introduction of valuable practical methods, and to the certain production of still far more striking economical results ere many years elapse.

Liebig has not merely a theoretic but a decidedly practical apprehension of the importance of agriculture to the interests of individuals and of nations. He observes, in the first of the works we have mentioned, that it "is the true foundation of all trade and industry—it is the true foundation of the riches of states. But," he continues, "a rational system of agriculture cannot be formed without the application of scientific principles; for such a system must be based on an exact acquaintance with the means of nutrition of vegetables, and with the influence of soils and action of manure upon them. This knowledge we must seek from chemistry, which teaches the mode of investigating the composition and studying the characters of the different substances from which plants derive their nourishment."

Persons totally unacquainted with science, with the connexion subsisting between the most useful arts and the nature of first principles, —your practical people, your experienced farmers and cultivators of the soil, for example,—not including mere bumpkins and clodpoles, —have very generally no conception that they can be justly pronounced exceedingly ignorant of the capabilities and the demands of the economical business which they pursue. How many of your well-conditioned agriculturists will tell you to this day that the *carbon* of plants is derived from vegetable mould, and thence absorbed by

the roots, instead of from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere! How few of them are aware that while animals derive growth and continuance of organization from plants, that plants *inspire* what animals *expire*, and are thus preserved and fed, while the composition of the medium in which both exist, viz. the atmosphere, is kept constantly unchanged. Again, who of our practical men proceed on the knowledge that all the nitrogen of plants and animals is derived from *ammonia*, and that this substance is furnished by the atmosphere, from which it is brought to the earth by every shower of rain; all the nitrogen of the past generations of plants and animals having, in the process of putrefaction, been sent into the atmosphere in the form of ammonia, and supplying what is needed by the organic kingdoms below?

The reflecting reader must perceive that these and other demonstrated facts and undeviating principles, each of which is beautifully and cogently urged and explained by the Professor, have bearings, and must, if wisely attended to, be followed by highly valuable results in actual farming; proving how certainly within the domain of rational agriculture, is the study of principles and of science. But discoveries and facts of a chemical character might be adduced, still more immediate and weighty, for the popular mind; such, for example, as go to explain the true principles of manures, and the manner in which particular substances or kinds operate to the preservation of the soil in a productive and even a continuously more fertilizing condition. Those of our readers who have never before paid attention to the subject will marvel when they learn how much of mineral or inorganic elements of the soil is required for fertility, for the supply required by plants. We shall here merely mention two incontrovertible conclusions:—first, an exact analysis of the ashes of every part of a plant will give a correct knowledge of those mineral substances which are essential to its development, and which therefore must be present in the soil in which we wish to grow the plant: secondly, a careful analysis of any soil, the composition of the ashes of a certain number of plants being previously known, will teach at once which of these plants may be advantageously cultivated in that soil, and also how the soil may be rendered capable of producing plants that could not be produced in it if left to its own natural influences.

These are but glimpses at a few of the scientific principles and their numerous inevitable results, which the Professor has ascertained and pursued to the inculcation of practical measures. But if the general reader will turn to the "Animal Chemistry," he will meet with truths and lights that may be said to concern him still more nearly, because still more directly; at the same time that he will have his mind set to work in the way of noble and most curious speculation; for the subject is still very obscure, and can be treated, if with scien-

tific caution, chiefly in the way of hints. The work, however, presents a most interesting and beautiful theory of chemical transformation or metamorphoses,—or, in other words, of fermentation, putrefaction, and decay; guilding, among other practical deductions, which must interest the medical man, the physiologist, and the chemist,—every person to certain points of every-day importance with regard to the kinds of meats and drinks which it may be needful for him to use, or to shun.

The little volume before us may be regarded as containing the substance, in a popular shape, of the former two great works, many parts of which are principally calculated to interest and inform persons previously conversant with such studies. The Letters were written in order to catch public attention in Germany to the practical claims of chemical science, and to induce the German Governments to establish schools of chemistry. The author subsequently prepared an English edition, the manuscript and proof sheets having been submitted to the revision of Dr. Gardner.

It is a volume every way worthy of Professor Liebig,—powerful and clear in regard to facts and argument; beautiful and fitting in style; and altogether the production of a master as well as of an enthusiast in science, but chiefly on account of its results for the actual and unvisionary benefit of mankind. It teaches and commands the mind to the warm approval of the study recommended. Its array of points, facts, and experiments, and the expanding nature of the necessary consequent improvements, may well excite wonder and chain attention.

The letters are introduced by a compact description of the elements of matter, and of the changeableness of all things; certain substances, as glass, cork, caoutchouc, and platinum, being held up to the chemical student's admiration, as his agents in experiment and principal operations. We have next presented to us in statement and by means of striking illustration, a view of the amazing fountains of wealth, and sources of benefit which chemistry has not only opened up, but been the means of producing, as witness multitudes of articles in constant use. After this comes the doctrine with its necessary and abundant proofs, that life itself, whether in plant or animal, is a chemical process, inseparably connected with the qualities and properties of the food taken, atmospheric air being the grand and ultimate agent; the agent also that will destroy you at the end, either if the food be denied you, or if it cannot be wholesomely assimilated; for then the fleshy parts of the body will be exhausted, dissolved, and dissipated,—issuing in death.

There is a section of the volume not yet indicated, which will supply us with some of the most remarkable and stimulating statements for the agriculturist; we mean where chemistry is viewed as bearing upon the soil, vegetation, farming operations—such as plough-

ing manures, different kinds of crops, the quantities and qualities of crops; and the return necessary to be made for that which has been withdrawn in the shape of corn, grasses, &c. Begin with the importance of *phosphates* to agriculture. Having stated that the blood of man and animals, besides common salt, always contains alkaline and earthy phosphates,—that if we burn blood and examine the ashes which remain, certain parts are found to be soluble in water, and others insoluble,—the soluble parts being common salt and alkaline phosphates,—and the insoluble phosphate of lime, phosphate of magnesia, and oxide of iron, the passage proceeds thus:—

It is a most curious fact, that if we incinerate grain or its flour, peas, beans, and lentils, we obtain ashes, which are distinguished from the ashes of all other parts of vegetables by the absence of *alkaline carbonates*. The ashes of these seeds, when recently prepared, do not effervesce with acids: their soluble ingredients consist solely of alkaline phosphates—the insoluble parts of phosphate of lime, phosphate of magnesia, and oxide of iron; consequently, of the very same salts which are contained in blood, and which are absolutely indispensable to its formation. We are thus brought to the further indisputable conclusion, that no seed suitable to become food for man and animals can be formed in any plant without the presence and co-operation of the phosphates. A field in which phosphate of lime or the alkaline phosphates form no part of the soil, is totally incapable of producing grain, peas, or beans.

An enormous quantity of these substances, indispensable to the nourishment of plants, is annually withdrawn from the soil, and carried into great towns, in the shape of flour, cattle, &c. It is certain that this incessant removal of the phosphates must tend to exhaust the land and diminish its capability of producing grain. The fields of Great Britain are in a state of progressive exhaustion from this cause; as is proved by the rapid extension of the cultivation of turnips and mangel wurzel—plants which contain the least amount of the phosphates, and therefore require the smallest quantity for their development. These roots contain eighty to ninety-two per cent. of water. Their great bulk makes the amount of produce fallacious as respects their adaptation to the food of animals, inasmuch as their contents of the ingredients of the blood, that is to say, of substances which can be transformed into flesh, stands in a direct ratio to their amount of phosphates, without which neither blood nor flesh can be formed.

Our fields will become more and more deficient in these essential ingredients of food, in all localities where custom and habits do not admit the collection of the fluid and solid excrements of man, and their application to the purposes of agriculture. In a former letter I showed you how great a waste of phosphates is unavoidable in England, and referred to the well-known fact that the importation of bones restored in a most admirable manner the fertility of the fields exhausted from this cause.

How important to our agriculturists are the following paragraphs:—

If it were possible to restore to the soil of England and Scotland the phosphates which during the last fifty years have been carried to the sea by

the Thames and the Clyde, it would be equivalent to manuring with millions of hundredweights of bones; and the produce of the land would increase one third, or perhaps double itself, in five to ten years.

We cannot doubt that the same results would follow if the price of the guano admitted the application of a quantity to the surface of the fields, containing as much of the phosphates as have been withdrawn from them in the same period.

If a rich and cheap source of phosphate of lime and the alkaline phosphates were open to England, there can be no question that the importation of foreign corn might be altogether dispensed with after a short time. For these materials England is at present dependent upon foreign countries, and the high price of guano and of bones prevents their general application and in sufficient quantity. Every year the trade in these substances must decrease, or their price will rise as the demand for them increases.

According to these premises, it cannot be disputed, that the annual expense of Great Britain for the importation of bones and guano is equivalent to a duty on corn; with this difference only, that the amount is paid to foreigners in money.

To restore the disturbed equilibrium of the constitution of the soil—to fertilize her fields—England requires an enormous supply of animal excrements; and it must therefore excite considerable interest to learn, that she possesses beneath her soil beds of fossil *guano*, strata of animal excrements, in a state which will probably allow of their being employed as a manure at a very small expense. The coprollithes discovered by Dr Buckland, a discovery of the highest interest to geology, are these excrements; and it seems extremely probable, that in these strata England possesses the means of supplying the place of recent bones, and therefore the principal conditions of improving agriculture—of restoring and exalting the fertility of her fields.

Liebig on soap, soda, chemical manufactures and imperial dynasty.

Soda has been used from time immemorial in the manufacture of soap and glass, two chemical productions which employ and keep in circulation an immense amount of capital. The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization. Of two countries, with an equal amount of population, the wealthiest and most highly civilized will consume the greatest weight of soap. This consumption does not subserve sensual gratification, nor depend upon fashion, but upon the feeling of the beauty, comfort, and welfare attendant upon cleanliness; and a regard to this feeling is coincident with wealth and civilization. The rich in the middle ages concealed a want of cleanliness in their clothes and persons under a profusion of costly scents and essences, whilst they were more luxurious in eating and drinking, in apparel and horses. With us a want of cleanliness is equivalent to insupportable misery and misfortune.

Soap belongs to those manufactured products, the money value of which continually disappears from circulation, and requires to be continually renewed. It is one of the few substances which are entirely consumed by use, leaving no product of any worth. Broken glass and bottles are by no

means absolutely worthless; for rags we may purchase new cloth; but soap-water has no value whatever. It would be interesting to know accurately the amount of capital involved in the manufacture of soap: it is certainly as large as that employed in the coffee-trade, with this important difference as respects Germany, that it is entirely derived from our own soil.

France formerly imported soda from Spain, Spanish soda being of the best quality, at an annual expenditure of twenty to thirty millions of francs. During the war with England, the price of soda, and consequently of soap and glass, rose continually; and all manufactures suffered in consequence.

The present method of making soda from common salt was discovered by Le Blanc, at the end of the last century. It was a rich boon for France, and became of the highest importance during the wars of Napoleon. In a very short time it was manufactured to an extraordinary extent, especially at the seat of the soap-manufactories. Marseilles possessed for a time a monopoly of soda and soap. The policy of Napoleon deprived that city of the advantages derived from this great source of commerce, and thus excited the hostility of the population to his dynasty, which became favourable to the restoration of the Bourbons. A curious result of an improvement in a chemical manufacture. It was not long, however, in reaching England.

In order to prepare the soda of commerce (which is the carbonate) from common salt, it is first converted into Glauber's salt (sulphate of soda.) For this purpose, 80 pounds weight of concentrated sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) are required to 100 pounds of common salt.

A chance discovery may stultify a monopoly:—

Travellers had observed, near the small seaport of Yquiqui, in the district of Atacama, in Peru, an efflorescence covering the ground over extensive districts. This was found to consist principally of nitrate of soda. Advantage was quickly taken of this discovery. The quantity of this valuable salt proved to be inexhaustible, as it exists in beds extending over more than two hundred square miles. It was brought to England at less than half the freight of the East India saltpetre (nitrate of potassa); and as, in the chemical manufacture, neither the potash nor the soda were required, but only the nitric acid in combination with the alkali, the soda-saltpetre of South America soon supplanted the potash-nitre of the East. The manufacture of sulphuric acid received a new impulse: its price was much diminished, without injury to the manufacturer; and, with the exception of fluctuations caused by the impediments thrown in the way of the export of sulphur from Sicily, it soon became reduced to a minimum, and remained stationary.

Potash-saltpetre is now only employed in the manufacture of gunpowder; it is no longer in demand for other purposes; and thus, if Government effect a saving of many hundred thousand pounds annually in gunpowder, this economy must be attributed to the increased manufacture of sulphuric acid.

A monopoly may stultify itself:—

Reflecting upon the important influence which the price of sulphur exercises upon the cost of production of bleached and printed cotton stuffs, soap, glass, &c., and remembering that Great Britain supplies America, Spain, Portugal, and the East, with these, exchanging them for raw cotton, silk, wine, raisins, indigo, &c. &c., we can understand why the English Government should have resolved to resort to war with Naples, in order to abolish the sulphur monoply, which the latter power attempted recently to establish. Nothing could be more opposed to the true interests of Sicily than such a monoply; indeed, had it been maintained a few years, it is highly probable that sulphur, the source of her wealth, would have been rendered perfectly valueless to her. Science and industry form a power to which it is dangerous to present impediments. It was not difficult to perceive that the issue would be the entire cessation of the exportation of sulphur from Sicily. In the short period the sulphur monoply lasted, fifteen patents were taken out for methods to obtain back the sulphuric acid used in making soda. Admitting that these fifteen experiments were not perfectly successful, there can be no doubt it would ere long have been accomplished. But then, in gypsum, (sulphate of lime,) and in heavy spar, (sulphate of barytes,) we possess mountains of sulphuric acid; in galena, (sulphate of lead,) and in iron pyrites, we have no less abundance of sulphur. The problem is, how to separate the sulphuric acid, or the sulphur, from these native stones. Hundreds of thousands of pounds weight of sulphuric acid were prepared from iron pyrites, while the high price of sulphur consequent upon the monopoly lasted. We should probably ere long have triumphed over all difficulties, and have separated it from gypsum. The impulse has been given, the possibility of the process proved; and it may happen in a few years that the inconsiderate financial speculation of Naples may deprive her of that lucrative commerce.

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1. *The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City.* By Mrs. Gore. Colburn.
2. *Sir Cosmo Digby; a Tale of the Monmouthshire Riots.* By J. A. St. John. Bentley.
3. *Friend or Foe?* By Miss Ellen Pickering. Newby.

"The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City," is another of Mrs. Gore's clever novels, albeit there be very little of Court life in it, and not much that can properly be confined to the City. The author, however, by long practice, as well by means of natural gifts, has great facility in putting a story together, especially when throwing herself upon wealth, high rank, and fashion. But still even this expert and observant writer travels very nearly over the same ground, transposing, of course, both incident and character as may suit the new plot, or serve the sort of conventional and moral purpose which for the time has interested her. Mrs. Gore, however, is not remarkable in respect of probability; for although her actors are generally well-conceived, the accessories, accompaniments, and re-

sults are frequently impossibilities. She surpasses in catching the tone of high life, whether the fashion sit awkwardly on upstarts, or the dignity be that of calm, self-possessed nobility, native to the person. For example, see how felicitously she contrasts an old family and family seat with the *stylish* vulgarity of new aristocracy.

"There was something in the solid but noble simplicity of the house that enchanted Colonel Hamilton. Ormeau exhibited neither the imposing historical dignity of the Hyde nor the modern elegance of Dean Park and the Manor. It was a vast commodious mansion, built by Inigo Jones, and furnished half a century ago with a degree of state and richness precluding all interference with its arrangements, till, at the close of another half century or so, and another growth and fall of timber, sentenced to be furnished again. There were no nicknacks, nor modern prettinesses, no fashionable *fauteuils* at Ormeau. The huge Nankin vases on the pier-tables had probably been bought in Queen Anne's time at the New Exchange or India House; the rich Japan screens, at the toy-shop of Mrs. Chenevix. The last portrait of the family collection was the present Duke, when a boy, by Hoppner. Not so much as one of the graceful and emasculate pictures of Lawrence to connect the square roomy simplicity of Ormeau with the flimsy elegances of the day. The Dutchess deposited her crotchet-work every night, in the huge, old-fashioned, Tonbridge-ware work-box presented to her by the Duke on the birth of one of her children twenty years before; and, by way of a writing desk, a little inlaid ebony letter case, which she had used as a bride, still served her correspondence with her grandchildren.

"The same stand-still order of things pervaded all the habits and connexions of the house. The Duke and Dutchess of Elvaston stood too substantially in the world to veer about with every wind of doctrine. The people with whom they had associated in their youth were their associates in their age. They used the same tradespeople, and entertained the same friends. No running after new systems or patent inventions. Heavy, respectable, dignified, they desired no changes save such as were forced upon them by the progressive spirit of the times.

A totally different view of the business of life held good among these people, and, among the Vernons. The Elvastons conceived themselves to live at Ormeau, and looked upon London as a place of pastime; whereas the family at the Hyde regarded the country as a place reluctantly endured during the intervals of glorious London. Much of this arose from the circumstance that the Elvastons were not court-hunters—that they had no rank to intrigue for, no daughter to marry. Their chief pleasure in life consisted in that princely hospitality which affects no display, but knows no intermission. Ormeau was literally what is called an "open house." For months, nay, years together, the family never sat down to dinner alone. As to the hounds, in which the Duke was supposed to take such intense delight, and which had obtained an almost proverbial name in England, they were, in fact, merely an item in the amusements he felt bound to provide for his friends and neighbours. Impossible for a man to have a more kindly or sociable idea of the duties connected with the rank and fortune assigned him by inheritance.

Nevertheless, the service of plate on his Grace's table was what Lord Vernon would have considered old-fashioned and mean. There was no splendid *dessus de table*, as at the Hyde; no effigies of ancestors on war-horses in gold or gilt plate; nor any of the little table fopperies dear to the systematic dinner-givers of the day. The side board of the very Hamlyns was more showy; for the phrase "living in good style" would have passed for a sad vulgarism at Ormeau.

The points are two, which Mrs. Gore appears to have planted before her in this novel: that of a city man, who to eclipse a neighbouring and gawdy despising lord, incurs the deepest commercial guilt that can be imagined, viz. that of forgery and misappropriation upon a gigantic scale; and secondly, the crime, misery, and devastation inseparable from the duel. A strong domestic lesson may also be learnt from the thraldom in which the Banker's Wife is kept, with the sad discomforts of a family circle through the chilling formality and the hard despotism of the head of the house. Certainly, a more wretched life, or a more exacting domestic policy never was pourtrayed than in this tale professing to be of the City. It is natural and credible withal, so long as Mrs. Gore continues to picture the subjugated; but the tyrant himself would be an exception so rare, so improbable, that the force of the intended lesson is lost, and the regret is keen that the opportunity for truth and tenderness has been so needlessly marred.

We communicate the current of the story thus far: the Banker, —that is, Richard Hamlyn, succeeds to a firm that is deeply involved. He is inordinately ambitious, his ambition being stung to the keenest by the *hauteur* of a neighbouring lord, who predicts that the new house of Dean Park will have to be pulled down, and the upstarts turned adrift, again to seek their fortune. To avoid such a catastrophe, and to give the silly selfish lordlings the lie, Hamlyn takes to the practices of a Fauntleroy, and maintains by means of a continual and ever enlarging system of fraud and swindling, the credit of the house, but with a constant and ever-deepening sense of coming discovery and conviction. The Banker is still to all outward showing, a most exemplary man,—moral, regular, religious, a senator and a dinner-giver to Ministers of State,—first in order in all public and patriotic undertakings, and in the House the acknowledged and accepted representative of the moneyed men of the City. But on one occasion his conventional virtue is at fault, for he so far forgets himself as to depart from his line of politics in order to obtain a consulship for one of his clerks, who has manifested an inkling of knowledge relative to the stability of the firm. Taunts and jibes are bandied among the Senators,—the wits of the House are brought out,—a duel ensues,—and Hamlyn is mortally wounded, when a complete disclosure takes place, and the bank not only stops, but the Banker's family are threatened with beggary.

Now, we think there is such exaggeration in the conception of the Banker's career,—such a departure from all ordinary cases, that the story must fail in respect of conveying a practical lesson. And not less ought we to complain of the marvellous good luck which attends his innocent children. The Marquis of Dartford ought not to have married Lydia Hamlyn; neither do we believe that the daughter-in-law of the good old East Indian, Colonel Hamilton, would have been the chooser and the chosen of the Banker's second son, if instead of what is called poetical justice, the ways of the world and the realities had been consulted. The old Colonel, however, is an excellently drawn character,—a bland, cheerful, kind-souled and intelligent personage,—the favourite of all who have sense and sound feeling,—the accepted by the old nobility, although the mocked at by those of the lordling sort, who had no imposing historical dignity.

We must now bid farewell to Mrs. Gore's novel, and do so with an extract which brings us to the closing scenes, and when the death of the Banker, and the ruin of the firm are almost simultaneous. The passage has passion in it.

The poor old porter was sobbing helpless behind the door as they passed. The aspect of the despairing countenances and ferocious eyes that met Colonel Hamilton's view in the throng without, as the policeman assisted them into their hackney-coach, had not faded from his recollection, even when, after a slow return towards the West-end, they reached the inauspicious purlieus of Cavendish Square.

On entering the coach, the old man had taken the arm of the unresisting Henry under his, and kept his hand fondly clasped within his own, till they approached together the "house no more his home." Not a token of consciousness or recognition escaped the heart-broken young man! Colonel Hamilton was forced to assist him from the coach, as he would have assisted the helplessness of a child.

So thoroughly absorbed was he, indeed, by the alarming state of exhaustion of his young friend, and so bewildered by the exciting scenes which had been passing before his eyes, that he took no note of the aspect of the servants who met him on the door-steps. Even when Johnston addressed him, in the hall, the deplorable condition of the fine young fellow leaning upon his arm was more to the Colonel than any tidings he could have to learn of improvement in the wounded man.

He led him into the study, as though the house were his own and poor Harry a visitor, and placed him silently on the sofa. At that moment, Mrs. Hamilton, who had been watching anxiously for their arrival, in the earnestness of her desire to see them ere they went up stairs, hurried into the room.

On perceiving Colonel Hamilton leaning over the half-fainting Henry, she beckoned him towards her, and would have fain spoken. But the kind old soul, whose eyes were obscured by gathering tears, forestalled the question he fancied her about to ask.

"Yes! all is over, Nelly!" said he. "The house has stopped payment. Go to him! Say a kind word to him. The poor fellow has no longer a guinea in the world—"

Ere he could add another syllable, Ellen was beside the scarcely conscious young man—taking his hands into hers, pressing them to her lips, her eyes, rather with the wild tenderness of a mother who finds a lost child restored to her, than the shamefacedness of a mistress or sober affection of a wife.

"Mine for ever!"—whispered she, with streaming eyes, as she turned him to her heart. "*Ours* for ever!" she repeated, turning towards Colonel Hamilton, who had advanced towards them, and was contemplating with deep feeling the fervent nature betrayed at such a moment by the woman he had always seen so cold, so haughty, so reserved.

Taking their united hands in his, the old man murmured a fervent blessing on their heads. And then, for the first time since he became aware of the family dishonour, the tears of Henry Hamlyn burst forth.

"Sir Cosmo Digby," is a tale that would take more trouble to abridge so as to suit our limits, and render its current and denouement intelligible, than we care to encounter. Nor have we often met with a fiction that would prove less satisfactory in abstract and summary than this story of the Monmouthshire riots. It is a work, besides, of very opposite qualities: the reviewer would experience little difficulty were he to set his mind on fault-finding, to adduce numerous incongruities and blemishes,—abundance of violations of the accepted rules or modes of fiction, while, on the other hand, were he intent on being pleased and to manifest a liberal genial spirit, he would be at no loss to fill his pages with splendid and exhilarating passages. It might be objected that Chartism and Socialism are too near or familiar, too vulgar and obtrusive, to awaken romantic interest, or to be readily regarded as being in any respect picturesque. Frost, Williams, and Jones,—Newport and the recent riots of Monmouthshire, cannot easily be invested with those images and incidents that appeal to the tender sympathies and the nobler passions, such as remoteness and a host of venerable associations throw around a subject of antiquity, and where the very costume is imposing in the fancy's eye. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. St. John has, by the skilful introduction of spirited and life-looking description, mellowed and enriched much that was in itself dry, barren, and reluctant; just as he has by originality of character, rapidity of action, and variety of scene, contrived to sustain the curiosity excited, and whatever sympathies it may have been his purpose to touch and arouse.

Mr. St. John appears to be perfectly familiar with Welsh scenery, and many of his descriptions of nature are capital, having the particularity of nice observation and the warmth of a patriotic feeling. His acquaintanceship with the principles as well as with the events of the *movement* selected seems for a theme to be no less accurate and minute; for although wide allowance is to be granted to the fictionist, he keeps very faithfully to the facts, at the same time, that the unhesitatingly decided tone of the book looks as not only every thing told by him were in the most entire good faith, but had come to his knowledge

through an authentic and an exclusive channel. His opinions and facts have often a prospective and predictive relation to Rebeccaism, being suggestive of important views; although it is not very obvious what are the writer's sentiments, or in what way his sympathies, politically speaking, tend. However, as we are no warm friends of novels in which either points of religious faith or the doctrines of partisanship are inculcated, the uncertainty about his creed forms no drawback to the tale, it being otherwise fluent, rapid, full of bustle, and altogether a very readable and attractive work.

As already stated, we are not going to perplex ourselves or to destroy the interest of our readers, by revealing the nature of the story concocted by Mr. St. John. It may be enough merely to say that it is not so skilfully contrived as many of the parts would lead one to anticipate,—that we have frequently served up to us materials that are quite stale in the novel-market,—and that in many of the more romantic passages the colouring as well as the issues are melo-dramatic and highly improbable. Our first specimen is one of description, giving an account of a night-march.

> The travellers proceeded in the direction of the fishermen. They skirted the broad sheet of water as they had been directed; and coming up to the stake, around which a quantity of sea-weed had gathered, rendering it a sort of directing post, they entered the first channel of the river, and easily traversed it. But, as ill-luck would have it, they had now reached that hour of the night at which, through all seasons of the year, a dense white mist pours down along the streams of Wales, presenting a most striking spectacle to those who view them without danger and at their ease. Long columns of vapour, issuing forth from between the foldings of the distant hills, move down slowly towards the sea, not clearing away behind as they advance, but expanding themselves till they cover the whole length of the river.
>
> As they are never broader, however, than the surface of the water, you may, where the river flows through numerous channels, frequently count six or seven of these columns, now meeting, now separating, according to the course of the water below; and when, as on the present occasion, the moon shines brightly upon them, they appear like so many ridges of snow stretching along the summits of the Alps. Under one of these columns the fishermen were now concealed; and Denzil and Pierre Ponce found themselves on a broad sand-bank, surrounded on all sides by thick walls of mist which concealed from their view every thing but the sky and moon. They therefore knew not which way to proceed; but, directing their course almost at random, traversed another channel of the river, and emerged out of the fog into a second island, still surrounded by curtains of white vapour as before. Supposing themselves to be in the neighbourhood of the persons of whom they were in search, they now raised their voices together, and shouted with all their might. No answer, however, was returned. They began, in consequence, to be considerably perplexed. In almost whatever way they moved, they found their footing so tremulous and insecure, that it was clear they were surrounded by no little danger. Under any other cir-

cumstances, they might have admired the prospect. The whole surface of the sand, as far as they could see, was ribbed or variegated by innumerable little wavy lines, and sprinkled thick with shells of different colours, in some places dry, in others filled with water, which reflected the moonlight like so many fragments of a mirror. Here and there were small, shallow, pellucid ponds, through which shoals of diminutive fishes darted hither and thither like shadows.

Upon the sinuous and fleecy summits of the vapour columns as they rolled past them, they observed a phenomenon of singular beauty: the wreaths of mist, pervaded and impregnated, as it were, by the moon's rays, assumed occasionally the appearance of a lunar rainbow, when one limb only of the arch meets the eye. But neither the strangeness nor the beauty of these phenomena could extort more than a passing thought from our travellers; who, penetrated by the cold, and beginning to entertain some apprehensions for their safety, would have considered nothing so charming at that moment as the faces of the Welsh fishermen peering from the mist. Completely bewildered, as it seemed extremely dangerous to move in any direction, they once more raised their voices to the utmost pitch; and this time imagined they heard an answering shout; but no assistance arriving, they concluded it must be a sand-echo. They then cautiously approached the river on another side, and entering the water, forded it with considerable ease. But on emerging from the fog, they found themselves in the island they had previously quitted, as they discovered by their own footsteps. Meanwhile, the cold of the night was intense. Their hands were so benumbed, that they could scarcely grasp their sticks; and their bare feet felt, as they fell upon the sand, as if literally scorched by the cold. Their voices, however, were still loud; and they did not spare them, more especially as, from a certain sound in the river below, they began to imagine the tide was coming in. The fact was as they feared. Numerous sea-birds, which follow the motions of the sea, careered, landward over their heads, screaming joyously as they flew.

Our other sample affords an inkling of the masterful and strong-handed way in which the Chartists bore themselves in the course of their outrages.

"My lord, we are in search of hospitality, and your reputation as a liberal and generous host having reached us, we have given you the preference before all the other gents in the neighbourhood. All we desire, however, is a little rest and refreshment, which I am sure your lordship will hardly refuse to men in our situation."

While the spokesman was delivering this speech, a number of grim and swarthy faces were pressed close between the bars of the gate, whose glaring eyes and half-opened mouths, somewhat extended by a ferocious grin, they suggested the idea of so many cannibals. The crowd behind, hustling each other, pushing, kicking, and struggling to get a peep at the gentleman in the court, uttered meanwhile incessant imprecations, and exhibited their arms, with the design, no doubt, of hastening his lordship's decision. But their policy was less successful than they anticipated. Relying partly on

the strength of his defences, and partly on his own courage, Lord Caerleon replied,

"If food be really what you require, remain quietly where you are, and your wants shall be amply supplied, though were I to refuse compliance with your wishes, expressed under such circumstances, I imagine I should scarcely be open to the charge of inhospitality."

"But, my lord," rejoined the man in the cloak, "I have said that we are fatigued as well as hungry, and your house is sufficiently spacious to accommodate our whole party. Let us in, therefore, since what we ask as a favour we can take if it be refused."

"Friend," observed his lordship, "you may possibly miscalculate a little. We are well armed, and on our guard. I am not disposed, however, to bandy menaces with you. All I can say is, that to refreshments you are welcome; but as there happens just now to be a large party of ladies in the house, that, if there was no other reason, would determine me to refuse your request to be admitted."

"Ladies!" returned the man; "why, what are they that they should be alarmed at the approach of their fellow-creatures? My lord, I am surprised at your method of reasoning. You see these men here. They are composed of exactly the same clay as these ladies, and when the machine stops they will return to the same dust. I really, my lord, can perceive no distinction between these several parts of humanity. However, it shall be just as your lordship pleases. Come in we certainly shall—with your consent, if you think proper to give it, but without if you refuse."

"Friend or Foe?" is a decided improvement over Miss Pickering's earlier novels. She had ere now taken an advanced position among the favourites of the day; but it is especially pleasant to find her still climbing to a firmer and a higher footing; not resting content to compare herself with inferiors or even with herself, but nobly aspiring. At one time we feared lest her facility and fluency should result in feebleness and repetition; but the best of proofs are before us to show that she strengthens both in respect of the nature and the compactness of matter, at the same time that the composition becomes more easy and finished. Her fecundity is not owing to carelessness nor her polish to superficiality. She is too much in earnest, too deeply occupied with her subject, to act falsely with it, or regardlessly of coming reputation.

The plot of "Friend or Foe?" is sufficiently complicated as well as progressive, at the same time that it has emphasis and scope to admit of a fine artistic structure. We could have wished that the authoress had tasked her genius a little more exactingly in regard to incident and situation; for she possesses the ability to evolve to the very uttermost any conception, and the healthy taste to recommend the inherent sentiment without exaggeration or a tinge of false colouring. Her tales are absorbing; but we think this arises rather from the admirable management of them in detail, than either from the obvious susceptibility of the plot, or the consistent originality of scene and

character. However, it would be too much to look for absolute perfection from a rising writer. Unquestionably she enjoys the rare faculty for composing a regular novel,—one that will better the heart and exalt the imagination, while the lessons taught are singularly effective.

We regret that we have not left ourselves room for any adequate extract. It is in the nature and constructive linking of Miss Pickering's works to forbid satisfactory quotation within very narrow limits, although you cannot alight upon a page in "Friend or Foe?" that will not arrest you, and tempt you onward and onward till the whole be read.

ART. XIV.—*Proportion, or the Geometric Principle of Beauty Analyzed.* By D. R. HAY, Decorative Painter to the Queen. Edinburgh. Blackwood.

MR. HAY continues to pursue his speculations into the principles of beauty and symmetry. His first work on this branch of study was entitled "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to Interior Decorations, Manufactures, and other Useful Purposes;" and it has reached a fourth edition. His next, which appeared last year, was on "The Natural Principles and Analogy of the Harmony of Form." The third, following out his theory, is before us; and is illustrated by a number of remarkable plates. "A series of Diagrams upon the same principles, with the diaper designs resulting from them" is to follow, in order to complete the author's doctrine and to indicate the extensive practical benefits which are likely to result from it.

The theory and the striking manner in which Mr. Hay has pressed and elucidated it, appear to be beginning to attract the notice both of scientific men and of Professors of Arts. We cannot do better, in order to point out the principles which have guided him, than to quote a passage from the introduction to the work on Colouring. Mr. Hay there says:—

In my search for examples of harmonious colouring, in interior decorations, I found the most perfect were generally to be met with in the houses of amateurs, or lovers of the higher branches of the art of painting, whose knowledge of the qualities which constitute the excellence of colouring in pictures had enabled them to impart a degree of the same excellence to the decoration of their mansions. I therefore made it my study to become acquainted with the laws of harmonious colouring, as exemplified in the works of the most eminent artists. Here a little investigation sufficed to convince me that these laws were not made by the great artists who had given such splendid examples of their power, but were founded on certain and natural principles, and were applicable to colours generally, under whatever circumstances they are presented to the eye. In short, I found that the organs of

sight were equally susceptible of pain and pleasure with those of hearing or taste, from the degree and mode of irritation produced upon them; and that colours, like sounds and flavours, were rendered more pleasing by being harmoniously mixed and graduated, than when distinct and uniform.

The great additional beauty, therefore, which the harmonious combination of tints has given to the most splendid works of art, and the certainty that these combinations were pointed out by the laws of optics, induced me to attempt their application to the humble, yet useful art which I profess; and in order that I may be the more easily and generally understood, I have adapted them to house-painting, and other decorations, in the same manner in which they seem to have been applied in the works of the most eminent artists in all ages. This has been done with the best effects by eminent writers on *external decorations*; and surely if the face of nature can be improved by attention to the laws of harmonious colouring, as displayed in works of art, the same may with safety be applied to the improvement of the interior decorations of houses.

Colours, when arranged according to these laws, must be a quality of visible beauty more easily recognised than even symmetry of form, and must be equally agreeable to all, according to the correctness and sensibility of their organs of sight, because the pleasure thus derived is merely sensual, and being founded on natural principles cannot be reckoned a mere matter of taste.

Mr. Hay must be quite correct when he says that colours must be a quality of visible beauty more easily recognised than symmetry of form. Still, while admitting that it is more difficult to ascertain and illustrate physical laws that govern the *harmonies* in this department of optics, he maintains that "the impressions made upon the eye by forms are really founded upon natural principles, and that the proportions and peculiarities of form which produce the most pleasing impressions are in reality, as well as appearance, dictated by nature and art, being a response to these principles in the human mind." His theory, therefore, dispenses with the long received and generally adopted doctrine, that what is called the beautiful and sublime in nature and in art depend for their power over us, and the pleasure they yield to the mind, upon association of ideas solely. This conclusion, our author, following the dictates of his senses, entirely abandons, and seeks to prove it to be contradicted by the harmonies, whether these belong to colour, form, or sound. The discussion accordingly leads into a consideration of analogies as well as of direct principles and laws. He then goes into an examination of the homogeneous parts of the harmony of form, which are three, each consisting of lines, the *straight*, the *crooked*, and the *curved*. But the volumes in which these and other propositions are demonstrated must be consulted ere the reader can obtain a sufficient idea of the reasoning and elucidation by which the doctrine, whether direct or analogical, is developed. We now come to the work more immediately before us, viz. "On Proportion, or the Geometric Principle of Beauty." says Mr. Hay,—

Proportion in its simplest mode is to form what time is to music, or measure to poetry; but in its more complex mode, it is to form what grammar is to language, or harmony to music. Proportion may be in the relative sizes of two or more objects—the relative dimensions that the length bears to the breadth of an object—the relative obtusity or acuteness of various angles—the relative degrees of curvature in various objects, or in the parts of one object, or, it may be, in the general relation that various forms bear to one another in rendering their combinations harmonious. Proportion is, in short, that geometrical quality in forms and figures by which they are rendered pleasing to the sense of sight, independently of their use or any other consideration.

Mr. Hay follows up this statement with regard to the sense of sight, by entering upon a description of the structure of the organ, and an investigation into the manner in which geometrical configurations act upon it. He thus expresses himself:

"The effects of geometrical configuration on the eye are, in the first instance, regulated by the relation they bear to the conformation of that organ itself; hence the soft influence of those of the curved kind, and the acute and more powerful effect of those whose outlines are composed of angles. On the mode of proportioning these elements of form to the combination of various figures, their effect upon the eye depends—when a proper mode is adopted, geometric beauty is the result, while the adoption of an improper mode results in deformity.

"The first principle and most simple element of geometric beauty is proportion, and this quality cannot exist without variety; for there can be no proportion in one simple homogeneous part, nor in the repetition of such a part. The smallest number of parts by which this element is attainable are two, and the greatest number three. The first is the relation that the length bears to the breadth, and the second is the relative quantity of the three kinds of configuration that are produced by the straight, the angled, and the curved line; the various combinations of which elements lead to infinite variety. Those dimensions must relate to one another agreeably to mathematical laws, which are responded to by an inherent principle in the human mind, correlative to them and regulating every effort of external nature upon our senses. This may be called the first principle of taste in regard to figure, and is possessed by mankind in every phase of variety, and when it developes itself in any high degree, it constitutes genius.

Much of the discussion which follows is too dry and intricate to be easily rendered intelligible in abridgement. He endeavours to explain that the simple homogeneous figures correspond not only with the primary colours but the primary parts of sound, and also that other conformations correspond with secondary colours as well as other notes in music. A number of figures are introduced to aid the illustrations, such as the square and other rectangles, the circle and other cuvilines, the triangle, and certain polyons. The investigation and argument carry the author forward to the subject of

"Geometry of Harmony," where he concludes "that harmony in music has a geometrical proportion, and that the division of the vibratory body, and consequently the vibrations it produces, is the most simple, and at the same time, the most comprehensive, that could be adopted." In this same section he explains himself in the following manner more at length:—

"We must now turn to the geometry of harmony, in order to find, and more easily to comprehend and systematize, the harmony of geometry. This geometry of harmony, as I have before observed, has formed an interesting branch of natural philosophy, and its laws have been fully demonstrated and established. They are as follows:—The perfect absence of sound is silence, from which point sound commences by the most sonorous, or the gravest, kind, and ends at the other extreme—the most acute. The one is called the lowest, and the other the highest sound; but as each loses its distinction in silence, these extremes may be said to meet. Natural philosophers have proved that sound is produced by the air being put into a state of undulation, either by the vibration of an elastic body, or of a column of the air itself; and as this undulation does not produce a tone appreciable by the human ear until the vibrations that produce it reach the rapidity of 32 in a second, and that the extreme of appreciable acuteness is almost attained when those vibrations have rached the rapidity of 16,384 in the same period, the range of human perception in regard to sound may be divided into 16,384 parts. This branch of natural philosophy is called acoustics, and by it harmony of sound has been ascertained to depend upon a certain arithmetical division of those vibrations, and that this division bears an inverse ratio to the geometrical division of the body by which the vibrations are produced. For instance, suppose the string of a harp, or any other musical string, to be put into a state of vibration, and if it were of the proper length, thickness, and tension to give 512 vibrations in a second, the sound thus produced would be middle C of the musical scale, or that note which stands intermediately in the range of human perception between the gravest and most acute sounds.

Mr. Hay urges that the only kind of harmony, with which philosophy has made us acquainted, and which constitutes the beautiful in sound, owes its excellence to an adherence to certain geometrical rules, which act mechanically upon the ear, the atmosphere being the medium, whatever be the body which by its vibrations produces the sound,—whether a column of air, or the hardest stone. But it is universally admitted that the eye is as susceptible of what is proportioned or deformed, or, in other words, beautiful or ugly in form, as the ear is to what is harmonious or discordant in sound; and therefore the conclusion is obvious as respects the natural laws, and geometrical configuration upon the organ of sight.

There is a section on the "Harmony of Geometry," as well as that upon the "Geometry of Harmony," from which we have just been quoting; and also another on the "Harmonic Ratios of Numbers;" the theory developed in these sections being that, to a great extent,

which Plato propounded in his discoursing on the the music of beautiful forms.

The most interesting parts and things in the present work are the plates and diagrams by means of which Mr. Hay distinctly indicates how his theory may be practically applied,—how harmonic configurations, although they have no object, may prove suggestive of important subjects. Speaking of certain of his diagrams, in which polygons and lines from every angle are drawn to every other angle, we have these observations.

Such combinations of lines may be termed *capriccios* in the harmony of form; which, although they display every variety of figure harmoniously arranged, have no subject, and are consequently mere exemplifications of dexterity. Yet are they suggestive of subjects, especially in mere ornamental design, and I shall, therefore, add other *four* compositions—or more properly combinations—of this kind. They are of a totally opposite character, being angular arrangements of the homogeneous curve, while the former may be termed circular arrangements of the homogeneous angle. These combinations may be multiplied to any extent, and the result never be otherwise than pleasing while the harmonic ratios are attended to. It will be observed in these diagrams, that, as the straight line assumed the appearance of the curve in the circular mode of combination, so does the curve assume the appearance of the straight line in those combinations that are angular.

We are aware that our readers can obtain but a very inadequate idea of Mr. Hay's theory, and of the closeness and completeness with which he expounds it, from the fragmentary notices that we have now given of his volumes, and the passages cited. It will, however, have served a good purpose if what we have presented should send readers to the works themselves, and still better if the propositions therein laid down and elucidated, should lead to such consultation and examination as to result not only in a clear understanding of principles, but a practical application in the *useful* as well as the *liberal* pursuits. It must be of the greatest moment in these departments to have art placed on strict, unvarying, and intelligible foundations,—to have the reciprocities of the principles, and of the rules thence deduced, clearly perceived and ascertained,—and thus to have infallible directories not merely to the philosophical apprehension of the subject, but to the daily obedience to sound laws both in the details of many branches of secular life and in the creations of genius.

Mr. Hay himself is unquestionably a man of genius, and capable of sustained speculation in spheres though high, that disdain not to stoop to earth and the exigencies of humanity. Originality is one of the truest tests of genius; nor are ardour, perseverance, and modest confidence to be discarded in the estimate of him who is a discoverer or inventor; all which belong to our author. Already, we

believe, his theory, with his development of it, is working its way among amateur artists, and even among humbler orders of men, ranking them according to the conventionalities of ramified society; and, had we nothing else to go by when attempting to measure his capacity and to characterize his accomplishments, we might safely invite attention to the dignified strength and the tasteful elegance of his literary style, admirably shaping itself as it does, to the doctrines taught and the ends contemplated.

ART. XV.—*Statistics of Bethlem Hospital, with Remarks on Insanity.* By JOHN WEBSTER, M.D.

THE contents of this pamphlet were read, June 27th, 1843, before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and are of such importance in considering the subject of insanity—now occupying so much of public as well as professional attention—as to claim from us some space in our pages. Besides the statistical report of the principal occurrences met with at Bethlem Hospital, extending over a long series of years, Dr. W. offers some general remarks on insanity, followed by an account of the chief pathological changes of structure observed on the dissection of seventy-two insane patients which have been recently performed in the Hospital.

Dr. Webster brings forward several tables recently compiled from the registers of the institution mentioned. "According to the ancient records fortunately still preserved in the archives of Bethlem Hospital, it appears that 22,897 insane persons, exclusive of incurable and criminal lunatics, have been admitted into the above asylum since the year 1683." Our author, however, confines himself to the detail of the principal occurrences met with in that charity during the last hundred years, commencing the first of January 1743, and terminating with the 31st of December, 1842. The number of patients received, the total amount of cures, the actual deaths reported, and the percentage calculated on each, are enumerated under separate heads, embracing, however, different periods of twenty years in each division. The doctor adds that the returns are all taken from authentic public documents, and without reference to any preconceived theory.

The first table inserted presents the five different periods of the hundred years, giving the numbers *admitted*, *cured*, and *died*. We cite some of the observations suggested by the table:

By the preceding statement, the number of insane patients received into Bethlem Hospital during the latter half of the eighteenth century appears to have varied very little from the previous average, although, during the early part of the present century, the actual numbers admitted, from various causes, which it is now unnecessary to particularize, indicate a

material diminution; in fact, the total admissions during the twenty years ending the 31st December, 1822, scarcely exceed half the amount of patients treated in Bethlem Hospital during the same series of years immediately preceding; whilst the aggregate number of curable lunatics received into that charity, for the twenty years terminating the 31st December, 1842, was more than doubled; being 4,404 in the latter, and only 2,149 in the former period. Nevertheless, this remarkable decrease in the amount of insane patients admitted at this asylum, during the early part of the current century, compared with the number received during the last, and also the twenty years just terminated, was temporary, and confined to this institution; since, at the time when this considerable defalcation in the admissions was noticed at Bethlem Hospital, so great an increase, compared with the amount of insane patients previously received into the wards of St. Luke's, then took place, that the augmented number at the latter, almost counterbalance the decrease reported at the former institution.

Our author observes further, that according to the documents it cannot be asserted, that mental alienation prevailed less frequently in London, during the early part of the present century than it did previously, or has done more recently; and also that the uniformly increasing proportion of patients discharged cured, as well as the diminished ratio of mortality, as shown by the tables, are points deserving of particular notice.

The next important statement to which we direct attention, regards the prevalence of mental disease among women as compared with men. The excess of females admitted at the Hospital is 47 per cent. more than males; and speaking generally of the metropolis it is about 35 or 40 per cent. But then the tables also show that mania proves less fatal to women than to the other sex; the ratio of the recoveries in the case of the former being 9 per cent. more than in that of the latter; while of the males the deaths exceed those of the females by 2 per cent. Besides,—

It is curious to find the same conclusions borne out by the results met with among the insane patients classed as incurable. Thus, on that list, 70 male, and 80 female lunatics were admitted into Bethlem Hospital, during the twenty years ending the 31st of last December, and although all were considered confirmed maniacs at the time of their reception, 18 women were actually discharged cured, whilst only six men in the same class of patients left the house convalescent. The results being, that 22½ per cent. of the incurable female patients recovered, and only 8 4-7 per cent. of the male lunatics similarly affected. It is also interesting to mention, that the average deaths were even less numerous among the incurable women than men, of whom 31 patients died, being at the rate of 44⅛ per cent.; whilst among the incurable females, 34 died, or 42½ per cent. upon the admissions. From which data it consequently appears, that among 100 incurable female lunatics similarly affected, there were two deaths less than among the same number of incurable male patients.

The previously entertained opinion, therefore, respecting the greater frequency and also the curability of insanity, when women are attacked, than when men are the victims, is confirmed by the statistics of Bethlem Hospital. We proceed with our author to other striking facts and results. Thus,—the instances of self-destruction are now much less frequent among the insane than formerly, although the patients enjoy greater freedom, and although allowed more unreservedly to use dangerous tools in their various occupations. It at the same time appears that the propensity to suicide has been greater in the female than in the male lunatics. Again, more patients formerly escaped from the institution, notwithstanding the strait-waistcoat and more stringent system than now obtains. And again, there are curious results with regard to the longevity of the insane,—the female victims being more likely to attain old age than the males under similar circumstances. Still keeping to Bethlem, we have this statement:—

Among the incurable men now in that establishment, seven were inmates prior to 1830, and have been so ever since; whilst on the female side, seventeen incurable patients come within a similar category. Of the latter sex, one patient has continued insane upwards of fifty years; forty-nine of which she has constantly passed in Bethlem Hospital; another female lunatic has been insane for forty-five years, and an inmate of the charity during thirty-six; and a third individual belonging to the same class has been in the asylum during thirty-eight years, having lost her reason a year before. On the other hand, although the results met with among the incurable male lunatics are somewhat different, the facts nevertheless show, that the opinion previously expressed respecting the patients' prospect of longevity, notwithstanding the existence of insanity, is supported by ample experience. Thus, of the seven male lunatics reported insane previous to 1830, one has been an inmate of Bethlem Hospital during forty-three years, another thirty-eight, and a third for the same period; but respecting the length of time they have been actually insane, the registers are silent. From these data, it may very fairly be assumed, that in most cases the expectation of life is greater among incurable female lunatics, *cæteris paribus*, than among male patients; although the mental disease of the patient has actually assumed a confirmed character.

Dr. Webster's account of the chief pathological phenomena observed on the dissections that have recently been prepared in the Hospital will, of course, be particularly attended to by the medical profession; many points, notwithstanding all that has been effected in this department of science, especially by the French, still requiring further elucidation. It seems that it has become customary to examine the bodies of most of the patients who die in the institution, as well as to preserve an account of the pathological appearances observed. Our author has not described in his synopsis the symptoms characterising the mental disease of the numerous cases, the pheno-

mena having been witnessed by Mr. Lawrence the surgeon of the charity, and preserved in his reports. The cases, 72 in number, have been examined since the commencement of the year 1837. We do not cite any of the consecutive and unselected series, but merely the general statement appended by Dr. Webster.

Respecting the seventy-two examinations described in the preceding pages, the following general statement may be given of the pathological changes of structure observed in the head. In 59 cases, there was infiltration of the pia mater. In 59, turgidity of the blood-vessels of the brain and membranes. In 41, effusion of water in the ventricles. In 27, water was met with at the basis of the brain. In 19, bloody points on the cut surfaces of the medullary substance. In 16, thickening and opacity of the arachnoid coat. In 14, the colour of the medullary or cortical substance of the brain was altered from its natural hue to brown, pink, grey, violet, ochre, or white. And in 13 cases, there was an effusion of blood in the brain. Besides these diseased appearances, various other alterations of structure were met with in particular patients; such as effusion of pus on the brain; changed consistence of its texture; greater dryness than usual of the membranes; flattening, a shrunk, or a swollen state of the organ itself; with other changes different from a normal condition; for an account of which I would refer to the synopsis, to avoid superfluous repetition.

Although diseased alterations of structure were not so frequently met with in the organs of the chest as in the brain and its membranes, nevertheless, 55 insane persons in the above list of dissections exhibited changes of a morbid description in the thorax. Indeed, the apparent cause of death, in many of the patients, could be clearly traced to disease in the organs of respiration. Of the 55 instances of pectoral disease met with, on examining the bodies after death, 43 cases showed either recent or old adhesions in the chest, and 31 had the lungs consolidated. In 24, suppuration had commenced. In 15, the pleura or lungs bore marks of recent or previous inflammation. In 12 cases, there was effusion of lymph into the pleura, &c. In 9, considerable effusion into the bronchi and air passages. In 9, the lining membrane of the trachea and bronchi was deep red. In 8, tubercles were met with. In 6, the lungs had assumed a dark, or blackish tint. And in 7, the lungs did not collapse when the chest was opened. Besides these diseased alterations of structure, others were noticed, which it is unnecessary again to particularize, as they are amply described in the previous synopsis.

Respecting the morbid appearances which the abdominal viscera exhibited on dissection, the instances of diseased alteration of structure in any of the patients were so few, as scarcely to admit of many remarks. However, it is right to state, that the liver was found to be effected in five cases; dropsical effusion had taken place in three patients; and in three other cases, there appeared decided marks of recent and violent inflammation of the contents of the abdomen; in two of which examples, the intestines had actually given way, so as to allow fecal matter to escape into the peritoneal cavity; and a similar result would have likely supervened in the other case of intestinal inflammation, had the patient lived for a longer time.

These facts and observations will, as Dr. Webster notices, have a special interest for "the Anatomists," as well as the other party among pathological physicians, called "the Vitalists." Our author inclines to the doctrine of the former.

ART. XVI.—*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century; with an Introduction and Text.* By HENRY GALLY KNIGHT, Esq., F.R.S., and F.S.A. H. G. Bohn.

ONE of the most noticeable *movements* of the present day concerns ecclesiastical good order. We do not on this occasion allude to religious doctrine or innovation, to polemical controversy about particular points of faith, the soundness of creeds, or even the forms of worship. Nay, we shall not touch on the subject of psalmody, and the general interest that has been excited, relative to the rising generation, and the harmonious skilful use of the human voice in celebrating the praises of the Most High. Our attention is confined to matters that are still more external, or, as some may deem, altogether unessential, perhaps, they will add, superstitious. We point to the architecture of our churches; to the number of new places of worship that are being erected, say in the Anglican Establishment; to the stir and the efforts to restore our ancient, but dilapidated sacred fanes, even to the minutest tracery and the purest style which the edifice may at first have presented, and just as it came from the hands of its cunning artificers; to the nice attention that in certain quarters is paid to what may be termed ecclesiastical costume; to the symbolism of churches, &c., &c. We find that there is a growing veneration in respect of monuments and epitaphs for the dead,—a more indignant denunciation of the wilful ruinous deeds of multitudes who have lived in the days of the Reformation, and of the Great Rebellion,—in short, a more enlightened chastisement of the secular desecrations that have marked the spirit of past generations.

It is a welcome thing to find this growing reverence extending not only to the walls, the monuments, the epitaphs, the altars, and the crosses of our churches, (we have nothing to do with Puseyism or any other religious creed in this paper) but to the very church-yards, albeit it belong to an humble village. Wordsworth has said that "A village church-yard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the modes practised by the Ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the Sabbath day in rural places, are profitably chastened by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful

yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both."

How important in a sense bearing upon the mending and mellowing of the heart, upon religious sentiment and association, must be a cherished reverential regard for the church of our forefathers, for the graves, the monuments, and the epitaphs that have hallowed the interior and exterior of our temples! And how painful to the rightly attuned soul to behold such desecration as we find described in a paragraph of the contemporary number of "The Church Magazine."

"In various churches are to be seen, a number of fragments of ancient monumental slabs broken into shivers and lying without any order, in almost all parts of the sacred building. By the modern pew system many interesting stones have been partially or altogether secreted, beneath a flooring of wood. One instance was discovered of a narrow grave stone, of an antique character, with the holy sign of the cross deeply engraven upon it, removed from its ancient resting place, and hewn arch-wise, so as to supply the place of a window lintel. Will it be credited when it is said, that in one church, whenever the doors of the sacred edifice are opened, a fragment from a modern monument is applied as a door-prop? An instance is to be seen (I wish it may be a solitary one) in a church that has lately undergone a partial repair, where a number of ancient stones with marginal inscriptions have been cut in pieces and squared for a flooring. But two years ago, a visitor might have observed in another small country church, the recumbent effigy of a knight in armour—one who fought for the holy cross; but, in repairing this edifice, the venerable piece of antiquity was rudely broken in pieces, as if it had been an heathen idol! Alas! alas! for the brazen plates that have been irreverently torn from a thousand monuments. The beautiful chiselled effigies of a knight and lady which once rested, in a recumbent posture, in a more sacred part of a village church, may now be seen with other lumber, (entirely defaced by breakages and whitewash) thrown heedlessly behind the door of the sanctuary. It would be an easy matter to multiply in a tenfold degree, such instances as have been recorded, of irreverent desecrations of the monuments of the dead."

We return to the subject of Ecclesiastical Architecture, and to its condition and characteristics in Italy, as invited by Mr. Gally Knight, in the imperial folio named at the head of our paper. It is a volume of most imposing features, and must command a niche in national galleries, and on the shelves of the most munificent and enlightened lovers of art. The work is to consist of two portions, each containing *forty plates*. The part of the series before us includes the earlier periods of the time mentioned in the title; the second is to be published at the end of this year.

Mr. Knight's object has been to lay before the public the most remarkable specimens of an unbroken chain, "arranged in chronological order, and on a scale sufficiently large to afford a correct notion

of the buildings themselves, offering a series that will, at once, be interesting to the Christian, and illustrate the vicissitudes of Italian architecture from the *fourth* to the *fifteenth* century." "The drawings," he adds, "were all taken from the original buildings, expressly for this work, by artists of acknowledged merit and fidelity."

We believe it will be impossible to name a work which equally with the present elucidates the forms and beauties of ancient Italian architecture, beginning with the Primitive Churches, and showing its progress to the period mentioned; and therefore a more valuable and interesting publication of its class, to the Architect, the Churchman, and the Antiquary, it will be difficult to cite. We need hardly add,—that while in respect of scale, precision of detail, and exquisite finish, the engravings are in themselves highly desirable pictures, the "Introduction and Text" are in every sense worthy of the demands of the subject and of the reputation in the domains of art and literature of the author. Architecture could not have found more masterly knowledge, more lucid condensation, or a more chastened simplicity of explanation and expression. The composition warms whilst it informs, pleases while it purifies the judgment and taste.

Mr. Knight sets out in his compact Introduction with stating that it was in Italy where buildings set apart for Christian worship were first constructed in the form which, with some alterations and modifications, they have ever since retained; that Constantine built his first church at Rome, and that this was constructed on a plan, which was considered to be best adapted for the purpose contemplated; that Rome therefore was the birth-place of Christian ecclesiastical architecture; and that in Italy, and Italy alone, are still to be met with a succession of churches from the earliest times, and uninterruptedly carried on through after ages.

Previous to the reign of the first Christian emperor it is well known, that the professors met and worshipped in private houses and in obscure retreats,—in catacombs for example. But Constantine selected a plan [Gibbon is entirely wrong], without any reference either to the Temple of Jerusalem or the shape of the Cross. It was a secular building, viz. the Basilica, that was adapted on account of its suitable form for the purposes of worship. "The Basilica was an oblong, with a large semicircular recess at the end. Three fourths of the oblong composed a hall; the remainder was a transverse aisle which intervened between the hall and the semicircular recess. In all the larger Basilicas, the hall was divided by columns into three unequal parts, and these columns usually supported galleries above. Sometimes a roof covered the whole of the building; sometimes only the galleries."

The first two plates present to us "San Clemente, Rome," this being the only church in the world which retains the exact original form, illustrating the manner and order in which the service of the

Church was conducted in the earliest times. But we quote the text which accompanies the picture of San Paolo Fuori Le Mure, Rome, which is said to be the noblest of all the Basilicas. It was built by the emperor Theodosius, and his sons. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1823; but the drawing was taken before the conflagration.

The annexed engraving represents St. Paul's of Rome, as it existed previous to the conflagration of 1823. It is an exact copy of a drawing which was taken from the original building, and is offered here, as an interesting record of the most magnificent of all the Basilicas.

St. Paul's stands at the distance of about a mile and a quarter from Rome, on the way to Ostia. A small church had been previously built on the same situation, to mark the spot to which Lucina, a noble matron, was directed to have conveyed the body of St. Paul. The Emperor Theodosius, wishing to pay a more suitable tribute to the Apostle, resolved to substitute a splendid Basilica in place of the humble edifice. The rescript addressed to the Prefect of Rome, in the year 386, which conveys the imperial commands on this subject, has been preserved by Baronius.

In order to enlarge the dimensions of the fabric, it was necessary to divert a road, which in those days came close up to the old church. When this was done, the church was turned entirely round; that is to say, the entrance into the new church was placed where the chancel of the old church was situated—a sufficient proof, that in those days, it was considered to be a matter of indifference which end the chancel pointed.

The Basilica was commenced by Theodosius, and finished by his sons Arcadius and Honorius. The Basilica was 419 feet in length, and 217 feet wide. There were two spacious aisles on each side of the nave. The nave itself was 80 feet wide from pillar to pillar.

The noble colonnade, on each side the nave, was composed of pillars taken from earlier buildings; pillars, of the finest and rarest marbles—Greek, Phrygian, African—but matching each other only in height, and having some of them, Corinthian capitals of their own, while, in others, the capitals were replaced by capitals of the time. In an earlier building this colonnade would have supported an unbroken entablature, producing the long lines of line, which was the governing principle of classical architecture. But in St. Paul's, and all similar buildings, the entablature was replaced by a series of round arches.

The two columns of Pastil are those which supported the triumphal arch were each of them, shaft and capital included, 45 feet high.

It will be observed that the walls, which the pillars of the nave support, carried up, as they are, to an unusual height, have the effect of crushing the colonnade beneath.

The windows were large and numerous. It was reserved for after ages to call in the aid of a mysterious darkness.

The roof was of wood. When the church was first built, the beams and rafters were concealed by a flat ceiling of gilt panels. Prudentius speaks of the brilliant effect of the *laquearia* of this edifice. But the original roof was injured by an earthquake in 801, and when it was restored by Innocent II. in 1120, the gilded panels were not renewed.

The walls were decorated with marbles, frescoes, and Mosaics. The Mosaic above the triumphal arch was the donation of the Empress Galla Placidia, in the sixth century. The Mosaics of the tribune were added by Honorius III. in 1206; and the fine Mosaic in the gable, on the exterior of the building, was added by Alexander IV. in 1254.

The shrine in the pointed style was erected in 1205. It was the work of Arnulfus, a Roman sculptor.

The doors were of bronze; they were divided into compartments, and enriched with figures, representing scriptural subjects, and the principle events in the life of St. Paul. These doors were cast at Constantinople in 1070, under the superintendence of Hildebrand, then Abbot of St. Paul's, who was sent to Constantinople by Alexander II. in the capacity of Legate. Hildebrand afterwards became the famous Gregory VII.

To the south side of the Basilica were attached cloisters, which still exist. These cloisters were built by two successive abbots of the adjoining monastery; Abbot Peter II. and Abbot John V., who governed the monastery from 1193 to 1241. The cloisters are composed of small pillars, supporting round arches, above which is a kind of entablature. Both the pillars and the entablature are enriched with Mosaics.

Roman Catholic perseverance is now restoring St. Paul's in a style of great magnificence; but the new building will be without the association of ages, which added so much to the imposing effect of the Basilica Theodosiano.

A variety of interesting features and particulars are described by Mr. Knight, relative to Basilicas;—the Crypt with its associations with the tomb, with the graves of martyrs, and with the practice of visiting these solemn abodes. Notice is also taken of the models for churches occasionally selected from the temples of ancient Rome; and of Baptisteries, which in early periods were separate buildings. "The Baptistery of Constantine, Rome," built in the 5th century, is the subject of one of the plates. It is an appendage to San Giovanni, Laterano," and received the name it bears from the Lateran Palace, within the precincts of which it stands, having been given by Constantine to the successors of St. Peter.

We must not omit mentioning that it is not certain at what time, or by whom the form of the Basilica was so far altered as to impart to churches the symbolical shape of the Cross; but it appears to be quite a mistake to suppose that it was originally selected by Constantine, or other than an after modification.

Notice is taken of the Greek plan of church-building at Constantinople by our author in his comprehensive but succinct introduction. The square with the noble addition of the dome, were here prominent features. "There was to be a difference in everything." "The square might equally represent a cross of which all the limits are equal; and in this lies the difference between the Greek Cross and that of the Latins." The Greeks themselves introduced their plan into Italy. The first appearance of the Byzantine style in the west

was built by the Emperor Justinian, "San Vitale, Ravenna," being the specimen, and figured in the work before us. It was so much admired by Charlemagne that he copied it in the chapel which he built at Aix-la-Chapelle.

After his observations on the plan and position of the primitive churches, Mr. Knight proceeds to describe the style of architecture employed in their construction and decoration. This style was, at first necessarily Roman, and the best which the then state of the arts could produce, which however had degenerated, and all the ornaments were confined to the interiors.

The brief review instituted by our author, after his notices of the primitive churches, carrying us over the centuries embraced by his work, enables the reader to mark the leading events which had an influence upon the ecclesiastical architecture of Italy, and to trace the changes of style which gradually took place. One remark is here important:—"In Italy, such was the force of old habits, that at different times, in various parts of the country, and amidst all the corruptions and changes of style, the classical was occasionally resumed. When this was done, it arose from the old materials, the marbles and the pillars, the remains of deserted temples and theatres, which the architect had at command." The following description of "The Interior of the Duomo of Pisa," (paying little regard as we at present do to consecutive events and periods) shows that one of the most magnificent monuments of the Middle Ages, owed much of its extraordinary character, if not to the remains of classic ages, at least to the spoils of other people.

The Duomo of Pisa is one of the most remarkable monuments of the Middle Ages; exhibiting a degree of architectural excellence which had not been approached for centuries, and which, if it eventually assisted to produce a general improvement in the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, remained for long not only unrivalled, but alone, in its superiority. The fact is that for that superiority, it was much more indebted to the genius of the individual by whom it was erected, than to any general amelioration which took place at the time.

Commercial enterprise, and naval achievements, had gradually conducted the Pisans to a height of prosperity and affluence. At length, in 1063, having engaged to assist the Normans in liberating Sicily from the yoke of the Saracens, the Pisans attacked Palermo with their fleet, broke the chain which protected the harbour, and returned to their own country with six of the enemy's largest vessels laden with rich merchandize. Triumphant, enriched, and flushed, they resolved to transmit to posterity a memorial of their success in the shape of a new Cathedral, which should at once do honour to God and their country. In the beginning of the year 1064, the first stone of the new Cathedral was laid, and the finished building was consecrated by Pope Gelasius II. in 1118; fifty-four years after the commencement of the work.

The name of the architect of this noble structure was, as is testified by his epitaph, still extant on the front of the building itself, Busketus. By

some it has been contended that Busketus was a Greek; but this opinion does not appear to rest on any solid grounds; and the best proof of the contrary is to be found in the duomo itself. When Greek architects were employed, as at Venice, they built the church on the square plan, which was invented at Constantinople; but the Duomo at Pisa is in the shape of the long Latin cross. There are two aisles on each side the nave. Transepts and a cupola over the intersection of the nave and the transepts!

The nave and aisles together are 100 feet in width; the whole internal length of the building is 311 feet; and the whole width, from the extremity of one transept to the extremity of the other, is 237 feet 4 inches.

In this church the principle of elevation has been successfully carried out; and, in this instance, the space between the arches and the roof is relieved by a gallery of noble proportions; above which, again, are windows.

The colonnade, on each side the nave, is magnificent. It consists of twenty-four columns of a single block, and of 24 feet 10 inches in height, with Corinthian capitals skilfully worked. The whole height of the columns, capital and base included, is 30 feet 10 inches.

An architrave, carved along the whole flank of the nave, between the arches and the gallery, reproduces the long horizontal line of the ancients, and completes the classic character of the building.

The whole effect of the interior is magnificent; and when we recollect how different was the style of the cotemporary buildings of Italy, our respect for Busketus will be proportionably increased. It must have been in conformity with the taste of the age that he introduced the alternate layers of white and red marble, of which the walls are composed.

The pointed arches under the cupola were introduced after a fire which destroyed the original cupola, and damaged the whole church. The fire took place in 1596, as usual from the carelessness of plumbers who were repairing the roof.

In the course of his review of the centuries, Mr. Gally Knight necessarily gives us the establishment of the Normans in Italy, with the great influence which they had, as mighty builders, upon the architecture of their time; so mighty, indeed, that the style of that period has received their name. Abiding still close by our author, we have to state that the Normans employed architects of Italian growth, and introduced nothing in the way of novelty but in details, and that the features were mostly additional ornaments both external and internal. When Italy became united to the new empire of the West, under the Carlovingian kings, ecclesiastical architecture, although it made little progress, did not materially degenerate. But when that line of monarchs became extinct in 875, there soon followed evidences of the subversion of the Lombard dynasty; and for a long period afterwards the course of the art was completely arrested. In Italy, however, by the eleventh century, the ecclesiastical spirit and forms exhibited signs of being in activity; continuing to be so, although during the century just now mentioned and the following, sculpture and painting remained in a deplorable condition.

We continue to glance at the Introduction for a moment longer, and have to record that in the 13th century the pointed style made its appearance in Italy, but that *round* forms continued to be blended with the *pointed*, so as to give to the later churches the appearance of that transition which characterizes the early churches in the pointed style in other countries. It is singular that the pointed style came into Italy from the North, when we know that it had been adopted by the Normans, in Italy, about two centuries before.

It is delightful, because it is satisfying as well as a tasteful exercise, to read Mr. Knight's historical sketch, and certainly not less is the effect produced by his description and notices of the particular specimens which are arrayed in his chronological series of plates. We have already presented two samples of his text, of the order of accompaniments, and regret that it is forbidden us to quote further, and still more seriously, that we cannot feast the head and heart with the pictures themselves spread out in the majestic volume. How gratifying would it be to conduct our readers to "Santa Costanza, Rome," the only ecclesiastical building which remains of the time of Constantine, and in which his daughter, Constantia, was buried. It was in this building that the superb Porphyry Sarcophagus was found, which now enriches the gallery of the Vatican. Or to travel from the Imperial and seven-hilled city, how analogous to the feelings with which Jerusalem is visited, would be the sepulchral chapel, "San Nazario E Celso, Ravenna," built by the Empress Galla Placidia, and containing the only tombs of the Cæsars which remain in their places! Follow our author and his artists to the "Tomb of Theodric," which the great man constructed for himself, and the dome of which being about 30 ft. in diameter, consists of a single stone!

But we must make a halt, for it is impossible in the *Monthly Review* to traverse, step along with our author and amateur. Rome alone is too large a subject for us, even within the domain of ecclesiastical architecture, yea, or of the history, and style, or features of any one of her ancient churches.

Take, however, an excursive view of the Queen of Cities, visioned by a classical tourist:—

She completed her godlike work, when influenced by her instructions and example Europe embraced Christianity. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed in a new and more august sense, the appellation of the Holy City, the *Light of Nations*, the *Parent of Mankind*. When in the course of the succeeding ages she was stripped of her imperial honours; when her provinces were invaded, and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace, and improvement was ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians, she again renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry and

displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, the wisdom, the perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and of barbarism, again diffused the blessings of Christianity over the Western world.

Nor is it to be objected," continues the classical tourist, "that the religion of Rome was erroneous, or that she kindled and enslaved her converts. The religion which Rome taught was Christianity. With it the convert received the Scriptures, the records of truth, and in the sacraments, the means of sanctification; in the creeds, the rule of faith; and in the commandments, the code of morality. In these are comprised all the belief and all the practices of a Christian, and to communicate these to a nation is to open to it the source of life and happiness. But whatever may be the opinions of my reader in this respect, he must admit, that the Latin muses which had followed the Roman eagles in their victorious flight, now accompanied her humble missionaries in their expedition of charity; and with them penetrated the swamps of Britain, the forests of Germany, and the mountains of Caledonia. Schools that vied in learning and celebrity with the seminaries of the south, rose in these benighted regions, and diffused the beams of science over the vast tracts of the north, even to the polar circles. Thus the predictions of the Roman poets were fulfilled, though in a manner very different from their conceptions; and their immortal compositions were rehearsed in the remote islands of the Hebrides, and in the almost impenetrable forests of Scandinavia.

At the same time, the arts followed the track of the muse, and the untutored savages saw, with surprise, temples of stone rise in their sacred groves, and arches of rock spread into a roof over their heads."

This is Eustace's eulogy, an enlightened professor of the Roman Catholic faith, who, speaking of that creed, says, "I am convinced "that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but, the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies." We are merely quoting, and proceed a little farther, in company with the Classical Tourist, closely bearing, as his observations do, upon the book and the subject in hand. While addressing himself more particularly to the churches of Rome, he declares that they form her peculiar modern glory, just as the Temples seem to have been the principal ornaments of the ancient city. He then proceeds thus:

Addison observes "that the Christian antiquities are so embroiled in fable and legend that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The portion of satisfaction to be derived from such researches depends upon the taste and views of the person who makes them; for as to fable and legend, I fancy there is a sufficient stock in heathen as well as in Christian antiquity, to puzzle and embroil an ordinary inquirer. However, notwithstanding the obscurity which ages and revolutions, ignorance, or folly, may have thrown over both these species of antiquity, the traveller as he wanders over the venerable *regions* of this wonderful city, so long the seat of Empire and Religion, will find a sufficient number of monuments, both sacred and

profane, to edify as well as to delight an unprejudiced mind. Among the former, the churches without doubt occupy the first rank, as some of them were erected in the era of Constantine, and many may ascribe their origin to the zeal of that Emperor himself or to that of his sons and their immediate successors.

In these edifices the constituent and essential parts remain the same as they were at the period of erection, and even the more solid and permanent ornaments still stand unaltered in their respective places. From them therefore we may learn, with some certainty, the form of Christian churches in the early ages, the position of the altar, of the episcopal chair, and of the seats of the clergy, together with the arrangement and furniture of the chancel and the choir. Moreover, some of these churches had been temples, and many were basilicæ or courts destined to public meetings, and may therefore contribute not a little to give us clearer ideas of the size and proportions of such buildings, particularly of the latter, and of the order observed in the assemblies held in them. We may perhaps from them be able to make some conjectures relative to the forms early established in Christian churches, and to judge how far the ancients may have thought proper to transfer the rules observed in civil assemblies to religious congregations.

In the next place, in the churches principally we may trace the decline and restoration of architecture, and discover thence which branches of that art were neglected, and which cultivated during the barbarous ages. These edifices were almost the only objects attended to and respected during that long period, and as most of the new were erected on the plans of the old, they became the vehicles, if I may be allowed the expression, by which some of the best principles of Roman architecture were transmitted to us.

Rome being at the head of the Christian Church, and for several centuries possessing unbounded influence over all the rest of Europe, created a great intercourse, and afforded the ecclesiastical dignitaries ample opportunities of becoming early acquainted with the forms of the Italian churches. Their zeal and vanity introduced similar edifices into the several countries where they resided, and through their means, the rage for building churches in a short time became general, and, no doubt, excessive.

Ecclesiastical architecture having been drawn from the same source, and diffused through Europe by the same description of characters, a general resemblance was preserved, yet the style of each country in this, as in other matters, owing to a variety of local and national circumstances, soon came to be distinguished by peculiar features. That of Italy retained the greatest resemblance to the Roman manner, and was seldom overloaded with ornaments. In the northern countries, the decorations became more redundant. In all of them, the attention was bestowed chiefly upon the western façade. At Pisa, Orvietto, and Sienna, in Italy, circular arcades and portico are frequent. Some are composed of columns, taken from Roman works, and others imperfect imitations. In Spain, the architecture

was strong and massive in its outlines, but decorated with minute ornaments of great delicacy, borrowed from the Moors.

During the reign of Charlemagne, many magnificent churches were erected; and the extent of his dominions served to give some degree of regularity to the operations of architecture. This, especially in France, formed no inconsiderable era.

We must close, but cannot well do so without abiding a moment longer with Mr. Knight, were it merely to note one or two of his remarks in the Preface to "An Architectural Tour in Normandy," which we had the pleasure to introduce to our readers some half dozen of years ago. He, in the passages referred to, suggests that it is not a little remarkable, considering the barbarous ignorance, the revolutionary madness, and even the ordinary casualties of time, that there should still exist so many specimens of ecclesiastical edifices, reared centuries ago,—during and before the Middle Ages, comparatively intact and undefaced. To be sure he is addressing himself particulary to Normandy, and to the specialties of the annals of that province; but his observations may fairly be taken in a wider sweep. After stating that the frequency of the destruction of churches, during bygone times, is only less extraordinary than the facility and celerity with which they were restored; that in the dark periods all towns as well as villages were invariably and exclusively constructed of wood; that local as well as general wars were constantly taking place; and that on these occasions fire was as regularly used as an engine of devastation as the sword; he goes on to observe that another source of change arose from prosperity itself, —from the wealth of the monastic fraternities, which enabled them to pull down and rebuild, (frequently at surprisingly short intervals) in order to increase the magnificence of their fabrics, or to fall in with the architectural fashion of the day.

It certainly is not an unwelcome conviction that the imperial folios which contain Mr. Gally Knight's specimens of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, are destined to preserve the primitive Christian churches, and their unbroken chain from oblivion, from the decay of a sufficient knowledge, and even from losing a hold on the admiration and venerating sentiments of the world.

One gladdening consideration more, the author of the present magnificent volume, from his lengthened experience and status in the House of Commons, as well as from his profound knowledge of architectural principles and practice, as these have been displayed at different eras and under the most favourable circumstances, from his amateurship, his enthusiasm, and finished taste, could not but be appointed one of the Commissioners selected by the Queen, for the duty of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken, "of the rebuilding of your Majesty's Palace at Westminster, wherein your Majesty's Parliament is wont to assemble, for the purpose of pro-

moting and encouraging the fine Arts in your Majesty's United Kingdom, and in what manner an object of so much importance might be most promoted." Such an appointment was full of promise, and the performances of the Commission have hitherto never belied their prestige.

NOTICES.

ART. XVIII.—*Tales of Glendoveer and other Poems.* By CATHARINE M. WILLIAMS.

Tales of Glendoveer, and other Poems, are printed for the Author, but were not originally intended for publication, being (as we are informed in a modest and touching Address) "to amuse the leisure hours of a prosperous and sunshiny existence." A severe reverse of fortune, however, has induced Miss Williams, who, we understand, wrote the principal pieces in the little volume while in her teens, to publish them for circulation amongst her friends, who no doubt will cheerfully patronise her unpretending efforts. We cannot do better for her than quote a few of the Introductory lines, which present a fair sample of the whole. The lines are descriptive, and have a feminine sweetness in them. Miss Williams, it will be seen, does not look upon railroads and such utilitarian innovations through a share-holding medium. Not she it is that will sing the praises of steam.

"Half up the gentle rising of a hill,
Dotted with farm and cottage, stream and rill,
Stands that sweet village where in youth's gay hours
I wander'd 'midst the vernal groves and flowers
And calls for pause between, changeful as long as
Long may thy thames, dear home, remain secure,
Safe from encroachment, tranquil, free and pure
May no dark tunnels, no embankments high
Alter thine aspect to the startled eye
We seek no engines flying on a rail—
Nor with the morning stride and evening wail
We'll rest content.—Oh! may we never see
Black smoke and fire and steam molesting thee."

ART. XVIII.—*A Course of Lectures, suitable to the Times, on the Contents of the Book of Common Prayer.* By the Rev. Francis Dusautoy, M.A. Part I. [illegible]

THE argument in these Lectures is vigorous and close; so that independently of the novelty of view taken by the author of them, they were deserving of publication. We do not venture to utter a word relative to the soundness or unsoundness of the doctrine taught by Mr. Dusautoy, but cite a passage from his preface.

"It will be at once perceived that the Author has ventured to differ from all other Commentators on our Church-Services; and the key-stone to the superstructure, thus raised, will consist in referring that to temporal chastisement and to the sense of pardon, which others have thought fit to interpret as applying to spiritual and eternal punishment, and to the one Divine act of personal forgiveness in CHRIST. In thus deviating from established opinions, the Author has endeavoured to rest on the only infallible rule of truth; and there Divine forgiveness is made to depend on the redeeming work alone of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, which is *apprehended* by faith, and *evidenced* by repentance and evangelical obedience. Consequently, remission of sins *depending* on faith and repentance, as a procuring cause, cannot possibly mean anything beyond the sense of pardon, or the remission of deserved and provoked chastisement. On this scriptural foundation many of these Lectures have been built; and were it not for this diversity, the following pages would never have been sent to the Press."

ART. XIX.—*Chapman's Weekly Magazine: a Miscellany of Romance, Literature, and Art.* Edited by J. K. CHAPMAN.

It is rarely that we notice Magazine literature, or the starting of new periodicals. The promise of novelty and superiority is hardly ever realized: while in many cases a premature stop is put to the enterprise, saving us all further concern in that direction. But Chapman's Magazine is specialty, and calls for a word or two. It comes out in weekly numbers, so that the pause between chapter and chapter of novel reading hardly amounts to a break so long as to interrupt the interest taken in the story, or be dreary a lapse as to admit of forgetfulness. But what is of still more importance, the list of contributors is not only numerous, but their names denote the first rank in their various departments. We have the Countess of Blessington, Sheridan Knowles, G. P. R. James, Leman Rede, J. D. Buchstone, R. B. Peake, and others of note, who, no doubt, will be entertained to shine in their appropriate walks. Indeed the speculation has now been tested for several weeks, and has amply fulfilled hitherto the promise held out. We might name and characterize several of the contributions, but it may be sufficient to assure our readers that the writers acquit themselves admirably; that the magazine abounds with proofs of high talent, with variety and interest; and that, in so far as the Editor's hand and head are concerned, ability, judgment, and good taste distinguish the work. The undertaking is bold, but it has been set about with the requisite assurance of success, and a due calculation of what might be relied upon.

ART. XX.—*The Book of Scottish Song.*

The concluding Numbers of Blackie's unique and exquisitely got-up collection of the best and most approved Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with Critical and Historical Notices regarding them and their Authors, have been sent to us. It would only be to repeat ourselves, were we to particularize the claims which the Book has to the admiration of all the genuine lovers of poetry, and especially of those copious tides of tenderness, power, pathos, and humour which stream throughout the length and breadth of old Caledonia. The last, being the fifteenth number of the Collection, is embellished in an effective and appropriate manner by M'Clure, the subject of the plate being, "A Rocking," that social and fireside gathering in winter evenings for dance and song so common in the West. Many of the Songs have never before been printed,—but we have not met with one of these that is not deserving of a place among those where it stands. Ere proceeding to another article, we must invite the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of another publication, which will form a most desirable companion to the volume we have just been speaking of as completed. This new undertaking is to be called "The Book of Scottish Ballads; a Comprehensive Collection of the Ballads of Scotland; with numerous illustrative Notes." The work is to be brought out under the editorship of the person who has so ably conducted "The Book of Scottish Song." The following is the prospective statement to which we have alluded:—

"Amid the many productions devoted to the ballad literature of Scotland, which have issued from the press since the time of Bishop Percy, it is surprising that no endeavour has hitherto been made to collect THE WHOLE OF OUR BALLADS into one distinct publication, so that the reader might, in a single work, be put in possession of ALL THE ANCIENT MINSTRELSY of his native land—of all, namely, that has come down to modern days, and that merits attention either from intrinsic excellence, or as illustrative of the history, manner, and feelings, of olden times. At present, what is to be learned of our ballads is only to be gathered from a variety of separate publications, most of them scarce and high-priced; and no collection exists with any claim to be considered comprehensive in its character, or complete in its design and execution. The work now announced will aim at supplying this deficiency, in a manner, it is presumed, that will make it acceptable and accessible to a large majority of the reading public. It will be printed uniform with 'The Book of Scottish Song'—a size of type which admits of a vast quantity of matter in little space, and which, at the same time is not offensively small to the eye. It will not exceed the above work in extent or price, and yet it will embrace THE WHOLE OF SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, the whole of Jamieson's Northern Ballads, the whole of Motherwell's Ballads, and many others, within its absorbing pages. COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIVE NOTICES will accompany each ballad; and where different versions of the same piece exist, and the differences are material, both versions, or more, *will be given, entire*, so that the reader will have it in his power to judge, at a glance, of their respective merits. In other cases, where the variations are slight or unimportant, the different readings will be duly recorded in the foot notes.

"In addition to the ancient minstrelsy of the country, THE BOOK OF SCOT-

TISH BALLADS will embrace THE BEST MODERN IMITATIONS of the olden ballad, so that some of the masterly productions of Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others, who have successfully cultivated this branch of literature, will find a place in its pages. This, however, will form but a subordinate feature of the Work, and the most scrupulous fidelity will be observed in distinguishing the modern imitation from the veritable ancient ballad.

ART. XXI.—*The Works of Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.* Part 7.

THE Part before us concludes Professor Wilson's celebrated Essay on the "Genius and Character of Burns." The engravings consist of a portrait of John Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn,—a view of Ellisland,—another of Cassillis Castle and Cassillis Downans,—and another of Alloway Kirk. As in the case of "The Book of Scottish Song," it is unnecessary to speak further in praise of this other happy speculation on the part of the Messrs. Blackie. We only refer to our former notices of this edition of "The Works of Burns; or, rather we recommend to the examination of every reader any one part in the series of numbers, in order to win favour and purchasers.

ART. XXII.—*Animal Physiology.* By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D.

DR. CARPENTER, the author of "Principles of General and Comparative Physiology," and other scientific as well as generally read works, has, in the volume before us,—forming part of the "Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science," given an elementary treatise on "Animal Physiology to those who desire to gain a general acquaintance with the science, or who are entering upon the professional study of it." No doubt it is a compilation; but it is by a man who is not only master of his subject, and of all that has been ascertained within its scope, but who can add to, and fill up, where gaps, problems, and requisitions exist. The particularities and the peculiarities of the book we do not indicate, but one of the abundant passages we quote, viz. that upon the power of birds for flight compared with the faculties of man:

"The degree in which the wings act in raising the body, or in propelling it through the air, varies considerably in different animals, according to the way in which they are set. Thus, in birds of prey, which require a rapid horizontal motion, the surface of the wings is very oblique, so that they strike backwards as well as downwards, and thus impel the body forwards whilst sustaining it in the air. Such birds find a difficulty in rising perpendicularly; and can in fact only do so by flying against the wind, which then acts upon the inclined surface of the wings just as it does upon that of a kite. On the other hand, the lark, quail, and such other birds as rise to great heights in a direction nearly vertical, have the wings so disposed as to strike almost directly downwards. It has been estimated that a swallow, when simply sustaining itself in the air, is obliged to use as much force to prevent its fall, as would raise its own weight to a height of about twenty-six feet in a second. Hence, we may form some idea of the enormous expenditure of force which must take place when the body is not only sup-

ported but raised and propelled through the air. The eider-duck is said to fly ninety miles in an hour, and the hawk one hundred and fifty. The swallow and swift pass nearly the whole of the long summer days upon the wing, in search of food for themselves and their helpless offspring; and the rapidity of their flight is such that they can scarcely traverse less than seven or eight hundred miles in that time, although they go but a short distance from home. The flight of insects is even more remarkable for its velocity in proportion to their size; thus a swallow, which is one of the swiftest-flying of the birds, has been seen to chase a dragon-fly for some time without success; the insect always keeping about six feet in advance of the bird, and turning to one side and the other so instantaneously, that the swallow, with all its powers of flight and tact in chasing insects, was unable to capture it.

If the preceding estimate of the power expended by a bird in sustaining itself in the air be correct, it may be easily proved that it would be impossible for a man to sustain himself in the air, by means of his muscular strength alone, in any manner that he is capable of applying it. It is calculated that a man of ordinary strength can raise 13¼ pounds to a height of 3½ feet per second, and can continue this exertion for eight hours in the day. He will then exert a force capable of raising (13¼X60X60X8) 381,600 pounds to a height of 3½ feet; or one-eighth that amount, namely 47,700 pounds, to the height of 26 feet,—which, as we have seen, is that to which the bird would raise itself in one second by the force it is obliged to exert in order to sustain itself in the air. Now if we suppose it possible, that a man could by any means concentrate the whole muscular power required for such a day's labour into as short a period as the accomplishment of this object requires, we might find the time during which it would support him in the air, by simply dividing this amount by his weight, which we may take to be 150 pounds. The quotient is 318, which is the number of seconds during which the expenditure of a force that would raise 47,700 pounds to a height of twenty-six feet will keep his body unsupported in the air; and this is but little more than five minutes. There is no possible means, however, by which a man could thus concentrate the force of eight hour's labour into the short interval in which he would have to expend it when supporting himself in the air. And we have elsewhere seen (Mechanics, § 285), that by no combination of mechanical powers can force be created; as these only enable force to be more advantageously applied. Hence, the problem of human flight will never be solved, until some source of power shall be discovered far surpassing that which his muscular strength affords, and so portable in its nature as not materially to add to his weight.

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FOR

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ART. I.—*The History of the Conquest of Mexico; with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and of the Life of Hernando Cortés.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. 3 vols. Bentley.

VERY recently there appeared "The Despatches of Hernando Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V., now first translated into English from the original Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Folsom, one of the Secretaries of the New York Historical Society;" and here we have again to express our obligations to America for a still more important work, and by a writer of no less celebrity than the author of "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella."

It seems to have been most fitting, if the history of the Conquest of Mexico was to be again written at all, that the task should be undertaken by him who displayed such research, discrimination, and warm energy of style, as the historian of that reign which Columbus rendered so memorable. The discoverer and the conqueror, Ferdinand and Isabella and the monarch that followed, are illustrious cognate subjects, which could not but draw from the stores of Mr. Prescott's studies, partialities, and sympathies, kindred ardour and ability. To be sure, in Robertson's great work we have one of the most successful performances that was ever attempted within the domain of literature; a work having the fulness, yet compactness,—the glowing force and picturesque richness, yet chastened grace of the classical models; a work that never leaves you unimpressed with what was intended or even required, whether regard be had to the main events of the subject or the character of the principal actors. Robertson, in short, has presented a perfect whole, as in a drama, where not only the grand design has been thoroughly produced and mastered, but every part of the plot and every scene in its progress, has been executed with adequate feeling and the highest artistic skill; so that although the writer's reputation is of the highest order as a rhetorician, you never have occasion to accuse him of empty declamation, of want of a due respect for what he approaches, or of in any way falling short of what his great theme demanded.

But if so great and complete has been the achievement of one whose history is familiar to all readers, what need, it may be asked, for another undertaking which is to carry the writer over the self-same ground,—what hope of acceptableness on the part of the public? The answer which Mr. Prescott would return, is that he has drawn much of his matter from a large mass of original documents which were unknown to Dr. Robertson; the antiquaries of Spain having in latter years been most indefatigable in ferreting out every existing record and writing bearing upon the discovery and the early conquests of America. To these voluminous and comparatively recent collections our author has had free access. Nor has he been altogether unaided by private individuals, having amongst these consulted the Duke of Monteleone, a Sicilian nobleman, and the representative of Cortés. The collections to which we have now alluded must have required no small labour to examine, for the documents relating to the conquest and settlement of Mexico and of Peru comprise about eight thousand folio pages. "They consist of instructions of the court, military and private journals, correspondence of the great actors in the scenes, legal instruments, contemporary chronicles, and the like, drawn from all the principal places in the extensive colonial empire of Spain, as well as from the public archives in the Peninsula." Mr. Prescott's plan also reaches further than that of Robertson; for instead of concluding with the conquest, he gives us the narrative of the settlement of Mexico, and the future life of Cortés. Besides, he takes a preliminary view of the Aztec or ancient Mexican civilization, a portion of the history preceding, of course, the arrival of the Spaniards; and in an appendix he returns to this branch of his work, treating and speculating relative to the origin and evidences of the advancement of the Mexicans in remote times. It is proper also to mention that Mr. Prescott furnishes us, as he did in the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," with notices of the lives and writings of the authorities chiefly consulted by him, arranging these in their due order, according as the division of his work is concerned.

In the study of his congenial theme Mr. Prescott has particularly ransacked the materials left by Don Juan Baptista Munoz, the historic-grapher of the Indias, who had instituted the most diligent research into all the archives of Spain and her colonies. But he died before he executed his designs, bequeathing, however, his rich collection to posterity. The industry and gatherings of Don M. F. de Navarrete may also be named, as having provided valuable records for the examination of our author. Nor can we omit to remark that this examination must have been that of a most persevering enthusiast; for such is the condition of Mr. Prescott's eyes, as to have incapacitated him for revising either his manuscript or his proofs.

From what has been stated in the two preceding paragraphs, it may be objected that our opinion of the completeness of

Dr. Robertson's work is stretched and unsupported; but a little explanation may suffice to show that we are essentially right in what has been said of both historians, and sufficiently consistent. Be it observed that the Scotchman's plan and scope were more limited and brief than those of the American. This, however, does not suggest the whole of the reconcilement of our remarks; for, although the present writer has brought to his task more of the critical spirit and strictness of investigation, in accordance with the demands of our time, than did his great forerunner, who eschewed the dryness of what is called philosophical history,—but dexterously intervening luminous reflection, the narrative the while being unimpeded and instructive to an extraordinary degree,—he has chiefly contributed to the history of the Conquest by filling up with minute particulars the general truths and results most distinctly marked by the earlier historian,—these particulars being indicated in the greater number of instances, or at least not difficult to be interlined, when the habit of research has been formed, and enthusiasm for the theme has been long cherished.

Still, in justice to the present author, it ought to be stated, that together with remarkable perseverance we have indubitable evidences of real learning and also of a philosophical penetration; that Robertson could not have found a more capable or a more congenial follower, when the thing to be done was little more than to supply fuller details and a more elaborate sifting of authorities; and that the grand outline both as to the feature and the expression of events, scenes and characters, so long before the world, has here been worked up and completed with a success, as if the painter had been bred in the Principal's school, and had been set to the business of finishing by his discriminating master.

The very form of composition cultivated by Prescott suits that of Robertson. His style is glowing and brilliant, animated and eloquent, picturesque and attractive. It is clear, perspicuous, and effective. It is manifestly that of an easy and practised hand,—of a mind strongly disposed and well adapted for the treatment of the romantic history. With regard to his opinions there will sometimes be differences. We shall first of all place before our readers samples of the brilliant and romantic colouring to which our author is addicted, so as perhaps to depart from truth in some degree and to substitute strong misleading contrasts for plain reality. The passages too, will show how prone he is to go into details which are beneath the dignity and the ends of stately history. The following extract pictures the residence and the household of Montezuma:—

"But the most luxurious residence of the Aztec monarch, at that season was the royal hill of Chapoltepec, a spot consecrated, moreover, by the ashes of his ancestors. It stood in a westerly direction from the capital, and its base

was, in his day, washed by the waters of the Tezcuco. On its lofty crest of porphyritic rock there now stands the magnificent, though desolate, castle erected by the young viceroy Galvez, at the close of the seventeenth century. The view from its windows is one of the finest in the environs of Mexico. The landscape is not disfigured here, as in many other quarters, by the white and barren patches, so offensive to the sight; but the eye wanders over an unbroken expanse of meadows and cultivated fields, waving with rich harvests of European grain. Montezuma's garden stretched for miles around the base of the hill. Two statues of that monarch and his father cut in *bas relief* in the porphyry, were spared till the middle of the last century: and the grounds are still shaded by gigantic cypresses, more than fifty feet in circumference, which were centuries old at the time of the Conquest. The place is now a tangled wilderness of wild shrubs, where the myrtle mingles its dark, glossy leaves with the red berries and delicate foliage of the pepper-tree. Surely, there is no spot better suited to awaken meditation on the past; none where the traveller, as he sits under those stately cypresses grey with the moss of ages, can so fitly ponder on the sad destinies of the Indian races, and the monarch who once held his courtly revelry under the shadow of their branches. The domestic establishment of Montezuma was on the same scale of barbaric splendour as every thing else about him. He could boast as many wives as are found in the harem of an Eastern sultan. They were lodged in their own apartments, and provided with every accommodation, according to their ideas, for personal comfort and cleanliness. They passed their hours in the usual feminine employments of weaving and embroidery, especially in the graceful feather-work, for which such rich materials were furnished by the royal aviaries. They conducted themselves with strict decorum, under the supervision of certain aged females, who acted in the respectable capacity of duennas, in the same manner as in the religious houses attached to the teocallis. The palace was supplied with numerous baths, and Montezuma set the example in his own person, of frequent ablutions. He bathed at least once, and changed his dress four times, it is said, every day. He never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to his attendants. Queen Elizabeth, with a similar taste for costume, showed a less princely spirit in hoarding her discarded suits. Her wardrobe was, probably, somewhat more costly than that of the Indian emperor. * * His meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Sometimes Montezuma himself, but more frequently his steward, indicated those which he preferred, and were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which the day before was swimming in the Gulf of Mexico! They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec artistes, as we have already had occasion to notice, had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science.

Our next gives colourings elaborately opposed:—

The events recorded in this chapter are certainly some of the most extraordinary on the page of history. That a small body of men, like the Spaniards, should have entered the palace of a mighty prince, have seized his person in the midst of his vassals, have borne him off a captive to their

quarters,—that they should have put to an ignominious death before his face his high officers, for executing, probably, his own commands, and have crowned the whole by putting the monarch in irons like a common malefactor,—that this should have been done, not to a drivelling dotard in the decay of his fortunes, but to a proud monarch in the plenitude of his power, in the very heart of his capital, surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands who trembled at his nod, and would have poured out their blood like water in his defence,—that all this should have been done by a mere handful of adventurers, is a thing too extravagant, altogether too improbable, for the pages of romance! Is it, nevertheless, literally true. Yet we shall not be prepared to acquiesce in the judgment of contemporaries who regarded these acts with admiration. We may well distrust any grounds on which it is attempted to justify the kidnapping of a friendly sovereign,—by those very persons, too, who were reaping the full benefit of his favours.

In the present volumes, as in the *Despatches of Cortés*, we meet now and then with proofs of a comprehensiveness of view and a grasp of conception along with minute details, which would incline us to attribute to him greater qualities than certain writers have allowed him to possess. But then how lamentable to find that the grossest bigotry and the most unrelenting inhumanity mingled with the most brilliant exploits and the most far-seeing speculations of the conqueror! How touching to read in one of the *Despatches*, in the account of Guatemozin's surrender, on the fall of Mexico, that when brought with other noble prisoners, before the Spaniard, he said in his own tongue, "He had done all that was incumbent on him in defence of himself and his people, until he was reduced to his present condition, and now I might do with him as I pleased." The account goes on to say that the cacique "then laid his hand upon a poignard that I wore, telling me to strike him to the heart." Cortés adds, "I spoke encouragingly to him, and bade him have no fears." And yet, how soon along with his gallant companions was the brave chief hanging from the branches of a *Ceiba* tree by the orders of the conqueror!

Yet it is but fair that we should have in mind that different standards are to be applied to measure the actions of men, according to the periods in which they have lived and the circumstances in which they have been placed. The paragraph we now quote by way of illustration and remark comes in fitly:—

A good criterion of the moral sense of the actors in these events is afforded by the reflections of Bernal Diaz, made some fifty years, it will be remembered, after the events themselves, when the fire of youth had become extinct, and the eye, glancing back through the vista of half a century, might be supposed to be unclouded by the passions and prejudices which throw their mist over the present. "Now that I am an old man," says the veteran, "I often entertain myself with calling to my mind the heroical deeds of early days, till they are as fresh as the events of yesterday. I think

of the seizure of the Indian monarch, his confinement in irons, and the execution of his officers, till all these things seem actually passing before me. And, as I ponder on our exploits, I feel that it was not of ourselves that we performed them, but that it was the providence of God which guided us. much food is there here for meditation!" There is so, indeed, and for a Meditation not unpleasing, as we reflect on the advance, in speculative morality, at least, which the nineteenth century has made over the sixteenth. But should not the consciousness of this teach us charity? Should it not make us the more distrustful of applying the standard of the present to measure the actions of the past?

To this we may appropriately subjoin the philosophic judgment pronounced on the massacre which is identified with the names of the most remarkable of the Mexican cities, the inhabitants of which "excelled in various mechanical arts, especially that of working in metals, the manufacture of cotton and agave cloths, and of a delicate kind of pottery, rivalling, it was said, that of Florence in beauty."

Cortes had entered Cholula as a friend, at the invitation of the Indian emperor, who had a real, if not avowed, control over the state. He had been received as a friend, with every demonstration of good-will; without any offence of his own or his followers, he found they were to be the victims of an insidious plot; that they were standing on a mine which might be sprung at any moment, and bury them all in its ruins. His safety, as he truly considered, left no alternative but to anticipate the blow of his enemies. Yet who can doubt that the punishment thus inflicted was excessive; that the same end might have been attained by directing the blow against the guilty chiefs, instead of letting it fall on the ignorant rabble who but obeyed the commands of their masters? But when was it ever seen that fear, armed with power, was scrupulous in the exercise of it? or that the passions of a fierce soldiery, inflamed by conscious injuries, could be regulated in the moment of explosion?

We shall, perhaps, pronounce more impartially on the conduct of the conquerors, if we compare it with that of our own contemporaries under somewhat similar circumstances. The atrocities at Cholula were not so bad as those inflicted on the descendants of these very Spaniards, in the late war of the Peninsula, by the most polished nations of our time; by the British at Badajoz, for example; at Taragona, and a hundred other places, by the French. The wanton butchery, the ruin of property, and, above all, those outrages worse than death from which the female part of the population were protected at Cholula, show a catalogue of enormities quite as black as those imputed to the Spaniards, and without the same apology for resentment; with no apology, indeed, but that afforded by a brave and patriotic resistance. The consideration of these events, which, from their familiarity, make little impression on our senses, should render us more lenient in our judgment of the past, showing, as they do, that man in a state of excitement, savage or civilized, is much the same in every age. It may teach us—it is one of the best lessons of history—that, since such are the inevitable evils of war, even among the most polished people, those who hold the destinies of nations in their hands, whether rulers or legislators, should submit to every sacrifice

save that of honour, before authorizing an appeal to arms. The extreme solicitude to avoid these calamities by the aid of peaceful congresses and impartial mediation is, on the whole, the strongest evidence, stronger than that afforded by the progress of science and art, of our boasted advance in civilization.

Mexican manuscripts form the subject of our next extract:

In casting the eye over a Mexican manuscript, or map, as it is called, one is struck with the grotesque caricatures it exhibits of the human figure; monstrous overgrown heads on puny misshapen bodies, which are themselves hard and angular in their outlines, and without the least skill in composition. On closer inspection, however, it is obvious that it is not so much a rude attempt to delineate nature as a conventional symbol, to express the idea in the most clear and forcible manner; in the same way as the pieces of similar value on a chess-board, while they correspond with one another in form, bear little resemblance usually to the objects they represent. Those parts of the figure are most distinctly traced which are the most important. So also the colouring, instead of the delicate gradations of nature, exhibits only gaudy and violent contrasts, such as may produce the most vivid impression. "For even colours," as Gama observes, "speak in the Aztec hieroglyphics."

But in the execution of all this the Mexicans were much inferior to the Egyptians. The drawings of the latter, indeed, are exceedingly defective when criticised by the rules of art; for they were as ignorant of perspective as the Chinese, and only exhibited the head in profile with the eye in the centre, and with total absence of expression. But they handled the pencil more gracefully than the Aztecs, were more true to the natural forms of objects, and, above all, show great superiority in abridging the original figure by giving only the outline, or some characteristic or essential feature. This simplified the process, and facilitated the communication of thought. An Egyptian text has almost the appearance of alphabetical writing in its regular lines of minute figures. A Mexican text looks usually like a collection of pictures, each one forming the subject of a separate study. This is particularly the case with the delineations of mythology; in which the story is told by a conglomeration of symbols, that may remind one more of the mysterious anaglyphs sculptured on the temples of the Egyptians than of their written records.

The Aztecs had various emblems for expressing such things as, from their nature, could not be directly represented by the painter; as, for example, the years, months, days, the seasons, the elements, the heavens, and the lake. A "tongue" denoted speaking; "a foot-print," travelling; "a man sitting on the ground," an earthquake. These symbols were often very arbitrary, varying with the caprice of the writer; and it requires a nice discrimination to interpret them, as a slight change in form or position of the figure intimated a very different meaning. An ingenious writer asserts that the priests devised secret symbolic characters for the record of their religious mysteries. It is possible. But the researches of Champollion lead to the conclusion, that the similar opinion, formerly entertained respecting the Egyptian hieroglyphics, is without foundation.

The form of human sacrifice practised by the Aztecs.

One of their most important festivals was that in honour of the god Tezcatlepoca, whose rank was inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called "the soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. He was depicted as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him, and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense, and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and, as he halted in the streets to play some favourite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honours of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honours of a divinity.

At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked, to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instrument with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs; while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itztli*—a volcanic substance hard as flint—and, inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny; which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

Such was the form of human sacrifice usually practised by the Aztecs. It was the same that often met the indignant eyes of the Europeans in their progress through the country, and from the dreadful doom of which they themselves were not exempt. There were, indeed, some occasions when preliminary tortures, of the most exquisite kind—with which it is unnecessary

to shock the reader—were inflicted; but they always contrasted with the bloody ceremony above described. It should be remarked, however, that such tortures were not the spontaneous suggestions of cruelty, as with the North American Indians; but were all rigorously prescribed in the Aztec ritual, and doubtless were often inflicted with the same compunctious visitings which a devout familiar of the Holy Office might at times experience in executing its stern decrees. Women, as well as the other sex, were sometimes reserved for sacrifice. On some occasions, particularly in seasons of drought, at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc, the god of rain, children, for most part infants, were offered up. As they were borne along in open litters, dressed in their festal robes, and decked with the fresh blossom of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favourable augury for their partition. These innocent victims were generally bought by the priests of parents who were poor, but who stifled the voice of nature, probably less at the suggestion of poverty than of a wretched superstition.

The personal life of Cortés constituted necessarily an important theme in the volumes before us. Even when viewed independently of his history as the conqueror of Mexico, it is a highly interesting and instructive contribution to English literature. And yet in early years this remarkable character does not appear to have given tokens of any superiority to the ordinary race of youngsters:

Hernando Cortés was born at Medellin, a town in the south-east corner of Estremadura, in 1485. He came of an ancient and respectable family; and historians have gratified the national vanity by tracing it up to the Lombard kings, whose descendants crossed the Pyrenees, and established themselves in Aragon under the Gothic monarchy. This royal genealogy was not found out till Cortés had acquried a name which would confer distinction on any descent, however noble. His father, Martin Cortés de Monroy, was a captain of infantry, in moderate circumstances, but a man of unblemished honour; and both he and his wife, Dona Catalina Pizarro Altamirano, appear to have been much regarded for their excellent qualities. In his infancy Cortés is said to have had a feeble constitution, which strengthened as he grew older. At fourteen, he was sent to Salamanca, as his father, who conceived great hopes from his quick and showy parts, proposed to educate him for the law, a profession which held out better inducements to the young aspirant than any other. The son, however, did not conform to these views. He showed little fondness for books, and after loitering away two years at college, returned home, to the great chagrin of his parents. Yet his time had not been wholly misspent, since he had laid up a little store of Latin, and learned to write good prose, and even verses "of some estimation considering"—as an old writer quaintly remarks—"Cortés as the author." He now passed his days in the idle, unprofitable manner of one, who, too wilful to be guided by others, proposes no object to himself. His buoyant spirits were continually breaking out in troublesome frolics and capricious humours, quite at variance with the orderly habits of his father's household. He showed a particular inclination for the military profession, or rather for the life of adventure to which in those days it was sure to lead. And when,

at the age of seventeen, he proposed to enrol himself under the banners of the Great Captain, his parents, propably thinking a life of hardship and hazard abroad preferable to one of idleness at home, made no objection.

The following portrait belongs to a later period:

Cortés at this time was thirty-three, or perhaps thirty-four years of age. In stature he was rather above the middle size. His complexion was pale; and his large dark eyes gave an expression of gravity to his countenance, not to have been expected in one of his cheerful temperament. His figure was slender, at least until later life; but his chest was deep, his shoulders broad, his frame muscular and well proportioned. It presented the union of agility and vigour which qualified him to excel in fencing, horsemanship, and the other generous exercises of chivalry. In his diet he was temperate, careless of what he ate, and drinking little; while to toil and privation he seemed perfectly indifferent. His dress, for he did not disdain the impression produced by such adventitious aids, was such as to set off his handsome person to advantage: neither gaudy nor striking, but rich. He wore few ornaments, and usually the same; but those were of great price. His manners, frank and soldier-like, concealed a most cool and calculating spirit. With his gayest humour there mingled a settled air of resolution, which made those who approached him feel they must obey; and which infused something like awe into the attachment of his most devoted followers. Such a combination, in which love was tempered by authority, was the one probably best calculated to inspire devotion in the rough and turbulent spirits among whom his lot was to be cast. The character of Cortés seems to have undergone some change with change of circumstances; or to speak more correctly, the new scenes in which he was placed called forth qualities which before lay dormant in his bosom. There are some hardy natures that require the heats of excited action to unfold their energies; like the plants, which, closed to the mild influence of a temperate latitude, come to their full growth, and give forth their fruits, only in the burning atmosphere of the tropics.—Such is the portrait left to us by his contemporaries of this remarkable man; the instrument selected by Providence to scatter terror among the barbarian monarchs of the Western world, and lay their empires in the dust.

More personal traits:

It may be well to close this review of his character by the account of his manners and personal habits left us by Bernal Diaz, the old chronicler, who has accompanied us through the whole course of our narrative, and who may now fitly furnish the conclusion of it. No man knew his commander better; and, if the avowed object of his work might naturally lead to a disparagement of Cortés, this is more than counterbalanced by the warmth of his personal attachment, and by that *esprit de corps* which leads him to take a pride in the renown of his general.

"In his whole appearance and presence," says Diaz, "in his discourse, his table, his dress, in every thing in short, he had the air of a great lord. His clothes were in the fashion of the time; he set little value on silk, damask, or velvet, but dressed plainly and exceedingly neat; nor did he wear massy chains of gold, but simply a fine one, of exquisite workmanship, from which

was suspended a jewel having the figure of our Lady the Virgin and her precious Son, with a Latin motto cut upon it. On his finger he wore a splendid diamond ring; and from his cap, which, according to the fashion of that day, was of velvet, hung a medal, the device of which I do not remember. He was magnificently attended, as became a man of his rank, with chamberlains and majordomos and many pages: and the service of his table was splendid, with a quantity of both gold and silver plate. At noon he dined heartily, drinking about a pint of wine mixed with water. He supped well, though he was not dainty in regard to his food; caring little for the delicacies of the table, unless, indeed, on such occasions as made attention to these matters of some consequence.

"He was acquainted with Latin, and, as I have understood, was made Bachelor of Laws; and when he conversed with learned men who addressed him in Latin, he answered them in the same language. He was also something of a poet: his conversation was agreeable, and he had a pleasant elocution. In his attendance on the services of the church he was most punctual, devout in his manner, and charitable to the poor.

"When he swore, he used to say, 'On my conscience:' and when he was vexed with any one, 'Evil betide you.' With his men he was very patient; and they were sometimes impertient, and even insolent. When very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead would swell; but he uttered no reproaches against either officer or soldier.

"He was fond of cards and dice; and when he played, was always in good humour, indulging freely in jests and repartees. He was affable with his followers, especially with those who came over with him from Cuba. In his campaigns he paid strict attention to discipline, frequently going the rounds himself during the night, and seeing that the sentinels did their duty. He entered the quarters of his soldiers without ceremony, and chided those whom he found without their arms and accoutrements, saying, 'it was a bad sheep that could not carry his own wool.' On the expedition to Honduras he acquired the habit of sleeping after his meals, feeling unwell if he omitted it; and, however sultry or stormy the weather, he caused a carpet or his cloak to be thrown under a tree, and slept soundly for some time. He was frank and exceedingly liberal in his disposition, until the last few years of his life, when he was accused of parsimony. But we should consider that his funds were employed on great and costly enterprises; and that none of these, after the conquest, neither his expedition to Honduras nor his voyages to California, were crowned with success. It was perhaps intended that he should receive his recompense in a better world: and I fully believe it; for he was a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other Saints."

The will:

He makes a liberal provision for his children, and a generous allowance to several old domestics and retainers in his household. By another clause, he gives away considerable sums in charity; and he applies the revenues of his estates in the city of Mexico to establish and permanently endow three public institutions,—a hospital in the capital, which was to be dedicated to

glide from one brilliant and richly-flowing passage to another, culling its variegated sweets of moral and descriptive lore, without recurring to the critical question of its newness, or inventive character; and indulging a calm and pleasing sense of the just and delicate sentiments, the copious accession of ideas, the transparency and accuracy of language, that conjoin to throw a spell of gentle and fascinating radiance over these very graceful and feminine compositions. In these "latter days" of poetical decadency, when servile and vulgar imitation, or truthless extravagance, too often usurps the seat of native refinement and creative power,—when we are perpetually reminded of the star-like spirits of the past by the rayless and soul-oppressive gloom that envelopes the by-gone haunts of the "mighty of song," and when we sigh in vain for the awakening thrill of some bold and privileged harp, whose magic numbers should give back the lofty minstrelsie of "the years that are gone,"—bidding the crowd of pseudo-pretenders bow before the mystery of its divine echoes,—in days like these, we say, it is a solace and a refreshment to lend our ear to the sympathetic strain, which, without aspiring to that spell of master-potency, may yet recall to the thirsting spirit the long-lost glimpses of a higher destiny of the art—may present the truthful visionings of the *mens divinior* of old, reflected in the faithful and well-instructed page of the genuine worshipper of the Muse. If, therefore, on our perusal of the present volume, the glorious shade of a Milton, a Thomson, a Cowper, or an Akenside, seem at times to hover, in its consecrated dignity, amid the restored memories of the past, lending an occasional, though perhaps unconscious influence to the conceptions or expressions of our fair and amiable author, we hail the manifestation with candid favour, and readily assign to the extensive reading, refined taste, and cultivated skill of the latter, the meed which we should withhold from the spurious and designing imitator, or from the more pretending aspirant that would recklessly impose on us the self-generated effusions of a vapid and coarse extravagance for the offspring of classical and legitimate inspiration.

The following lengthened extract from the main poem will amply confirm the high opinion we have felt it our duty to pronounce on the author's very varied and pleasing powers of composition:—

> And what can better fill those vacant hours,
> (Too often passed in folly, or in sloth,)
> Of such as bask in Fortune's golden smile,
> Than thus to hold companionship with Nature?
> To view her in her many "shows and forms,"
> Tasting those pure delights her stores can yield,
> Those blameless pleasures that do never cloy?
> For such as seek her o'er the breezy hill,
> Or meet her in the tangled wood-walk wild,

Health smiles, and vapours flee the sickly brain;
And rest more sweet awaits their close of day,
Than feet untired, or house-pent limbs, e'er knew,
Or fashion, yawning on her noon-tide couch.

Go forth, ye daughters of the land, that boast
Aristocratic blood within your veins,
And keep it pure, and bid it circulate
With freedom, till your languid pulses beat
To vigorous deeds of high benevolence!
Go, seek the violet and the primrose pale,
While yet they bathe in the fresh morning dew:
Each little flower, each weed, each blade of grass,
If scann'd minutely, with inquiring eye,
Shall furnish admiration and delight,
And elegant employ; beguiling time
Of many a weary, wasted, tedious day;
And knowledge shall be yours, with health to boot.

Flow'rets! that stud with gems the fair green earth,
Or hang your scented blossoms on the bough;
And ye, that bloom beneath the bending care
Of lovely, gentle forms, in garden-bowers,—
What are ye but sweet Nature's lesson-books,
Teaching her children purity and meekness?
Nature's fair pledge (to all who learn of her
To raise the heart and eye to Nature's God)
Of sweet immortal—Flowers of Paradise!

E'en Age partakes the universal boon,
Hailing with gladness every little flower
That brings him back his childhood's rapturous hours,
His school-boy days, his holiday pursuits,
With rural enterprise and frolic crown'd;
Or sad, recalls companions lost and gone,
With whom he gamboll'd on the daisied grass,
The flowrets smiling now upon their graves,
With soften'd memory silently bedews,
With the surprised, yet not unwelcome tear.

Though sixty summers o'er my head have flown,
Health's roses fled, and all unnerved my frame,
With feeble step I still abroad can roam
Beside the hedge-row path, in quest of flowers;
Or o'er the mead, or through the winding lane
I wander, culling many a varied leaf
Of feathery fern, or closely-woven moss,
With every bright-eyed flower that welcomes me,
Till like the weary bee, I reach my home,
Laden with treasured sweets for future use.

What pleasure then to spread my little store,
And, ere they wither, nicely to select
Each graceful sprig and tiny-petall'd flower;
In beds of paper, next, with careful hand
To place them, till, their moisture quite exhaled,
They meet my eye all blooming as before!

Still fresh delights await me in my task:
What elegant arrangement, taste, design,
I hope to shew in forming the fair group
To semblance true of Nature's careless ease!
How twine with art each interwoven stem,
Or hide between the leaves some blushing flower,
That half disclosed more gracefully peeps out!
What eye but shall admire, or tongue express
That praise which few, or haply none, despise!*

Pure, innocent delights! bright-winged hours!
Too swiftly did ye fly, when by my side
My faithful dog, my fond companion, roved;
Or gaily went before, on trotting feet,
Returning ever and anon, to spy
If his dear mistress follow'd far behind;
Thus, being reassured, scoured off again,
With frolic bound, and merry joyous bark,
Enjoyment sparkling in his hazel eye,
Cheering my path with many a pretty freak
Of his glad heart, which ever gladden'd mine.
My faithful friend; yes, I will call thee friend,
For thou didst constitute for ten long years
My fire-side happiness—the little speck,
Upon my desert hearth, of living light,
That brighten'd all around; lending to home
And home pursuits, that settled, quiet charm
Of full content, which seeketh not abroad
A something for the heart to rest upon;—
That mite of needful love reciprocal,
Which every bosom craves—the lonely most.

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* Many flowers, when carefully dried, retain their hues, with little diminution of their brilliancy. To all lovers of nature, and to the female sex in particular, this simple mode of preserving flowers, and afterwards forming them into bouquets and groups, is calculated to afford a most elegant, inexpensive, and pleasing amusement.

[We may remark on this note, that the author eminently excels in the exercise of this pleasing art, and that specimens of her performances have found their way, with distinguished approval, into various Royal and Noble collections of curiosities.—Ed.]

From the "Miscellaneous Poems" we quote the ensuing eloquent and feeling stanzas :—

To —— ——

That cheerless morn we parted,
Unnerved I saw thee stand;
Pale, mute, and broken-hearted,
With cold and passive hand:
Erewhile that cloud pass'd over
Of sharp regret and pain;
For young hearts soon recover,
And wake to smiles again.

Tho' length of years hath sever'd
The chain affection wove,
(For friendship's sails are shiver'd,
Alas! like those of love,)
Still I recal the hours,
When balmy, fresh, and free,
As dew upon sweet flowers,
Thy kindness flow'd to me.

How oft, when seated by me,
Thy voice, rich, deep, and clear,
Hath pour'd sweet strains of poesy
Into my listening ear!
Thy blue eye's modest beaming,
The magic of thy smile,
Like childhood's placid dreaming,
Hush'd every care the while.

Oh! many a generous token
Of kind regard to me,
Like powerful spell unbroken,
Still binds me unto thee.
Yes, there are nameless gentle deeds,
(Bright gems in memory set,)
Which kindness prompts, and grateful hearts
Can never all forget!

We take leave of this elegant and interesting volume with a sincere wish that its merits may be as fully appreciated as they deserve. We have been much gratified with the quiet simplicity, and unlaboured ease, that bestow so engaging an effect on the author's style; nor must we fail to add our hearty commendation of the warm benevolence, and devout and pathetic sentiment, which give an elevated and crowning lustre to the varied graces of composition. It remains but to be said that the text derives additional charms from the

splendid typography of Spottiswoode, while the frontispiece and marginal enrichments do justice to the skill of Creswick and other superior artists.

ART. III.—*Jamaica: its Past and Present State.* By J. M. PHILLIPPO, twenty years a Baptist Missionary in that island. Snow.

MR. PHILLIPPO having been incapacitated for more active exertion by a protracted illness, employed the period in writing this volume on Jamaica. He has been a resident in the island since 1823, and has, no doubt, had necessarily more extended opportunities of acquainting himself with it and its people than persons whose calling confines them to a plantation or to a counting house. In the course of his ministrations he must have obtained insights which might seldom reach the observation of those whose chief concern regarded secular matters, or who may have stood aloof from the coloured and black population. He gives us his views of Jamaica *as it was*, and Jamaica as *it is*, drawing, of course, his facts with regard to the *Past* from available accounts and authorities, but more especially, giving us as he was bound to do, his personal experience and immediate observations of the *Present*, the results in this part of the volume being by far the most important feature of the work. The British public stood little in need of information relative to the origin, the history, or the workings of the slave-system in our West India colonies; although to give greater and truer effect to the picture since the period of emancipation, it was perhaps not an unwise idea to bring the whole subject in its past and present state before the reader, thus exhibiting strong contrasts as well as a number of arresting and impressive realities.

We must deem Mr. Phillippo's anticipations to be reasonable and far from extravagant, when we read these his words: "He cannot but indulge the hope that the facts narrated, illustrative of the fervent piety, growing intelligence, and rapidly improving temporal circumstances of those who but a few years since not only tasted the 'wormwood and the gall' of slavery, but who, with regard to their spiritual condition, were 'sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death,' will strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of those Christian philanthropists to whose benevolent and unceasing efforts the mighty change is, under God, to be attributed." We feel no less confident that his hope, so modestly expressed, will be realized, with respect to his book; for if it carry but half of the conviction to the minds of others that we ourselves have experienced in the perusal of its pages, he will have contributed influentially to the furtherance of the grand end contemplated by the forward-looking Christian, and thus have secured for himself higher honour and reward than might

have awaited his services as a mere missionary. Let it not be held as a valid presumptive objection to his testimony, that he must be a partizan, or at best but a weak-minded and over-zealous sectarian. As regards his mental capacity, his volume carries ample evidence in his behalf; as regards his temper, it is moderate both in tone and mode of expression, presenting an example of gentleness and unrecriminating language remarkable for a man who, like all his fellow-labourers, must for a long series of years have been an object of calumny, misrepresentation, and persecution by the ascendant party; and as regards honesty as well as competency, we would sooner, *a priori*, trust to Baptist or Methodist Missionary, than to West India proprietor, planter, or overseer.

Had it not been for the exertions and the truth-tellings of missionaries and their patrons, how slight would have been the knowledge of the condition of the negro race in the West Indies,—how false the impressions derived from other quarters,—and consequently how permanent and aggravated the bondage of man in the British colonies! But how long did the missionaries proclam the truth to Englishmen before they were generally credited; and how perverse was the reliance upon the merely general denials, accusations, and abuse of the parties whose obvious interest it was to disguise the truth and to mislead the public at home! Why, these monopolists and monstrous violators of human right ought instantly to have been presumptively held as unworthy of credit, instead of quietly listened to when they dealt in nothing better or more explicit than to charge the evangelizers as fanatics and traitors.

It is, however, a sure moral retribution, that wrong-doers when obdurately persisting in their course, are at length the deepest sufferers; and no less certain is the fact that the planters have against their blinded will and choice been perhaps the most largely benefited, not only in prospect but already in reality, by the great measure of 1838, brought about by the energy, perseverance, and resistless truth, of the Christian philanthropists. Wherein does man's greatest good consist, wherein shall we seek for his utmost social and domestic bliss? Surely it requireth little abstract philosophy or worldly experience to assure us that the moral element must prevail, whether the community be Blacks or Whites,—whether the class be that of rulers and masters, or that of slaves and servants. We cite a passage or two out of a number, wherein Mr. Phillippo declares and shows that the moral boon to the Whites—to the old dominant class, conferred by the great measure to which we have just alluded, has not been less valuable and promising than to those who were in dire bondage; so true it is that slavery is equally a curse to the slave-holder as to the enslaved. Much is indicated in what we now quote:

It is delightful to contemplate the change which in this respect has taken place in the towns. Here a goodly and rapidly increasing number have

abandoned their former licentious habits, and have entered the marriage state. Amongst these it must be confessed that the Jews furnish the most numerous and reputable examples. Among them marriages with persons of their own nation have always been common, and are obviously on the increase; whilst the disgrace formerly attached to a matrimonial alliance of a white man with a female of colour no longer exists, numbers of the most influential individuals in the colony having broken down the barrier which a popular, but corrupt, prejudice had raised against it. Hence some of the highest civic officers and merchants, with others in all classes of society, have lately married the mothers of their families, and have availed themselves of the advantages of a retrospective clause in a recent Marriage Act, which, under such circumstances, legitimatizes their children. Embracing all these redeeming features, however, even with regard to the more densely populated and more highly civilized parts of the island, and placing them in the most conspicuous and advantageous light, it must still be confessed that they are but specks of verdure amidst universal barrenness and desolation—as obscured and scattered lights amidst thick and prevailing darkness.

Again,—

Multitudes of planters and merchants who were once the greatest enemies to religion and its professors, are now occasionally seen in a place of worship on the Sabbath. Whilst many have lately become savingly converted to God, have put on Christ by an open profession of his name, have formed reputable connexions in marriage, are ornaments to society, blessings to all around them, are confided in, esteemed, and beloved by the peasantry, and will unfailingly secure the prosperity of the properties of which they are either the proprietors or managers.

The extent to which the change with respect to religion has taken place in the towns can scarcely be conceived even by those who are most sanguine as to the progress of favourable events. The Sabbath day is now recognised as the day of God. Hundreds of the most respectable families are seen attending different places of religious worship, who a short time since were scarcely ever within the walls of such an edifice.

The Bible is no longer a proscribed or unknown book, nor are children brought up either to ridicule its hallowed doctrines, or to despise its salutary restraints.

Bible societies, school societies, anti-slavery societies, and various institutions of a similar kind, have at length excited the sympathies and co-operation of the respectable female portion of the community; and gentlemen of the first standing in society are no longer ashamed to advocate the claims of such institutions, by presiding at their anniversaries and contributing liberally and openly to their funds.

Such are some of our author's representations with respect to the general improvement of the White inhabitants. But amelioration and emancipation have had their proper effects on other classes. After noticing the prejudices against the Creoles and free Blacks, during the former state of things, and their horrible depravity previous to 1828, when their disabilities were removed, and they were

admitted to a full participation of civil privileges with the Whites, Mr. Phillippo says:

Relieved from those proscriptions by which they had been enthralled and bowed down, they as a body immediately began to advance in the scale of civilization, intelligence, and virtue, so that at the present time they discover a renovation of character and a degree of improvement in manners, customs, and knowledge, of which history, in a similar space of time, scarcely affords a parallel. In their houses, dress, personal appearance (complexion excepted), general deportment, wealth, morals, and religion, many of them are on an equality with the most respectable of the Whites. Nor are they less so in the higher attainments of the mind. There are now to be found among them men of talent, learning, and accomplishments who would do honour to any community. They fill the public offices, practise as solicitors and barristers in the courts of law; are found among our tradesmen, merchants, and estate proprietors; are directors of our civil institutions; are enrolled amongst our magistrates; and have even obtained a seat and influence in the senate. The generosity of the females of colour has ever been proverbial; and their kindness to strangers suffering from the diseases of the country has won for them universal gratitude and admiration.

But what of the social condition of the negroes in time of slavery, as well as since entire abolition? The contrasts here are striking, as is evidenced by many signs,—by the villages, houses, dress, by personal and domestic habits, morals, marriage, treatment of females, industry, and so forth. In all these respects the improvements appear to be wonderful, as exhibited by numerous and unmistakeable results. Mr. Phillippo's volume must be consulted for the details, evidencing that the comfort and prosperity of the liberated peasantry are making extraordinary strides. We may mention generally that their new settlements and hamlets are increasing at a rapid rate; and that the improvement respects not only number but substantiality, convenience, and tidiness. The settlements established since the period of emancipation are calculated to amount to from 150 to 200; and the acres of land purchased 100,000. It is also calculated that 10,000 heads of families have purchased land, and that the amount paid is about 70,000*l.* The cottages erected are about 3,000, the value of which is said to be at least 100,000*l.* The account given of some of the new settlements or townships is extremely gratifying. Take a few particulars relative to Clarkson Town, the ceremony of its opening having taken place in the May of 1842. But first with regard to its locality, arrangement, size, and other external features:

The township is beautifully situated in the centre of a long valley or glade, formed by two ranges of mountains, rearing their summits to the clouds, and nearly meeting at their base. Beheld from a mountain-pass immediately in the rear of the settlement, two or three sugar-estates are visible in the distance; and beyond them, by an accommodation of the

Our Lady of the Conception; a college in Cojohuacan for the education of missionaries to preach the gospel among the natives; and a convent, in the same place, for nuns. To the chapel of this convent, situate in his favourite town, he orders that his own body shall be transported for burial, in whatever quarter of the world he may happen to die.

After declaring that he has taken all possible care to ascertain the amount of the tributes formerly paid by his Indian vassals to their native sovereigns, he enjoins on his heir, that in case those which they have hitherto paid shall be found to exceed the right valuation, he shall restore them a full equivalent. In another clause, he expresses a doubt whether it is right to exact personal service from the natives; and commands that a strict inquiry shall be made into the nature and value of such services as he had received, and that, in all cases, a fair compensation shall be allowed for them. Lastly, he makes this remarkable declaration—"It has long been a question whether one can conscientiously hold property in Indian slaves. Since this point has not yet been determined, I enjoin it on my son Martin and his heirs, that they spare no pains to come to an exact knowledge of the truth; as a matter which deeply concerns the conscience of each of them, no less than mine."

We ought not to close the snatches of the history and fortunes of Cortés, without craving attention to a most salutary lesson, to be drawn from a letter written to Charles V, but three years before the death of the conqueror of Mexico. It presents the just moral of the fate of all such unscrupulous and Machiavelian men. "For forty years," says he to the king, "he had passed his life with little sleep, bad food, and with his arms constantly by his side. He had frequently exposed his person to peril, and spent his substance in exploring distant and unknown regions, that he might spread abroad the name of his sovereign, and bring under his sceptre many great and powerful nations. All this he had done, not only without assistance from home, but in the face of obstacles thrown in his way by rivals and by enemies who thirsted like leeches for his blood. He was now old, infirm, and embarrassed with debt." Such was the import of his brief epistle to Charles, who, however, after having been gorged with wealth and empire by the adventurer, did not even deign to notice the appeal.

Before dismissing these volumes we have to throw out one or two observations which the matters they unfold, and the conclusions arrived at by the author, as well as the talent exhibited in the exposition, seem to warrant.

The archæological matter of the work, in which a review of Mexican and indeed of American civilization is given, including an account of the reigns and characters of the two monarchs who ruled immediately previous to the invasion of the Spaniards, is a beautiful and attractive specimen of historical writing, presenting a vivid picture of the state of the religion, institutions, and arts of the people. Whether the authorities adduced for all the marvellous things told, and even whether Mr. Prescott has uniformly felt thoroughly con-

vinced by them, may at times be a subject of doubt on the reader's part. The brilliancy of the picture as well as of the writing would now and then be dimmed, if one were to institute a strict trial at the tribunal of probability, or even of closely tested value, whether his records and descriptions have been furnished by contemporaries or antiquaries,—by natives or colonists,—by priests or the equally credulous soldiery. Even the old chronicler's reports, Captain Bernal Diaz, the follower of Cortés, may be questioned, on account of his ignorance in matters that were indicative of mental and social advancement. It must, however, be admitted, that Mr. Prescott has instituted an elaborate examination into all the authorities, comparing, adjusting and arranging the testimonies and alleged facts with that lucid and eloquent mastery, which though you may be in a measure misled at first by the picture, puts you in possession of principles of criticism that will benefit and guide on future reflection, not only upon Mexican antiquities and civilization, but in all similar studies. Certainly his inquiry into the ancient condition of the country is a rich as well as a pleasing contribution to our literature. Indeed, when viewed independently of the career, the disappointments, and the character so fully brought out of the Conqueror, the preliminary portion of the work would be entitled to special notice among the best of modern publications; but when there is added to this consideration, that of the History and the Life, we cannot be wrong in asserting that the present production forms a worthy, and will be a lasting companion of that sterling and standard book, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Higher praise is not required, neither can it be given.

ART. II.—*A Bouquet of Wild Flowers.* By ELIZABETH SNOW. London: Printed by Private Subscription. 1843.

THE work before us possesses far higher qualifications than its external air of drawing-room elegance, and elaborated pictorial embellishment, might seem to import. It is the production of a talented mind revelling in the fulfilment of a task congenial to its powers, and betraying a deep and ardent passion for the kindred charms of Nature and Poësy. If it evinces not the striking originality of those loftier teachings of the soul, that spring from the sun-like source of heaven-inspired genius, it is yet nearly and exaltedly allied to the spirit-fount of those divine revealings, and reflects the rays of the presiding orb with a mirror-like freshness and fidelity. So strong, indeed, are the controlling impulses of pure taste, associated with a correct and familiar knowledge of the art and theme, as developed, in each succeeding page, by the fair and ingenious author, that we

from every inmate of a family, and to an extent which more than equalled in a given time the amount of wages received by them conjointly—exactions which would have produced a larger revenue to the proprietor than the agricultural products of his estate. These, and similar acts of oppression, were justly but temperately resisted. Bickerings and heart burnings were the result. The planters persisted in their design; and at length multitudes of the labourers were compelled to sacrifice their feelings of attachment to their domiciles, and to establish themselves in their own freeholds. HENCE, and from no *other cause*, arose those reports of insolence and idleness which were so widely and perseveringly circulated against the peasantry. It is delightful to add, that the injustice and impolicy of such conduct have now become generally manifest; so that the causes of mutual dissatisfaction are now to a considerable degree extinct.

To turn for a moment to economical improvement and the prospects of agricultural industry; we find that monopoly has long been a curse to Jamaica, just as bondage was to humanity.

The resources of the country are not at present more than half developed. Its variety of soil and climate is adapted to the cultivation of almost every article that is grown within the tropics and the milder regions of the temperate zone; whilst its resources of raw material for manufactures of almost all kinds, and which are almost innumerable, may be said to be entirely unemployed, except for local purposes by the peasantry. The old methods of cultivation are the rule—the improvements the exception. The hoe, the cutlass, and the tray, * and others of equal antiquity, still usurp the place of the plough and the spade, the muck-fork, the weelbarrow, and the tumbril: whilst the practical knowledge of the last century is still regarded by many as superior to the experience and science of the present day.

We close with some lively anecdotes, showing that the intellectual faculties,—the ingenuity, cleverness, and adroit sagacity of the negro are not of that inferior order that the oppressors of the race would have the world to believe. Their readiness and shrewdness in regard to maxims and proverbs are well illustrated. Take samples:

Mr. Edwards mentions an instance of shrewdness and sagacity on the part of a negro servant which is not often surpassed. Exhausted by a long journey, he had fallen asleep. On being awoke, and told somewhat sharply that his master was angry because "him da call, call, and him keep on sleep, and no heary," he facetiously replied, "Sleep no heb massa." "Wilberforce," said a negro, on one occasion, in the midst of a group of his companions—"Wilberforce—dat good name for true; him good buckra; him want for make we free; and if him can't get we free no oder way him *will by force.*" A negro, having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with on his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he wittily observed, "Hat belong to *me*—head belong to *massa.*" During an examination of a black servant in the Catechism, he was asked by the clergyman what he was made of. "Of

mud, massa," was the reply. On being told he should say, "Of dust," he answered, "No, massa, it no do, no tick togedder." A negro, when in a state of heathenism, contracted a debt to a considerable amount. Being frequently importuned for payment, he resolved to be christened, and afterwards, on the application being made, replied, with considerable *naïveté*, "Me is new man now; befo me name Quashie; darefo me no pay Quashie debt."

Again,—

The idea of their inability, even in their most untutored state, to combine ideas and pursue a chain of reasoning, is equally erroneous, as is evident from the following defence, said to have been made before a bench of justices in one of the country parishes by certain negroes who had run away from their work. The judges on the occasion were two medical men. The complaint having been preferred, the defendants were severally called upon to state their case. * * The one illustrates the hardships of his case, by instituting a comparison between his own lot and that of a woodpecker, and urges, that having been born as free as that bird, the overseer had no more claim to his services than he had to those of the woodpecker. He draws a comparison between the condition of the two, to the advantage of the latter, and ridicules the idea that he was neither to build his own house nor to have any shelter before going to work for the overseer, concluding his defence by a recital of the punishment inflicted on him. The other had been charged with inattention to poultry committed to her care, owing to which many of them had died. She was required by the overseer to pay for them, and in default of it was to be punished. Indisposed, or unable to pay, and dreading the threatened punishment, she had absconded. It will be observed, that she attempts to conciliate the chief magistrate, by flattering him with her opinion of his medical skill; proves his inability to counteract the designs of Omnipotence, with regard to the death of any of his patients; appeals to him if, under such circumstances, he would be justly charged with want of attention, or required to pay any penalty for the loss of his patients, and hence infers the injustice of the demand made upon her under similar circumstances. * * "Massa," said the first of them, addressing the senior judge, "me bin no heb no house, and when me bin cut one bread-nut tree, me see how one woodpecker bin build him house in the tree, and me tink say, poor me boy! The woodpecker is better off than me, him hab plenty time for build and mind him pickinniny, and when woodpecker da sleep in the mornin, him no fraid of bad busha for flog him because him no turn out before day to do buckra work, and me tink it was berry hard me for live worse than woodpecker, and busha say me lazy, and him will build house for me, and me tell him say, him must look at wookpecker house, so say if busha bin build it, and me ax him why him no make woodpecker cut bread-nuts, and dig cane-holes, so busha flog me till me most dead. Posin you yourself, handsome somebody like you, blong to him, him would flog you till you most dead too."—"Massa," said the other, "me bin fowl-house woman, and the truckies (turkeys) dead na me hand eberry day, so busha say me must pay for dem. Now, massa doctor, you is clever person to cure sick somebody, and if dem *can* cure, you will cure dem, but if dem time come for dead, dem must dea' for though massa

doctor berry cleber, he can't do more dan God. Same fashion, massa, if de trucky time for dead come, dem must dead. Now, massa doctor, pose neger sick in the hot-house, and dem time for dead come, and God make dem dead, it no would be berry hard you for pay cause dem dead? So it berry hard me for pay for de trucky dead, and busha say him will flog me, so me run away."

An anecdote related by the captain of a merchantman:

While my vessel was lying at St. Anne's Bay, Jamaica, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Oracabessa, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast. When at some distance, I observed a negro boy flogging his mule most severely, but before I got up, he had dismounted and appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with four legs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies. "Who-o! you no go ober? Bery well—me bet you fippenny me make you go. No? why for you no bet? Why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive away the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—bery well; den me try." The young rogue (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fanweed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fanweed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to the animal's tail, and off they went, as a negro would say—"*Like mad, Massa.*" Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth in perfect extacy. Out they got on the other side; head and ears down—tail and heels up—and the boy's arms moving about as if he was flying; and I lost sight of him as he went over a rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. A butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy in these exploits. About two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria. There I saw, in an open space near one of the stores, standing, or rather leaning against the wall, Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule, eating Guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at the river side. "Well Quashie," I said, "you have got here I see; but which of you won?" "Quashie win, Massa—Quashie neber lose." "But will he pay?" I enquired. Quashie pay himself, Massa. You see, Massa Buccra, masser gib Quashie tenpenny bit for grass for mule: Quashie bet fippenny he make him go ober de riber. Quashie win. Quashie hab fippenny for cake—mule hab fippenny for grass."

A perusal of the volume before us will set the reflective mind upon many important trains of thought. Sad is the retrospect, but most gladdening the prospect. What, for instance, may not be the career of the black inhabitants of Jamaica in the walks of learning? In the appendix to Mr. Phillippo's volume, we find that proposals

have been circulated that encourage us to hope that ere long a college on liberal and comprehensive principles, designed chiefly for the education of the descendants of Africa in the higher branches of learning and science, will be established in the island. We close our paper with this notice, with this theme for hopeful contemplation and outstretching promise.

ART. IV.—*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who Flourished in the Time of George III. To which are added Remarks on the French Revolution.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Knight.

THE third and concluding volume of Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches* is dedicated to M. Guizot, and will be assuredly received by the public with as much favour as its predecessors in the series. Its plan and purpose, or at least its actual lessons and interest are in some respects different from what were prominent in the other parts; and not merely because his lordship appears really to have "redoubled his care to prevent any bias of a party or of a personal kind from influencing the opinions pronounced, whether upon men or measures," (such are his words,) and thus both put reins upon his temper, and studied the worth of matter instead of rhetoric, but because he has addressed himself to points and topics beyond the range of his former sketches, evolving views too of more novelty and perhaps of more value than those which sprung out at his bidding, of the other statesmen and notorieties dashed off by his trenchant pen. It may be that the subjugation and the stolidity alluded to have caused an invasion to be made upon his characteristic dominion of nerve; his hits may not be so hard; there may be less of raciness, because less of recklessness and exciting power. But the noble author cannot possibly be dull or unmeaning; he may oft be wrong, but he never can be unreadable; and therefore whatever is missed in the way of vivacity and eccentric fancy, is amply made up by means of quieter thought, better collected materials, and a more evident regard to the philosophy to be gathered from the subjects. He is as ready, discursive, and forcible as ever; his knowledge of men and of life never seemed more manifold, his acquaintanceship with events and remarkable facts never more extensive; and the skill to use up the whole never more masterly.

How many names Lord Brougham might have added, had he pleased, to those that figure in his preceding volumes, it is needless to conjecture; but then it would not have been easy to find any considerable number who could have served his present particular ends so well as several of the persons he has here introduced. Political and governmental principles are the things which he seems to have had much in view, and as illustrated by his characters and their history; and the

present state of Ireland, together with the lessons which he thinks should be derived from the career and fate of demagogues in past times, are made to point with his Lordship's usual energy and smartness to the grand Agitator. His statesmen, however, do not uniformly serve this one purpose; but for the most part a doctrine of an important nature is sought to be taught and elucidated; such for example as that which the conduct of Lord Camden furnishes, when he suddenly turned round like a traitor upon his colleagues, as narrated in the following passage:—

When upon the assembling of parliament in 1770 Lord Chatham moved an amendment pledging the Lords with all convenient speed to take into consideration the causes of the prevailing discontents, and particularly the proceedings of the Commons touching Wilkes's election, and closed his remarkable reply by affirming that "when the law ends tyranny begins," Lord Camden rose and declared, with a warmth unusual to him, that he had accepted the great seal without condition, and meant not to be trammelled by the king (then correcting his expression)—by his ministers; but he added, "I have suffered myself to be so too long. I have beheld with silent indignation the arbitrary measures of the minister. I have long drooped and held down my head in Council, and disapproved with my looks those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent. I will do so no longer; but openly and boldly speak my sentiments." He then supported Lord Chatham's amendment; declared that, if as a judge he should pay any respect to the vote of the Commons, he should look upon himself as a traitor to his trust and an enemy to his country; accused the ministers of causing the existing discontents, and all but in terms, certainly by implications, charged them with having formed a conspiracy against the liberties of the people. The ministers whom he thus accused had, through all the time of their measures causing these discontents, and their conspiracy against public liberty, been his colleagues and still were his colleagues; for strange to tell, he made his speech, without having taking any steps to resign the Great Seal.

Now, this is the comment and the castigation:—

The cabinet had no great right to complain of the line taken by Lord Camden; for he plainly had given his colleagues to understand that he differed with them, and that, on this account, he withheld his opinion from them. They had a right to object; they were entitled to require his aid, and on his refusing it, to demand his resignation. They chose to retain him among them, and therefore they took him on his own terms. But the party which had a right to complain of Lord Camden, had an equal right to complain of all his colleagues, and that party was the country. A cabinet so constructed and so acting was wholly incapable of well administering the affairs of the nation, and it was the duty of his colleagues to require either his full co-operation or his retirement; and above all it was the duty of Lord Camden to relinquish his high station whenever he did not choose to perform its highest duties. To remain in office while he disapproved of the government's proceedings; to be responsible for measures on which he

pronounced no opinion, but held an adverse one; to continue a nominal minister of the Crown, while the most important acts were doing in his name, which he believed must involve the country in a war with her colonies, and endanger also the peace of the empire at home—acts which he regarded as hostile to the principles of the constitution, and subversive of the people's most sacred rights—was surely an offence of as high a nature as ever statesman committed.

We may here take advantage of the opportunity which, as hitherto, has always offered itself, of noticing his Lordship's unguardedness of expression, and even his incongruity of speech, when he long dwells upon any portrait, or repeatedly pronounces upon any single and eminent character. It is impossible even with the most hearty admiration of his talents and his sketches to deny, that one sweeping asservation or unconditional sentence is sometimes in entire antagonism to another not many pages or paragraphs apart. Who would expect, after what we have cited, to meet with a winding up so positive and laudatory as this, that he, Lord Camden "descended to the grave full of years and honours, the most precious honours which a patriot can enjoy, the unabated gratitude of his countrymen, and the unbroken consciousness of having, through good report and evil, firmly maintained his principles and faithfully discharged his duty;" and this, after having perpetrated *an offence of as high a nature as ever statesman committed?* Allowance, however, is to be made for the writer's professional and parliamentary habits of rapid thought and expression, and something for his ardency of temperament; nor is the reader after all bewildered, since there is never any obscurity about the portrait, or doubt left of what was intended, of what were the stamped and ineffaceable traits of the individual, according to the artists' broad and searching conception.

Lord Ellenborough, who is capitally done, may be regarded as a favourite subject, painted *con amore* rather than to point a leading principle of politics; while Lords Wellesley and Holland must have recommended themselves in a great degree through the living knowledge which the writer had of these statesmen. There are some other exceptions to the lessoning purpose, and to that of drawing from the past for the use of the present and the future; nor are the reflections and teachings limited to the case of Ireland. In an appendix, we have, for example, the character of Walpole, where he is panegyrized as a *peace* minister. Bolingbroke is in the same section of the book ably estimated, a remarkably discerning glance being taken of him both in public and private life. He is described as having been the first of modern orators, but one of the worst of men in whichever of the lights he is viewed.

But the prime features of the volume appear to us to reside in those parts where the actions and characters of certain individuals, standing out in bold relief in by-gone times, are revivified in order to

be a beacon for posterity, and where results are distinctly marked and traced to warn or to stimulate, to denounce and sometimes to give vent to the writer's personal indignation for injuries real or supposed. Thus, "John, fourth Duke of Bedford," has not only been brought forward with the view of vindicating his character as a statesman, to which it appears justice has never been done, especially in consequence of the attacks of the far-famed Junius; but still more for the sake of placing that anonymous slanderer at the head of "a certain body of unknown defamers," whose missiles, it is obvious, have not seldom annoyed his Lordship. We think that this part is the feeblest as well as the most intemperate in the book; the most unadvisable, and that it will be held as furnishing abundant retorts, were it but for the prolonged and aggravated irritation of him who has by a forced and circuitous course taken the opportunity of venting his vengeance. We cite a passage of the diatribe:—

> Beside the satisfaction of contributing to frustrate injustice, and deprive malice of its prey, there is this benefit to be derived from the inquiry upon which I am about to enter—we shall be enabled to test the claims of a noted slanderer to public confidence, and to ascertain how little he is worthy of credit in his assault upon other reputations. But we shall also be enabled to estimate the value of the class to which he belongs; the body of unknown defamers, who, lurking in concealment, bound by no tie of honour, *influenced by no regard for public opinion*, feeling no sense of shame, their motives wholly inscrutable, gratifying, it may be, some paltry spite, or actuated by some motive too sordid to be avowed by the most callous of human beings, vent their calumnies against men whose whole lives are before the world, who in vain would grapple with the nameless mob of their slanderers, but who, did they only know the hand from whence the blows are levelled, would very possibly require no other defence than at once to name their accuser. That the efforts of this despicable race have sometimes prevailed over truth and justice; that the public, in order to indulge their appetite for abuse of eminent men, have suffered the oft-repeated lie to pass current without sifting its value, and have believed what was boldly asserted, with the hardly credible folly of confounding with the courage of truth the cheap daring of concealed calumniators, cannot be doubted.

We have now to come to what we consider the most interesting and suggestive parts of the work, to characters as well as inferences and applications that are most deserving of attention; while the novelty and the ability displayed both in Sketch and Remark, are in the writer's best manner. In the portraiture of Wilkes, and also in the chapter on "Demagogue Acts," Ireland and O'Connell have been manifestly in a direct line in the mind's eye of the writer. Towards this point the heaviest of his artillery, the fellest of his small fire, are levelled. But the character and career of Wilkes do not alone satisfy and supply the author; weapon and fortification being found in the history of the French Revolution. And here we have both general

remark of wide applicability, at times however more adroitly than logically called in; and a series of sketches,—Robespierre, Danton, Sièyes, and others; the whole forming one of the most striking chapters in modern historical, biographical, and disquisitional writing.

The volume, in fact, opens with a review of the Revolution; and an argument pointedly taught is, that the reign of terror, with its immediate fruitfulness of crime and horror, was produced by a comparatively few unscrupulous, unprincipled, active, and clubbed persons, whose object and art were to arouse the worst passions, to mislead and infuriate the multitude, till the human element became ungovernable. The story of Wilkes is made to teach a similar lesson, albeit the materials he had to work upon, and the circumstances, were different.

The doctrine taught from the events and the characters sketched, is this, that the Government of a country, having the respectability of the community on its side, as well as the mass of the property, should at once and with a stout arm arrest the insolence and progress of organized agitation in behalf and furtherance of mad theoretical visions, but that at the same time no real grievance should be overlooked or unremedied, no wise practical reform should be delayed. Another lesson is inculcated, for the benefit of demagogues and agitators themselves, as well as for the aspiring and speculative, viz., that the destiny of political upstarts and the interrupters of regular understood government is ultimately disgrace, disgust, or utter oblivion.

The following presents a few of Lord Brougham's vituperative and descriptive sentences, most heartily bestowed upon the head of Johnny Wilkes, together with *telling* notices of Irish and English mobs:

Having the moral and sturdy English, and not the voluble and versatile Irish to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself; but was compelled to follow that he might seem to lead, or at least to go two steps with his followers that he might get them to go three with him. He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—dared not tell them opposite stories in the same breath—give them one advice to-day and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things at one and the same time; then come before them with every one pledge unredeemed, and ask their voices, and ask their money too on the credit of as many more pledges for the succeeding half-year: all this with the obstinate and jealous people of England was out of the question; it could not have passed for six weeks. But he committed as great, if not as gross, frauds upon them; abused their confidence as entirely, if not so shamefully; catered for their depraved appetites in all the base dainties of sedition, and slander, and thoughtless violence, and unreasonable demands; instead of using his influence to guide their judgment, improve their taste, reclaim them from bad courses, and better their condition by providing for their

instruction. The means by which he retained their attachment were disgraceful and vile. Like the hypocrite, his whole public life was a lie. The tribute which his unruly appetites kept him from paying to private morals, his dread of the mob, or his desire to use them for his selfish purposes, made him yield to public virtue; and he never appeared before the world without the mask of patriotic enthusiasm or democratic fury.

The salutary lesson is also austerely pointed, which is furnished by "the fall, the rapid and total declension of Wilkes's fame—the utter oblivion into which his very name has passed for all purposes, save the remembrance of his vices,—the very ruins of his reputation no longer existing in our political history." And this again is taught that "those who may court the applause of the hour, and regulate their conduct towards the people, not by their own sound and conscientious opinions of what is right, but by the desire to gain fame in doing what is pleasing, and to avoid giving the displeasure that arises from telling wholesome, though unpalatable, truths," must drop into forgetfulness, or become a byeword of reproach, and a beacon of danger in all time coming.

We shall now cite sundry sketches and passages which are fitted to stand separately and without preface or remark of ours. Whig treatment of Lord Wellesley.

When at the end of 1830 the Whigs came into office, Lord Wellesley was appointed Lord Steward of the household; and in 1833 he resumed the Viceroyalty of Ireland, which he held until the change of Government in 1834. He then resigned at once his high office, not waiting till he should be pressed by the new Government to retain it, as in all probability he would have been. He held himself bound in honour to the Whig party to retire upon their very unceremonious dismissal by King William. Steady to his party, he was actively engaged in preparing the opposition to the Peel Ministry; arranged the important measure of the Speakership, the first blow which that Ministry received; and with his own hand drew the resolution which on the 8th of April brought it to a close. It cannot be affirmed that the Whig party was equally steady to him. On their accession to power, I have heard him say, he received the first intimation that he was not to return to Ireland from one of the door-keepers at the House of Lords, whom he overheard, as he passed, telling another of my friend Lord Mulgrave's appointment.

We find Lord Wellesley and Pitt touchingly connected; but more impressive is the contrast between the minister's last moments in life, and his first treatment by the living in death:

Lord Wellesley returned from his glorious administration at a very critical period of our Parliamentary history. Mr. Pitt was stricken with the malady which proved fatal—a typhus fever, caught from some accidental infection, when his system was reduced by the stomach complaints which he had long laboured under. His doctors appointed a time when his friend

might come to see him. This, their last interview, was in the villa on Putney Heath, where he died a few days after. Lord Wellesley called upon me there many years after; it was then occupied by my brother-in-law, Mr. Eden, whom I was visiting. His Lordship showed me the place where those illustrious friends sat. Mr. Pitt was, he said, much emaciated and enfeebled, but retained his gayety and his constitutionally sanguine disposition; he expressed his confident hopes of recovery. In the adjoining room he lay a corpse the ensuing week: and it is a singular and a melancholy circumstance, resembling the stories told of William the Conqueror's deserted state at his decease, that some one in the neighbourhood having sent a messenger to enquire after Mr. Pitt's state, he found the wicket open, then the door of the house, and, nobody answering the bell, he walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the Minister's body lay lifeless, the sole tenant of the mansion of which the doors a few hours before were darkened by crowds of suitors alike obsequious and importunate, the vultures whose instinct haunts the carcasses only of living Ministers.

The conduct both of Whig and Tory may often be more easily accounted for than excused, as witness the want of manliness in the former, who, according to Lord Brougham, held office during the two years that followed May 1839, in a great measure because of their dread of facing the numerous place-lovers and place-hunters, "with whom they, like every government, were beset." He says,—

In London, and in all corporate towns, there were of course swarms of creatures, hatched by the sunshine of Court favour, and whose only dreams were of being enabled by the prolonged existence of the Cabinet, those already placed to continue battening on the public carcass, those only in expectancy to wriggle themselves into a share of it. These it was hard to face and to thwart. The same influence, or the same fear of offending adherents, occasioned undoubtedly that other most reprehensible act, an act too most hurtful to the Liberal party, the dissolution in 1841. Who can for a moment believe that the Ministers themselves expected to obtain any thing like a majority in the new Parliament? Then what possible right had they to make their Sovereign dissolve in order to increase the difficulties of those, her servants, who were to be their successors in office? This they well knew; and of this I warned them by private remonstrance; as indeed I took the liberty of humbly counselling my gracious Sovereign upon the measure, thereby discharging my duty as a peer of Parliament. But "the pressure from without" was too powerful. Some score of Members fancied their seats would be more secure were their own friends in office during the general election than if that event happened when their adversaries were in power; and to their importunate clamour the Ministers were fain to yield.

The peculiarities and great qualities of the family of Fox:

Many tempers are equal and placid constitutionally; but then this calm results from their being cold: the waters are not troubled because their surface is frozen. Lord Holland's temper, on the contrary, like his uncle's

was warm, excitable, lively, animated. Yet I knew him intimately for five-and-thirty years, during a portion of which we had political and even party differences; I had during the most of these years almost daily intercourse with him; I can positively assert, that though I saw him often sorely tried, and fear me I was now and then among those who tried him, I never for one moment perceived that there was in his composition the least element of anger, spite, peevishness, or revenge. In my whole experience of our race, I never saw such a temper, nor any thing that at all resembled it.

"His was the disposition of the Fox family. They have a noble and lofty character; their nature is generous and humane. Selfishness, meanness, craft, are alien to their whole composition. Open, manly, confiding, combining the highest qualities of the understanding with the best feelings of the heart, and marked throughout by the innocent simplicity of infancy, no wonder that they win the affections of all who approach them—that is to say, who approach so near and know them so long as to be familiar with them—for both Mr. Fox and his nephew had the manners, somewhat repulsive at first, of patrician life, and the uncle, especially, was for a while even severely forbidding to strangers. It must be added, that their aristocratic propensities were not confined to manner; they had the genuine Whig predilection for that kind of support, and regarded, perhaps justly regarded, the union of great families as absolutely necessary to maintain the popular cause against the Court. Mr. Fox, however, went a little further, and showed more complacency in naming highly-born supporters than might seem altogether to consist with a high popular tone or with the tenets of a philosophical statesman. It is to be added, that with the simplicity of an infantine nature, they had the defect, as regards their affections, of that tender age. Their feelings were strong, but not deep; the impressions made on their hearts were passing, and soon effaced. I have often rallied, and sometimes remonstrated with my friend on this peculiarity when I saw him, as I thought, regarding men rather with the eye of the naturalist than a brother, and rather take an interest in observing their habits and marking their peculiarities, than feeling as deeply as their relation to us required."

Lord Brougham, as on almost every other subject, has gleaned more, and remembered more of what he has gleaned, relative to the French Revolution, than perhaps any man in England. Certain it is, that the volume before us contains novelties both of view and in the way of pertinent as well as remarkable anecdote, that will be most acceptable to the historical student and the general reader. He tells us that he has gathered much of his information from veteran witnesses, who speak from personal experience and lasting recollections. Fouché, for instance, who ranks among the Revolutionists, is the subject of a striking contribution to the book by Lord Stanhope, whose reminiscences of the Frenchman are fresh, having met with him at Dresden in 1815-16.

Notices of Fouché,—

He had been early in life a professor in the Oratoire; and it was said very truly at Dresden, that he had "le visage d'un moine, et la voix d'un mort," and as he was for some time the only foreign minister at that court, that he appeared "like the ghost of the departed corps diplomatique." His countenance showed great intelligence, and did not indicate the cunning by which he was eminently distinguished: his manner was calm and dignified; and he had, either from nature or from long habit, much power of self-possession. When I announced to him the execution of Marshal Ney, of which by some accident I had received the earliest information, his countenance never changed. He appeared to be nearly sixty years of age; and his hair had become as white as snow, in consequence of his having, according to his own expression, "slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years." His conversation was very animated and interesting; but it related chiefly to events in which he had been an actor, and his inordinate vanity induced him to say, "I am not a king, but I am more illustrious than any of them." His statements did not deserve implicit credence; and I may mention as an instance, his bold denial that during the whole course of his long administration as Minister of Police any letter had ever been opened at the post-office.

Napoleon's parsimony in bribery:

Fouché, who after the return of Napoleon was re-appointed Minister of Police, was asked by him whether it was not desirable to obtain the services of Talleyrand, who was then one of the French ambassadors at Vienna. Certainly, replied Fouché; and Napoleon then said, "What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?" Fouché, aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a Minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course, he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, observed, if a snuff-box were sent to Talleyrand, he should open it to see what it contained. "What do you mean?" inquired Napoleon. "It is idle," replied Fouché, "to talk of sending him a snuff-box. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one-half of the sum be payable on his return to France." "No," said Napoleon, "that is too expensive, and I shall not think of it."

Diamond cut diamond:

According to a homely expression, "there was no love lost" between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, "Talleyran est nul till after he has drunk a bottle of Madeira: and the latter asked, "Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?" Fouché spoke very contemptuously of the late Emperor of Austria, whom he called "un crétin."

A king a sycophant:

He had received from the Prince of the Asturias, afterwards Ferdinand the Seventh, during his residence at Valençay, the most servile letters, earnestly entreating that Napoleon would confer upon him the high honour of allowing him to be allied with some relation, however distant, of the Imperial Family. Fouché said that his hand was kissed by the prince whenever he had occasion to see him; and added, "I washed it afterwards, for he was very dirty."

After these specimens of this, a third volume, it cannot be necessary to say, that there is no essential declension of his Lordship's power, —nothing in respect of matter or of manner that does not continue to entitle him to extraordinary observation and remark. He stands out from amongst men, not only as going in advance of the forward and rising above most *eminences* in many given spheres, but in seeing more clearly, dividing more dexterously, and inculcating more forcibly in the fields that have been wearifully trodden, than other foreseeing authorities and more regular historians. That he is subject to gusts and apt to aberrate, will not be denied,—that his friends and eulogists have oft seen cause to question his discretion, is true. But there can be, we think, no reasonable and just rule by which to estimate his talents, his motives, and his services, unless it have been instituted by a person who first is disposed to look up to a superior being, and secondly, to make practical allowance not only for what the object of his contemplation has really achieved, but for the multiplicity of his efforts and the unlimited scope of his activities.

How mightily does fashion regulate men's speech, if not their real opinions! how ready is the multitude to take its tone from a meddling unscrupulous press! how many adopt the creed of a particular newspaper; and what a cuckoo song has been set up for some time past by his Lordship's detractors, until thousands who have neither the capacity, nor are in a position to pronounce judgment upon him, are everlastingly reiterating charges of inconsistency,—of reckless or base opposition, and accusing him as a systematic self-seeker, if not of habitually premeditated treachery. Nay, we have, ere putting pen to this paper, been obliged to listen to the *argumentum ad hominem* in relation to Lord Brougham and the book before us, as if its doctrines, however powerful and instructive, were to be scorned and utterly forgotten because, forsooth, the partizan may ask, "What did you do yourself?" "are you not as bad?" "Why take upon yourself the office of recorder, teacher, painter, and castigator, until you have come to my way of thinking about you?" Such in effect is the criticism and the impugnings which we have reiterated disgustingly, with the view to depreciate and misrepresent a man that will assuredly be a *brilliant* in history.

But it belongs not to our vocation at present to proffer a defence either of the private or public character and career of Lord Brougham. Certain it is that he has raised up many enemies; but it is no less certain that he is master for them all; only it were to be wished that he did not exhibit so much sensitiveness at much that will eventually prove perfectly innocuous. In order, however, to show with what power and ease he can grapple with difficulties and prejudices, —with what perspicacity and convincing ability he can propound and inculcate views that may happen to run counter to opinions that have long been accepted and held sound as gospel writ, let us cite a para-

graph or two from that part of the volume that treats of the French Revolution, and sketches the history and the merits of its great leaders.

His Lordship remarks generally that the current opinion of these leaders has been such as was formed under the influence of the feelings excited—naturally enough to be sure—by the dreadful events of their day, these opinions involving every person that had any share in their perpetration, in an indiscriminate charge of sanguinary and profligate ambition. But he also fairly observes that not only have the ephemeral writers and speakers who were contemporary with the dreadful events fallen into this error, but that subsequent authors and reasoners have been equally superficial and unguarded.

The common, almost the invariable, course has been to make no distinction whatever between the different actors in the drama. Danton has been treated with the same severity as Robespierre; Catnille and St. Just have received the same award of condemnation, nay, the wretched Marat, whom it would be a profanation of the name to call a statesman, has not been held up to greater execration and scorn, than those who really, more or less, were entitled to be so called. A more calm examination of their history, for which survey the time may be admitted now to have arrived, begets far more than doubts upon the soundness of the commonly received opinion, and teaches us to distribute in very different and very unequal shares our pr'se and our censure. Even respecting Robespierre himself, it is probable that the pitch of the public voice has been somewhat too high, and that his bad and despicable character, dark as undeniably it was, had still some few redeeming traits to distinguish it from the Collots and the Billauds, by far the worst of the whole.

This is Lord Brougham's estimate of the oratory of Robespierre.

No one at all acquainted with the rhetorical art can deny to these passages merit of the highest order. Above all, no one acquainted with the conduct of debate can doubt that they are precisely the kind of passages most surely calculated to awaken, to gratify, to controul an assembly deliberating on the actual affairs of men. The speaker who thus delivered himself was plainly gifted with extraordinary eloquence; and however he may have dwindled down to a frigid, sententious, unimpressive rhetorician upon occasions of an *epideictic* kind, occasions of mere display, like the fête in honour of the Supreme Being, or even when in the Convention, his personal vanity and desire of oratorical renown made him overdo his part, it is certain that he was capable of excelling in the art; that he did excel on those great occasions which are fitted to call forth its highest displays; and, sure test of excellence, that he rose with the difficulties opposed to him, meeting with superior power the more pressing exigencies of the occasion. That Robespierre may be tried by this test, we naturally turn to his great speech on the 8th Thermidor, the eve of his downfall; that speech of which we shall presently see that Cambacérès pronounced a very high panegyric to Napoleon, himself rather disposed to admire the revolutionary Dictator. It is a production of the highest merit, and manifestly elaborated with extraordinary

care as well as skill in oratory. The passage respecting the fête in honour of the Supreme Being is, for a popular Assembly, perhaps too splendid, and might be deemed exaggerated; but the taste of the speech generally is correct and severe. That he had in various passages the masterpieces of the ancient orators in his mind, can admit of no doubt: but there is nothing to be seen like servile imitation; and even in the instance which most reminds us of the original ("Non! nous n'avons pas été trop sévères! J'en atteste la république qui respire! J'en atteste la représentation nationale environnée du respect dû à la représentation d'un grand peuple!" and ending with "On parel de notre rigueur, et la patrie nous reproche notre faiblesse,") we find nothing nauseous in the imitation, but so fruitful a series of illustrations from the actual state of things, that all notion of pedantic recourse to Demosthenes is put to flight. There is also throughout the speech a tone of deep feeling, which was not natural to the speaker, and probably was awakened by the peculiarity of his unprecedented position, and the extreme singularity of the crisis in which he spoke.

We must close our paper, and do so with a reminiscence and an anecdote of the Abbé Siéyes.

In the beginning of the year 1817, I made acquaintance with the Abbé at that time, with Cambacérès and other regicides, residing at Brussels. I was then on my way to attend my parliamentary duties at the opening of the Session; and finding himself in company with a party leader, he was—unfortunately for me, who desired to hear him descant on matters which he understood—led to give me at great length and with little fruit, his ideas upon a point the most incomprehensible to a foreigner, and indeed the most difficult for any uninitiated Englishman, any Englishman out of the vortex of practical politics, to understand, namely, the course most fitting, in the circumstances of the moment, for the English Parliamentary opposition to take. I admired the unhesitating confidence with which he delivered authoritatively his opinions, oracularly dictating to me his crude, absurd, most ignorant notions. I marvelled at the boldness of the man who could thus lecture one necessarily well acquainted with the subject, of which the lecturer could not by possibility understand the A, B, C. I exceedingly lamented the loss of what might have been an interview filled with curious information. I returned to England without the least disposition to put a single one of his absurdities to the test of experience; for indeed to have mentioned even the most tolerable of them to the least experienced of my party would have been to raise a doubt of my seriousness, if not of my sanity. Both my valued friend Lord Kinnaird and myself were mightily struck with the contrast which Cambacérès presented to the Abbé in these interviews.

ART. IV.—*Hints and Reflections for Railway Travellers and others; or, a Journey to the Phalanx.* By MINOR HUGO. In three volumes. London: George Earle.

TRASH! vile, irredeemable trash! nonsense so staringly idiotic, so inconceivably absurd, that the reader, wherever he may open the book, will be prompted to exclaim, ("more in sorrow than in anger") Alas! has this poor unfortunate no friends who can feel for his in-

serable situation, and who possess sufficient means to place him in some comparative retirement, where, under a competent degree of discipline and sanatory treatment, his mind might, perhaps, be so far relieved from its present disordered condition, as to afford him a sufficing glimpse of the "chaotic obscure"—the dark, waste, and inculturable region presented by his narrow and infirm intellect—and thereby dissuade him from any future attempt to advertise the public of his melancholy state of imbecility. Sure, indeed, we are, that many a hapless wretch, confined within the dreary walls of St. Luke's, would be unable, in the height of his wildest phrenzy, to scrawl more senseless extravagance than is obtruded on the reader in these contemptible volumes. We should not deem ourselves justified in introducing any considerable portion of the author's ravings into our pages, but for the opportunity they present for exposing to the gaze of a class of literary adventurers peculiar to the present day, the sad, debasing picture of mental obscuration arrived at through the indulgence of a reckless overweening vanity—the total annihilation of even the small portion of innate sense, with which an ungenerative intellect may be endowed, through following the blind dictates of an undiscriminating conceit, leading the unhappy sufferer to seek extraordinary occasions of betraying his infirmity, to the amusement or pain of others—making him, as in the glaring and pitiable instance before us,

"—as it were in spite
Of nature and his stars, to write;"

and exposing the "last dull dregs" of his exhausted and drivelling ideas in the impotent attempt to set up a literary rivalry, from which the fate of the ox-envying frog, in the pages of our friend Æsop, might have cautioned a less senile aspirant than one thus utterly abandoned by the better instincts of the reasoning faculty. A few isolated passages will sufficiently illustrate the truth of our remarks. Our first example is offered as a specimen of the author's ideas on the subject of education, which it will be seen, are, as he himself expresses it, "somewhat peculiar:" in discussing the superior advantages of an apron-string course of instruction to that of public schools, he makes the leading person in the dialogue say:—

And more than this, I firmly believe, that in those unhappy regions where endless woe and misery eternally exist, thousands upon thousands will hereafter be found who trace their wretchedness to the date of their being sent to school; where every natural generous sentiment of their hearts was crushed, their religion, their sympathies were made a mockery and a subject of ridicule; where false notions of honour and probity were advocated and practised; where they first learned everything vicious, and where those sins which at home they were taught to look upon with abhorrence were there only considered as a proof of manliness, of talent, and superior intel-

fact. "If a record could be kept of the words, thoughts, and actions of the teachers and the taught, of all our public educational seminaries and universities for one single day only, I believe a volume of crime, of horror, and of depravity would be unfolded to our view, to which the world has now no parallel; and a state of mental degradation divulged, compared with which, that of a savage would be purity itself."

To give additional force to this amiable and most charitably conceived opinion, the speaker is represented as a *lady*, whose powers of observation in the matter, it must be owned, are sufficiently acute; inasmuch as the circumstance of her sex must inevitably preclude the opportunities of personal inspection into the habits and modes of training exercised in the sphere adverted to, and who can only, therefore, be supposed to judge from precarious *data* afforded by casual channels of information, and from the consideration of results which the very fact of this limited or partial knowledge would disqualify the investigator for treating upon with anything like judicial accuracy. The author did himself an unconscious act of justice, in placing this weak and false reasoning in the mouth of one who, *prima facie*, could by no possibility arrive at a fair means of judging of the truth of the matter discussed. We almost envy the reader the *piquant* enjoyment of his first impression of the ludicrous, at our author's expense, when, after reading the previous revolting passage, he realizes the happy remarks with which we now present him, on the wicked nature of classical studies:—

> I once knew a boy, whose parents were people of a high standard of religious sentiment, who was found in his father's garden standing before a mound of turf he had raised, on which was a fire wherein the lad was doing his best to burn a mouse he had got possession of; and on being asked what in the name of every thing comical he was doing, he in the most unsophisticated manner possible answered, that "he was offering up a sacrifice to the goddess Minerva." Now, the boy always had a strong tendency to religion, he thought he was acting most rightly; and he was astonished to find that he was not to practise what he was taught. He is now a valuable minister of the gospel, but I dare say he never forgets the bias his own mind received from those writings he was taught to admire.

"*Risum teneatis, amici?*" This valuable piece of information affords a truly worthy *pendant* to the foregoing extract, of which it is in part intended as an illustration; and will naturally bring to the reader's mind the well-known line,—"*Et mons parturiens nascetur ridiculus mus!*" We venture to predict that the "*ridiculus mus*" and "*Minor Hugo*" will remain in burlesque association so long as these profound speculations, and "somewhat peculiar" conclusions, are remembered. Unfortunate *Minor!* we would, for your sake, that you had, when a boy, been turned over to the rough discipline, confraternal as well as preceptorial, which would have awaited you on your admission into a public school. We would that you had been plucked

from the *dulcia delicaturæ* of the *Hugo* nursery, and mamma's nice and pretty lesson-books and gentle teaching, and been introduced to the various scenes and accidents of that sterner and more truthful life which opens a wide sphere of enterprise and discovery to the youth, on his first emancipation from the domesticities of home. Pleasant and improving would have been the process of ideas so rapidly developed in the initiatory scheme—in the unfolding of those various stages of exciting adventure, with their practical instructions, that add so greatly to a lad's self-knowledge, as well as to his knowledge of the world. Then, Master *Minor*, would you have been early and convincingly taught many things of which you are now profoundly and most unhappily ignorant. No considerations of birth or fortune, were such in your case relied upon, could have interfered for one moment with the just and admirable course adopted in a public school, namely, of testing every boy's pretensions by the natural and sure measure of personal desert; you would at once have ascertained how much was due to your individual exertions in the attainment of respect from your fellows; and how little was owing to extrinsic distinctions in your path of social or intellectual companionship. Then would you have speedily and unmistakingly discovered your own proper level, and been compelled to struggle for every step in the ladder of promotion, and for every iota of increased consideration in the intercourse with your compeers. This, we say, would have taught you, beyond a doubt, your own value. You would have been made to know the world, and to know yourself; no conceit, however engrained in your nature by the prejudices of the "apron-string," or nursery diet, could have survived the very forcible convictions that would have been heaped upon you, to show you what you were. Full and emphatic would have been such teachings; there would have been no misunderstanding them,—no room whatever for mistake; and your physical as well as intellectual powers would have been amply developed under the species of training practised in such cases. Under these happy circumstances, your at present stunted apprehensions might have expanded into something like mental elevation, and instead of drivelling your poor, pitiable misconceptions and false speculations concerning the education of a public school, you might have gratefully pointed, with admiring respect, to the hallowed retreat within whose classic walls you first drew the breath of intellectual ambition—first owned the glorious impulses of a higher nature! We have ourselves passed through the ordeal of a public school, and most reverently do we bear in memory this important privilege. We have often compared our experience with that of others, on the subject of public education, and the result established in our own mind, beyond the possibility of being shaken by any testimony whatever, is, that Minor Hugo's attack on the character of our national seminaries is of the most calumnious and unjustifiable nature. If the

imputations he makes, however, recoil upon himself; and, if he have any sense of dishonour, we almost pity the abasement he must feel in having been betrayed, by ignorance or wayward petulance, into assertions so heavily charged with falsehood and misrepresentation.

His opinion of the state of the Universities, it may be readily supposed, is equally flattering to those venerable institutions.

A young man now goes to College for three years; during that term so many different duties are required of him, all, perhaps, or with one or two exceptions only, equally irksome to his nature; few, if any, of the college studies interest him; if he wishes to take a high degree, he is morally certain that he must sacrifice health, and many other most valuable considerations, to attain that single object; and he is further aware that even when attained, the chances are against his receiving any thing like a compensation for the trials and fatigues he has undergone, and his diminished health. This is clearly contrary to every law of nature, and most indubitably by no means essential to his filling that station, and performing those duties for which his Maker sent him into this world. Should he relinquish the aim, his time is spent in vacuity or hurtful pleasure; no occupation for which his talents are adapted presents itself, and he of course endeavours to wile away his time as he best may, and the foundation of a life of *ennui* is often laid at the University; pleasure, so called, usurps the place of useful occupation, and vice is its almost inseparable companion.

These are, doubtless, the natural impressions of a mind nurtured in ignorance of the refined pleasures of classical and polite literature, and unacquainted with the exciting passion of intellectual rivalry. The "apron-string" tie is never lost sight of by our author, whatever be the topic he approaches. The following is a "somewhat peculiar" view of the ancient practice of designating collegiate institutions after Divine names:

We here beg to object *in toto* to the profanation of Divine names as applied to colleges, such as Trinity, Jesus or Christ's College; in the mouths of idle, dissipated young men these sacred names are often blasphemed; the mention of them is thought a good joke, and with deep feelings of pain and indignation have we witnessed this. It is a subject well worthy of the attentive consideration of those in power, and those members of our church who have never yet thought upon the subject; it is an evil, that is indubitable, and it is also an incontrovertible fact, that their *veto* is all that is requisite for its entire removal. We pray them to think seriously of this matter.

Really, most worthy *Hugo*, it would be impossible to think seriously of so absurd a proposal as this of yours. The "ridiculus mus" again peeps out, in the corner of our imagination, as we dwell, for a moment's passing mirth, on the unqualified folly of your pretensions, in discovering what so many thousands of your superiors have never gained a sight of, and whose blindness must in your eyes be so excessive! Alas! how comes it that all the distinguished Heads of Houses, the learned members of the Doctorate, the ingenious graduates in Arts, together with the imposing array of talented pro-

fessors, and the august presiding officers of the universities, have never discovered the profaneness of a practice that must have endured for so many generations, and that so high an adventure should have been reserved for the enterprising talents of a non-academician? a *Minor Hugo*? it is marvellous indeed; henceforth be *Minor*, MINIMUS; and let him be invested as Grand Corregidor, or Inspector of all our educational institutions. Henceforth, be the name of *Minimus Hugo* pronounced in your halls, illustrious Oxford and most venerable Cambridge, with solemn respect; and pay ye the close, subdued attention due to so great and beneficent a reformer, when he opens his oracular stores of wisdom for your behoof. Fellows and gentlemen commoners, vail your caps; pensioners, sizars, and servitors, bow to your very shoe-strings!

But what says our small friend *Minor*, or *Minimus*, to the "Professions?"

"With our high estimation of the Church as a body, we can scarce venture to indulge our 'associative' opinions with regard to our Clerical brethren: truth, however, compels us to assert, that we are sometimes staggered by the reflection which is forced upon our notice, that schisms, divisions, and a want of brotherly love, are painfully observable among them, and with a general statement of this 'Result,' we take our leave of the subject, earnestly entreating the clergy to search for the 'root of bitterness,' and place it out of the ground of the Church without delay." This is a "staggering" reflection, truly, and worthy of the writer whose charitable opinions of others have been so freely manifested in our opening extract. —But what of the Navy and Army? "Our Naval and Military system of society produces results the most astounding to a mind of ordinary *calibre*; it leaves men to peril soul and body, to risk every hope of comfort and happiness here, and of glory hereafter, for objects which, if we could for a moment conceive the idea of sorrow entering within the gates of Heaven, might almost draw a tear from an angel's eye; and if mirth could 'dwell with everlasting woe,' would cause the vaults of the infernal regions to ring again with the hellish shouts of sarcasm and demoniac approbation. Results, —impaired constitutions, and a paltry half-pay for your earthly reward,—the gratitude of your country?—Ask Society for it." He then addresses himself to the Physician and the Lawyer. "What are *your* results? You are sought by all when your assistance is indispensable; you are tacitly avoided and askancely looked upon at other times. You may be the means of saving your patient's life, or his fortune, and your 'bill' will perhaps be paid—perhaps not, but how many of your patients or your clients would take the journey only to save your life or your fortune? Again I say, ask 'Society,' and let her answer for her children." We have no need to ask Society such a question; and we put it to *Minimus* himself whether he has considered the case of a desperate and reckless scribbler, and ascertained what he calls the "Results?" If not, we beg to state them, in the words of his own book, vol. 2, p. 161. "Year by year he lingers on, murmuring at the undeserved severity of his fate, and at last he vanishes from the stage unpitied, unregretted—his epitaph this, 'What a fool the fellow was!'"

We shall not sicken the reader with any further quotations, which would only multiply, *ad nauseam*, the same idle puerilities and unfounded misrepresentations. But we cannot lay down the book without protesting against the profane admixture of holy writ with buffoonery—of passages from the writings of St. Peter or St. Paul with others intended as imitations of those of Boz or Sam Slick. This irreverend, or, at least, indecorous practice of the author, proceeding, as it does, from the mouth of one who unsparingly plies us with professions of his piety and evangelical sentiments, is at once ludicrous and revolting. It puts us in mind of a picture we once saw, by Martin Heemskereke, where the devil was playing on a sort of bagpipes to a party of dancing monks and nuns, intermixed, in wildest contrast, with ghosts, fiends, and skeletons; the whole performing a kind of deadly-lively movement together, wherein the alarmed visages and involuntary attitudes of the "religious" were laughably yet hideously blended with the antic gestures, and derisive expression, of their infernal and spectral companions. Or it reminds us of a collection of Dutch tiles that ornamented the fireplace of an old-fashioned breakfast-parlour in a country house where we passed much of our time in the days of infancy. These were so arranged as to present alternate scenes from scripture and profane history, or the subjects of Æsop's fables, mixed up occasionally with characters from the old Dutch pantomimes and juvenile story-books. Thus, one tile, or section of this motley piece of patchwork, represented, graphically enough, Dives in torment; another, the adjoining one, gave us the Monkey thrusting the Cat's paw into the fire to get out the roasted chesnut,—the writhing expression of the rich man in his agony being quaintly travestied by the angry distortion of Grimalkin's visage, as she strenuosly protested against this vicarious arrangement. Here might the unfortunate Absalom be seen, hanging from a tree by his hair; there a scaramouch pendent by his heels from a door, as recently shot by Harlequin from the mouth of a neighbouring cannon; with a host of other ridiculous counter-passages of the same sort, that from that unlucky time to the present, have strangely associated themselves in our lighter acts of memory. Or, finally, we may liken Mr. *Minor Hugo's* medley of sacred and comic phrases to an exhibition of wax-work figures that regaled our festive curiosity once on a time, when, led by the spirit of fun or mischief, we penetrated the grotesque and barbaric scenes of Bartholomew Fair. Seated together, cheek by jowl, in edifying conversation with each other, were there represented Pope Joan and Joe Grimaldi, Othello and Robinson Crusoe, Queen Elizabeth and Tom Crib, and, to make the party classically and synchronically complete, John Wesley and John Thurtell. *One! jam satis!*

As respects our small friend's occasional appropriation of the style of Nicholas Nickleby, or the Clockmaker, we opine (to borrow one

of his pet words), that neither Judge Haliburton nor Charles Dickens would thank their admiring contemporary for exemplifying his homage by eternal attempts to wriggle his unfortunate pen into a feeble and ghastly imitation of their richly-comic vein, whenever he aims at giving additional strength to some illustration or other not worth a pin's head to the reader or himself. Nor do we consider his endeavours more satisfactory, when he descends to the *facetiæ* of a few stray scraps of Scottish phraseology, by way of changing the materials of amusement. In short and in fine, we advise him henceforth, when tempted to interlard his pieties and Sam Slickisms, to have a wholesome fear before his eyes of the monkish saltations alluded to, and when inclined to patronise the Caledonian glossary, giving it the advantage of an English idiom, to pause in the experiment, and call to mind the "auld deevil wi' the chanter" in the corner of the picture.

Art. V.

1. *Diary of a March through Sinde and Afghanistan, with the Troops under the Command of General Sir William Nott, &c.* By the Rev. I. N. Allen, B.A. Hatchard.
2. *Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India.* By C. J. C. Davidson, Esq., late Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, Bengal. Colburn.

The present looks like a breathing season in the affairs of India and our empire in the East; and therefore may well serve for allowing us to turn our attention thither with undistracted steadiness, and to review some of those passages, which recently were the themes of extraordinary solicitude in that quarter, and of numerous contradictory accounts. Affghanistan and Sinde are names that will long remain significant in the English vocabulary. Events in the history of these countries which have occurred within these few late years have occupied many pens and protracted speculation; and yet we welcome Mr. Allen's Diary, as not only adding to our knowledge of what has so recently transpired in the regions mentioned, but as coming from a writer of quite a different class from those which have previously furnished us with narratives and political views relative to the military adventures in lands bordering upon the Indus.

Mr. Allen is an English clergyman, who arrived at Bombay in April 1841, having received the appointment of Assistant Chaplain of the Company's establishment at that Presidency. In May he was ordered to Kurachee, the sea-port of Sinde, and in December was nominated to a regiment at Candahar, which was at that

date considered one of the secure and tranquil stations of our Affghan conquests. This dream, however, was soon doomed to be dispelled; for while on his march tidings reached him of the Cabul outbreak, when he found it well to tarry at Sukkur on the banks of the Indus, where he remained till the arrival of a detachment of General England's division should supply him with an escort. And now the Chaplain's military experience had its commencement, the scholar and the curate exchanging the retirement and the peaceful ways of a sequestered parish in England for the turmoil and the accidents of stern warfare.

At the very commencement of his militant services he was made to experience a shock to his clerical habits, although it was not long before he got accustomed to much more startling scenes than burying a man without a coffin, becoming in fact in a short space of time a campaigner ready to rough it with a soldier-like hardihood. He soon grew reconciled to the wearing of pistols in his girdle, to the smelling of gunpowder, and the danger of hard-mettled bullets; for he accompanied General England on his second and successful advance upon Candahar. He thence accompanied General Nott in the march to Ghuzne and Cabul, after the destruction of the latter place attending the rear-guard of the army in its harrassed withdrawal, and continuing with it till after the triumphant shows at Ferozepore.

We have slightly alluded to Mr. Allen's professional peculiarity, as a reporter on the recent military events which have occurred in the vicinity of the Indus; and it is this singularity which very considerably adds to the interest excited by the Diary. Although he makes little use of the technicalities of the soldier, and thus avoids the obscurity and dryness which the general reader is apt to feel when the narrative abounds with purely professional phraseology, he, by means of a natural accuracy of observation and an educated style of expressing himself, brings out features of scenes and of incidents, which would leave but a slight effect upon the military man's mind, with a distinctness that is particularly fitted to yield a correct and striking idea for popular understanding. Besides, his pictures of the regions which he traversed, and of the inhabitants, as well as of Anglo-Indian life during actual service far away from the seat of government, are remarkably fresh, even amounting not seldom to novelty. And not to detain our readers much longer with prefatory notice, the Chaplain has added to the contents of his volume by inserting several Sermons delivered by him on various occasions during the Campaign of 1842. These discourses may be regarded not merely as good specimens, speaking of them as pulpit orations, but as suitable to the periods when they were uttered, and also as throwing, if not considerable light upon contemporaneous events, at least as attuning the reader's imagination and feelings, so as to go along with the regular narrative with deeper sympathy and a more satisfactory perusal of the Diary.

A chaplain on actual service during warfare must have opportunities of witnessing military life and character in circumstances which the regular red-coats cannot be supposed often to experience; so that Mr. Allen has been constrained to observe that those who only see the soldier in the glitter of gay society at home, have little conception of what he is. "It is in the field, in the absence of almost every comfort, in the face of disease and death, that his real character is developed, and exhibits often in mere boys, a tenderness of heart, a delicacy of attention, and extent of self-denial, that would astonish and perhaps shame many of their seniors who are more happily situated." This trait is strongly brought out in various parts of the narrative. We shall now quote a few paragraphs which will help not only to exhibit the militant chaplain, and the process of his becoming inured to the service, but to illustrate the events and progress of the march. The effects of round shot:—

While we were standing inactive, and gazing with little satisfaction at these disheartening operations on the fort, the enemy had collected in dense masses on the hills to the left of the gate, and were keeping up a fire of matchlocks. For these we cared but little, as they were too distant to be very effective; but, suddenly, whiz came a round shot just over our heads, followed in instant succession by another: both pitched about fifty paces in our rear, and the ricochet carried them over the 16th regiment N. I. It is impossible to describe the effect they produced: it was utterly unexpected, for we had been assured that the guns had been taken to Mookoor; and I fancy very few who were there had ever been under the fire of round shot before. None but those who have experienced it can conceive how immense is the difference between watching the practice of your own guns against the enemy, and that of the enemy's against you. People at home think the effect of two trains on the railroad passing each other at speed somewhat startling; and so it is; but I can assure them it is nothing to the thrill excited by one of these iron missiles whirring over your head, when you know that there is no tram-road to protect you from collision. I am not naturally nervous, but am constrained to confess that the first discharge produced an effect like that of an electric shock, which seemed to vibrate from the crown of my head to my toes; and, though I became more used to them afterwards, I never bowed with such profound reverence to any one in my life as to these gentlemen; nor was I singular, all around me seeming to concur in paying them the same respect: the effect was the greater that we were at the time standing listlessly without excitement to engage our attention.

The peril became imminent in consequence of the guns of the enemy being well laid and fired with amazing rapidity; so that, had they not been posted on a height, and hence obliged to send plunging shots, the loss on the British side must have been great. As it was they fell for the most part either a few paces in front or rear. But,—

However, one came bounding through No 1 company of H. M. 40th, and set those who were nearest in motion to save their legs: but, extraordinary to relate, when the clouds of dust which it threw up were dispersed, it was found that there was not a man touched: one struck a doolie in pieces about ten paces to my right, and cut off both legs of one of the bearers; another struck the shoulder of the horse of Lieutenant de Blacquier, H. M. 41st, and knocked it in pieces, carrying away, at the same time, the leg of the groom who held him. It was strange to observe the almost entire absence of any sense of danger in all around: jokes and laughter resounded on all sides, and the general feeling appeared to be rather that of a set of schoolboys at a game of snow-balls than of men whose lives were in instant peril. An Irish sergeant of H. M. 40th had his head grazed by a spent ball: it confused him for the moment, and he exclaimed, "Och! somebody take my piece! I'm kilt—I'm kilt—I'm kilt!" As they were leading him off, he looked over his shoulder, and cried out, "Faith, boys, and I don't think I'm kilt *entirely* yet!" His second thought called forth shouts of laughter. The fact is, the excitement is so great that there is no time to think, and it is not till afterwards, in an interval of cool reflection, that the mind becomes awake to the dangers which have been incurred: if it were otherwise, I conceive men could never be brought into action at all.

According to Mr. Allen's representation, the conduct of our victorious troops at last was not marked by those wanton inhumanities and indiscriminate devastation which sundry accounts gave out. But perhaps it required our author's train of military schooling to arrive at this exculpatory view. Certainly his narrative of the capture of one fort at least makes the blood curdle. A hostile attack had been made on certain of our grass-cutters from the stronghold in question, and it was determined to take it and inflict punishment. As our troops approached, several unarmed people came out with supplicating gestures, pleading that their village had no share in the matter. The general having requested the people to remain quiet, ordered an examination of the fort to be instituted, to ascertain whether there were any evidences of the suppliants having taken a part in the affair. The narrative proceeds:—

As they approached the gate, accompanied by Major Leech to act as interpreter, the infatuated wretches, though they had professed to surrender, discharged a volley of matchlock balls at the company, one of which very nearly killed the Major. The men upon this rushed in; the light company of H. M. 41st, another company of H. M. 40th, under Captain Neild, and some light companies from the native corps, were ordered to support Captain White: they had been enraged by the previous events of the morning, and one of those painful scenes ensued which are more or less common to all warfare, and which, I fear, under such circumstances, it is almost impossible to prevent. The fort was found full of people, and all armed and resisting. Every door was forced, every man that could be found was slaughtered; they were pursued from yard to yard, from tower to tower; and very few

escaped. A crowd of wretched women and children were turned out, one or two wounded in the melée. I never saw more squalid and miserable objects. One door, which they refused to open upon summons, was blown in by a six-pounder, and every soul bayoneted.

At this time I was with the General's staff, very near the walls; and some odd the volley of balls fired on the company passed close over us: but if it were so, I was too intent on the fort to notice them. I drew gradually nearer and nearer, till at length, curiosity prevailing over prudence, I entered it. Seldom, I apprehend, has a clergyman looked on such a scene. Destruction was going on in every form; dead bodies were lying here and there; Sepoys and followers were dragging out sheep, goats, oxen, and goods; (a string of our camels, with the Commissariat brand upon them, led out of a walled enclosure, clearly proved the falsehood of the assertion that the inmates were not parties to the attack); European and native soldiers were breaking open doors where they supposed any thing might be concealed; and every now and then, the discharge of a firelock proclaimed the discovery of a concealed victim; while the curling blue smoke, and crackling sound from the buildings, indicated that the fire was destined to devour what the sword had spared.

The bugles sounded, and I retired from this painful spectacle. It is difficult to ascertain the number that perished in the fort, but it is probable that not less than from eighty to one hundred were shot; and if any remained concealed in the buildings, they must have perished in the flames, for it was one mass of blazing ruin before we left it, and continued flaming till night.

The plunder of Cabul, even according to Mr. Allen's statement, was characterized by great barbarities. And yet much allowance was due on account of previous events as well as sudden irritations. A sight of the remains of the army that first invaded Affghanistan must alone have almost maddened the troops whom the chaplain accompanied. This is his picture of the dreadful Pass:—

The entrance to the Pass would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the Quartermaster-General's party and the column; consequently there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large sullen crows and vultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily over head. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the Pass, about five miles, was cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind: we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of cold that we were almost all compelled

to dismount and walk, to keep life in our limbs and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons, huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and his rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the Pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies.

There are occasions for tender partings and touching reciprocities in the history of a campaign, and which to a novice must appeal with peculiar keenness. This is what the Chaplain has to relate of the "pleasing pains and bitter sweets," as Dryden expresses himself, experienced by him on quitting his corps at Ferozepore:—

Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Hibbert, C.B., who had long commanded the regiment, and most deservedly possessed the respect and affection of both officers and men, was about to leave, and with him Captain Neil, and Lieutenants Seymour, Carey, and M'Andrew. My time had also arrived for quitting the corps, with which I had been most closely associated, and with the officers of which I had really been as a brother and a comrade. I have before mentioned the unity of the officers of his corps, which exceeded any thing of the kind I have seen elsewhere, and the parting was like the separation of a private family. At tiffin in the mess-tent but little was said, for every one's heart was full. Several tried to make speeches; but all broke down, and the signs of feeling were too unequivocal to be mistaken. But when we really started, the scene was beyond description. The band had been assembled to attend the Major out of the lines, as a compliment to him; but this did not appear sufficient to the men, who all spontaneously turned out in uniform, and followed us. For more than two miles these noble warm-hearted fellows kept us company; and "One cheer more for the Major!"—"One cheer more for Captain Neil!"—"One cheer more for the minister!" and so on, through the whole party, resounded again and again. We tried to speak to them and to thank them; but in vain, for words were choked in the utterance. Still they followed us, shaking our hands and loading us with blessings: and thus amidst tears, and shouts, and benedictions, we took our leave of the gallant old 40th foot. Never shall they be without my prayers and best wishes, to whatever part of the globe they may go.

The first thing to be mentioned that is recommendatory of Colonel Davidson's two volumes is that they carry the reader through regions that have been rarely described by Englishmen. The second observation which we offer, is that the Diarist gives us graphic and rapid sketches, never lingering too long upon any subject, and giving us

fresh information with great honesty and self-conviction. The thing to be chiefly objected to him is his satirical and sarcastic tone, the author being of the mind that he has been scurvily used by the Government, and taking this opportunity and method of venting his reproof and his sense of injustice. Still his representations are not bitterly conceived or in an unsoldierlike style clothed. Humour appears to be in the gallant officer's original constitution; and he figures as a rambler, a sportsman, and an off-hand sketcher of the outside of whatever has addressed itself to his notice. The character which he presents of the Hindoo population is by no means attractive, believing himself to have been unfortunately surrounded by knaves, rogues, and thieves.

The book affords a lively picture of the mode of life which the Colonel led in Upper India, abounding with anecdotes, incidents, scenes, and characters. It lends numerous glimpses of the country and also of the rajahs, in tent, palace, and field. Nautch girls and gipsies figure in his pages; and distinct notions are furnished of the Sikhs, of the horses of Central India, as well as of the strange adventurers who traffic throughout Hindostan in these useful animals. He was at Hurdwar during its great annual fair, and witnessed some curious details in the tricks of the dealers. The work, in short, without laying claim to any regularity or distinct connexion of parts, lends many minute and accurate views, and relative to a great variety of matters. The information therefore is often highly acceptable; but amusement and laughter will still more frequently be derived from the pages.

India is a term comprising so much of extent, so many millions of people, and such a numerous array of varieties and sects, that it will be long ere any of its great divisions can be exhausted by travellers. And yet it seems that that immense portion of the region might supply a far more teeming population, and therefore afford a much more affluent field for observation and culture than it actually presents; while, if the representation before us be true, heavy blame attaches to the Leadenhall sovereigns for their neglect, misusage, and impolicy towards the native population and national industry. "All the towns in India," says the Colonel, "with a very few exceptions, are in ruins. Agra, Booranpore, Aurungabad, have immense suburbs in ruins. The Deckan is a heap of ruins. Many towns in Central India that had their hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, are now literally without one, and are swarming with leopards, tigers, elks, and buffaloes. In deep forests you stumble upon Hindoo temples, Mohummedan gateways, stone tanks eight hundred yards square, brick wells of large dimensions; scores of acres of burying-grounds, and all the other concomitants and proofs of wealth and power and population. Malthus would never have written his two celebrated works, nor Godwin ever written his too little valued answers, had they

been in India. India is a large forest, with a great many cultivated spots. India—I say it after due consideration—could contain and support five times its present population with ease; and yet it is unquestionably the poorest country in the known world."

Colonel Davidson has many blaming statements to make relative to the administration of the Company and also of the Company's servants. For example, it is difficult to obtain access to the civil functionaries, owing to the jealousies of the native bribe-taking agents whom the Europeans have to keep around them.

Our civil servants are not accessible; let the fault rest on whom it may, they are not accessible; this the natives feel and lament. A strong instance of this sort once occurred to me. I was requested by a landholder of considerable wealth and respectability, who had once held the situation of kotwal in a large city, to obtain the honour of an interview with the wife of a civil servant of high moral and personal respectability, whom he had dandled on his knee as an infant. "Introduce you!" said I; "why not go yourself?" "I go! Why, sir, I dare not approach the very compound of the house he lives in." "How!—why?" "Why, I'll tell you. If his head man should hear that I ventured to present myself before the gentleman without his permission, he would immediately harass me by some false complaint, or even by instituting an inquiry into the very title-deeds of my estate, which might, however falsely, terminate in my ruin! It is not long since I paid eleven hundred rupees to—— to suppress false claims, which, had they actually gone into court, would have cost me ten times the sum."

The laws are often evaded or rendered perfectly nugatory. Even the notorious murderer and robber, Gopal, whom our author met at Calpee, could bid defiance to British administration. The following are notices of this personage:

Gopal is at present about forty-two years of age, a tall, athletic man, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants upon stated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men. He is a smuggler of salt, and although mean in his apparel (how is it that the greatest geniuses are generally so slovenly? is it a law of nature?) he asserts that his daily expenses exceed six rupees, and he *must* get them, either by robbery or smuggling. The strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be fairly estimated by the fact, that Gopal has been known to walk into the dwelling-house of a rich merchant, in the centre of the most populous parts of the town, and when he was surrounded by his alarmed servants and family; he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajun by threats of his vengeance. Nor is this a solitary instance; but he pursues this line of conduct with so much tact and judgment, that he has now established his character, and is greatly respected in the city. When he murders, Gopal is equally above all concealment; as in the recent case of a sepahee returning with his savings for the subsistence of his family, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. After securing the plunder, he very coolly gave him-

self up to justice, acknowledging with the most praiseworthy candour, that he had killed the sepahee, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial that the sepahee was wholly unarmed. He was sentenced to be hung by the court of Hameerpore, on his own confession; but so tender are Feringees, that Gopal was released, from want of evidence, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious; it was, that if Gopal's confession were taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. Gopal was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, or may be seen smoking a delicate chillum in the verandah of his brother's house. Gopal is a living evidence of British tenderness.

In order to diversify our extracts as much as is possible within our narrow limits, take the spirited description of an Indian hail-storm:—

It was about the middle of the month of January, and I had left Sauguor, *en route* to Cawnepore, three marches. About five in the afternoon, the horizon to the west became darkened by a dense black stripe of cloud, which rose gradually to the height of about forty-five degrees before I was much alarmed. Then came gusts of cold wind, each lasting a minute or two—then a gale, which lasted for a quarter of an hour, the sky gradually darkening. At last there was a perfect lull, and then a few drops of rain,—a slight shower, and then another lull. Suddenly a sound, the most terrific that human ears ever heard, as that of a million of cavalry galloping over a plain of marble, advancing, until I could not believe that I was listening to mere sound, but to something of which I had hitherto had no experience. This continued for a quarter of an hour. The top or roof of my tent having been tightened by the rain, the hailstones caused it to rattle as if it had been a drum. I expected every moment to see the tent blown to atoms, but the ropes having been carefully tied, it was thereby saved. The corners, however, were weighed down with mounds of hailstones. When the storm finished, I rushed out, and found what had lately been a beautiful, uninterrupted sheet of green corn, for miles, was now glistening six inches deep with hailstones—the whole appearance of the country being that of an English winter. The leaves of the burgot, which are nearly as thick and tough as cow's skin, were cut to pieces; enormous boughs had been broken, and thrown on the ground, without being heard through the frightful blasts. I marched five marches across the traces of this storm, and the leaves of all the trees bore the marks of the storm in the same manner as did the burgot. I found that the storm had begun to the west of Bhopal, at which place it blew away several of the tents of a marching regiment; at Jubbulpore, it unroofed the mess-room of a regiment while the officers were collected for dinner—rolled it up, as if a sheet of paper, and left it on the ground some hundred yards off.

Something ancient, and contrasting strikingly with the superstition, oppression, and degradation of existing Hindooism; being an edict issued by the Rajah Piyâdâssí, a Buddhist monarch of India, who flourished two thousand years ago. Mr. James Prinsep is the orien-

tal scholar who has deciphered this and other inscriptions found on certain stone pillars:—

On one of the pillars of the Rajah Piyâdâsee, is found—I. Edict, prohibiting sacrifice of animals for food and religious purposes.—II. Provides a system of medical aid for men *and animals* throughout his dominions!—III. Enjoins a quinquennial *humiliation*, or the republication of the great moral Maxims Buddhistical,—viz., 1. Honour thy father and mother. 2. Charity to kindred, *neighbour*, and priesthood. 3. Humanity to animals. 4. To preserve the body in temperance. 5. To keep the tongue from evil speaking! 6. Appoints *custodes morum*, or a moral police, to take cognizance of the conduct of people at meals, domestic life, families, and conversation; and missionaries are appointed "to drown them with the overflowing truths of our religion, to release them from the fetters of sin, and bring them into the salvation which *passeth understanding!!*" This is an exact quotation! I skip one or two edicts; not because they are somewhat commonplace. Now for the tenth. 10. Comments on the "glory or renown" which attend merely the vain and transitory deeds of this world. The rajah being actuated by higher motives, *looks beyond* for the reward for which he strives for heroism (fighting the good fight) the most zealous, yet respectful. "It winds up (says the learned Prinsep) with a curious passage about victory; which, as far as I can make it out, (mark how he speaks of himself!) describes the victory of victories to be, that which overcometh the passions, and happiness itself, which conquereth the things of this world, and the things of the world beyond, and is the true object of desire!" Four or five of these pillars, more or less mutilated, have been found in different parts of the Bengal presidency; but it fortunately happens, that the erasures do not occur on the same parts of the pillars, and hence a whole can be obtained.

How readily might the Colonel's volumes supply us with the most forbidding contrasts to the doctrines and practices inculcated by these interesting pillars with their inscriptions!

Art. VI.

1. *Treatise on the Management and Cultivation of Forest Trees.* By John Smith, Gardener and Forester to the Marquis of Bute. Blackie.
2. *Plants of Other Lands, which are Useful to Man.* Darton and Clark.
3. *Ruins and Old Trees.* By Mary Roberts. Harvey and Darton.

Plants and plantations, aged trees and old ruins,—what occupation, pleasurable and profitable, do these things afford to head and heart, to the young as well as to the advanced in years! Show us the per-

son who never daily watched with solicitude the progress of the shrubs, saplings, and gallant tenants of his garden grounds, his field-belts and woods, and we show you a thoughtless being, a mere vegetating animal, a greater cumberer on the face of the earth than sickly, barren, or rotten tree. And then with what noble images and swelling associations do the monarchs of the park fill the mind, be it the gnarled or stately oak, or any other majestic growth of centuries! Bud and blossom, foliage and the tracery of twig, root and branch, trunk and mighty arm, have each and all their resistless appeals not merely to the imagination but to the abiding utilitarian principle of our nature. Then what again of those beautiful ancient relics, "more beautiful in ruin than in prime,"—those old walls and tottering turrets, clasped by the mantling ivy, and in all probability bearing on their summits a goodly thriving standard—for the vagrant breeze generations ago sowed an acorn on the eminence! Truly we have got hold of objects and themes that admit of no end to man's activities, be these of industry or speculation,—in the domain of enticing and prudent labour, or for the out-goings of sentiment and creative poetry.

Begin with the Useful and Economical as well as the Beautiful, Mr. Smith worthily leading the way, an authority who speaks from anxious observation as well as lengthened practice. His treatise is small in size but crowded with ideas, with hints and information that address themselves immediately to common sense, and in every-day management. He arrays his matter in the simplest manner possible, conducting the inquirer to Soils best adapted for Planting, giving lessons on the subject of Fencing as a preliminary consideration, on the Preparation of the Ground, on Planting, Thinning, Pruning, &c.; on the treatment fitted for Neglected Plantations; and on Fruit Trees as well as Forest Trees. "A Call to Proprietors" ought not to go unparticularized.

Mr. Smith brings a considerable amount of scientific knowledge to his work, but science or rather systematic facts derived from long practice and tested by numerous experiments in the course of his professional life. On one point however we do not see that he has fully demonstrated his doctrine, viz., that the connexion subsisting between the Roots and Branches of Trees is so intimate and uniform that there is not only "a root for every branch," but that the affinity is so nicely and steadily instituted and sustained, that "every branch has its own particular root and every root its own particular branch," nay, that "throughout the whole future growth of the tree, the interesting and beautiful relation is kept up." A question he admits naturally arises here; if every root has it own particular branch, and devotes its nourishment exclusively to its support, how is the stem of the tree supported?" Mr. Smith's answer to this does not appear to be strictly consistent. He says, "The first root of the tree is the leading root, devoted entirely to the support of the

main stem;" but he adds, "Although every root has its own particular branch to uphold, yet they collectively contribute along with the main root to the support of the main stem; and both perform a part individually, and as a body for the benefit of the parent stock. But whether his theory on this subject be entirely correct or not, or congruous in itself, it is clear that if the principle were satisfactorily ascertained and systematized, it would guide to important practices in pruning both of roots and branches.

Mr. Smith is impressed with all the ideas natural to a Forester, of the importance to a nation of growing its own timber. But he also deliberately advances the doctrine that Great Britain, instead of being obliged to resort to foreign lands for the indispensable article, is perfectly capable of supplying a sufficient quantity of all the more useful kinds for its own purposes. The Larch is the variety in its tribe which he particularly looks to; maintaining that if fifty years ago his opinion on this subject had been held and had been acted upon, the country would by this time have been independent of every foreign clime with regard to firs. If so, other fifty years might be made to bring about the desired condition of indigenous wealth; supplying not only a most pleasant study and occupation for proprietors and labourers, but, according to our author's view, one of the most profitable economical investments and methods of culture that is open to man. He ably disposes of the principal objections that have been urged to the practice of extensive planting. It is always profitable, he urges, when properly set about and superintended. Although the outlay is at first large, and a remunerating return may not commence for ten or twelve years, the patiently looked-for profit is sure to be reaped at least by successors. But indirect benefits accrue. Shelter for the arable grounds, and ornament for the feasting eye do not exhaust these advantages. Trees "in a little time make good land of that which was otherwise of little worth." "I have no doubt that all the large tracts of ground that are now covered with heath,—I mean all those tracts that are low-lying, or bent grass, might, by being properly prepared and planted, be rendered valuable, at least to the next generation, as very fine fields for oats, &c., viz., glens and low-lying land."

Mr. Smith is of opinion that Scotland, by a proper cultivation of the fir tribe of trees, especially the larch, would grow far more than is necessary for its own consumption. He says it is no answer to mention that for the last hundred years this sort of tree has been among his countrymen; for he asserts that while there are few counties in which a great deal of ground should not be planted, there is in fact a sufficiency under plantation at present to be supplying the nation with timber if the trees had been properly attended and managed when young. Our Forester urges his views not only with all the force of familiar prose, but by calling in the services of the

poetic muse. The crooked, withered and ill-used larch thus addresseth the *lairds* :—

My leaves are my lungs, by them I do breathe,
That they may be strong, the fresh air I do crave;
I also love light, pure, plenty, and bright,
And this if you give, I'll be good in thy sight;
But if you are determined to do as you have done,
I also must tell you my health is far gone.

However, we prefer the prosaic representations, pleadings, and directions, and will immediately crave attention to a sample.

Mr. Smith has learnt to pronounce planting the larch in large bodies by itself to be the best method; and comes also to this conclusion, that while it is undoubtedly the most valuable tree they have for planting in Scotland, an acre so planted will in forty years be worth 125*l.*, and this after valuing its timber at half the price of that which is foreign. He goes into a number of details both of *thinning* and of *money calculation* to support the results arrived at.

In the chapter on Thinning, supposing the plantation to be solely composed of larch, of considerable extent, and planted for profit more than shelter or adornment, we have these directions :

If you wish to preserve the best trees for timber, you will find it your interest to cut the largest first, as by this system you will in general, in taking away one, relieve two, and sometimes even three, and the one you take away being considerably larger than any of the others, will be of more value when cut; whereas if you preserve the largest, you must cut away two or three to relieve it properly, and this will occupy more time, and the trees will be of much less value. And besides, the largest trees are not the best to preserve, to be ultimately of most use, and by taking away the smaller trees you take away those that are best adapted to this purpose. Though this may seem unreasonable, it is the fact; as the larger size of the tree consists in its branches, and in proportion as the branches are large, the trunk of the tree is smaller, and the value of the tree consists, not in the branches, but in the trunk. Therefore in thinning go regularly over the plantation, taking away the largest trees you can find first, as they are of an inferior quality of timber to those that have their branches smaller. By this plain, and I think, reasonable system, none of the trees are lost, all those that are cut being in some manner useful both for their bark and wood.

If the plantation be thriving, a second thinning ought to be given in a similar manner, two or three years after the first, by which time it will be found that the trees that were then relieved will have attained as large a size as those that were cut. At this second thinning a greater number of large branched trees will be found than at first, and these ought all to be taken away, to insure a beautiful plantation of equal sized trees, as those that are of a small size at thinning will ultimately attain the largest size, and contain the most valuable timber.

Again—

The real nature of this system is, that those trees that at eight, nine, or ten years old are found to have the largest branches have consequently the largest roots, and thus as the tree grows, the branches will increase in size, but the trunk will always bear the same proportion to them as it did at first; and although the tree may be as heavy, taking branches in calculation, it will not contain nearly so much solid timber as one whereon the branches are smaller and more numerous, and what it does contain will not be of such a good quality. Moreover, an acre will not produce so much useful timber by one third, if the large branched trees are reserved; for so as to give the branches free scope, there must be fewer trees on the acre. I have tested this system by long experience, and it is in accordance with reason that those treee that are cleanest in bark, with fine, equal, and slender branches, are the most likely, ultimately, to produce the cleanest trunks and finest timber.

After the larch plantation has been twice or thrice thinned in this manner, and has attained to the age of twenty years, the trees will be nearly of an equal size, and ought to be standing at the distance of from eighteen to twenty feet from each other, and there is no necessity for having any blanks on the ground, as it only requires a little attention to have the trees all perfectly regular, at the last time of thinning. There are at present but few judiciously managed, and regularly thinned forests in Scotland, and until the proprietors themselves take a lively interest in the growing of timber, we shall never have a great many of them.

Mr. Smith mainly addresses himself to the subject of Forest Trees. But he is also a gardener, and favours his readers with sundry striking practical hints in relation to Fruit Trees; admitting at the same time that he enters upon a theme that is not yet fully understood. But still he argues that any of the large growing fruit trees cultivated in Scotland, (for it is for the behoof of that part of the empire that he principally writes) may "by a proper system of management be made to produce a great abundance of fruit;" nay, more than the trees are actually able to bring to maturity; a sure remedy, however, for this fecundity being to keep "the tree that is very thickly covered with buds rather thin of wood." To the objection that it is hardly worth while for his countrymen to make much ado about cultivation of apples and pears, seeing that these are now so easily and speedily to be obtained from Ireland and other quarters, he answers, *amore patriæ*, "that better fruit can be shown that hath been reared in Scotland the previous season, in the months of April, May, or June following, than can be shown that hath been reared in any of the above places." But to pass over this, we believe, accurate statement, it must ever be a gratifying thing for a person to rear the fruit which comes to his own table, as well as profitable in a national view. Well then, for some of the detailed hints, and especially a sample belonging to the process of Pruning of wall trees, the most valuable of all on account of the superiority of fruit; our author

supposing that the trees are young, of a species to suit the soil and situation, and that they have not yet produced an abundant crop, but are very healthy and thickly covered with wood:—

Pear trees should be pruned during the time the flowers are dropping off. This may be thought too soon, but the excellency of the system partly consists in this, that the fruit as soon as it is in need of light and air, receives it. The pruning should always be done with the hand without the use of the knife. Pluck or rather pinch off the branch with the forefinger and thumb, bringing each branch off as close as possible, and taking care not to remove any leaves that may be at the bottom of the shoot. The particular excellency of this manner of pruning consists in its keeping the tree full of fine young spurs, which form a great abundance of fruit buds, so as yearly to almost a certainty to insure an abundant crop. It is to be observed that the small branches taken off at this time, have in general no connexion with the buds on which the fruit is growing. This will be very easily understood, by the examination of that part of the branch of the tree from which the small branch grows. This must be fully understood by the manager, or he will be apprehensive of injuring the buds for the ensuing year, although I know from long experience that instead of doing any injury to the buds that are growing, it strengthens and increases them. It will sometimes be found that a few of the branches necessary to be pinched off, grow immediately beside the fruit, sometimes on the same spur; and in that case great caution is necessary in removing them, as great care must be taken not to injure the fruit. This, however, is seldom the case, as the useless branches generally shoot out of what are commonly termed wood buds, and can be removed with little difficulty. Pear trees require to be earlier pruned than apples; but apples, cherries, plums, &c., should be pruned exactly in the same way. The greater number of wall trees are allowed to have by far too long spurs for producing fruit, for when the spurs are long it is evident that although the fruit may be abundant, it must be small. Where a tree has short spurs, its fruit will derive far more nourishment than where they are long, as the fruit on the short spurs is so much nearer to the main branch on which it grows. By an early method of pruning the foliage of the tree is rendered fine and large, and close to the wall. To do justice to the fruit, and keep the trees healthy, they ought to be pruned three or four times each season. The first pruning is by far the most beneficial to the tree, and should be done with great care, and the subsequent prunings will thus be rendered very simple and easy.

We must find room for a few hints more, the subject being the *pruning of standards*. We are sure that nothing further is required to recommend the Treatise to all practical men, to every patriotic person and landed proprietor, than passages of the work itself. It is crammed with proofs of the sagacity, the experience, and the enthusiastic perseverance of the Scotch gardener; the novelty of his system, to our thinking, entitling the work to unwonted consideration.

I do not allow these trees to grow higher than from six to seven feet, for I find that by keeping the trees reduced in size, the size and quality of the fruit is increased, and there is much less of it damaged or destroyed by storms, &c. The top of the tree should be similar in shape to a gooseberry bush. After, by careful training, the tree has become large enough for the place it occupies, the summer growth should be all carefully pruned off, in autumn or winter. By following this plan the trees, if in a good situation, will bear regularly every year, unless the blossoms are hurt by frost or any other cause. The trees, when kept low, have a handsome appearance, and another great advantage is that the fruit, when ripe, can be gathered by the hand, and by this means, it will preserve a much longer time, and with a much better flavour, than if gathered by the old method of shaking or allowing it to fall, which are the worst things that can be done to fruit, as it can never be expected to keep after such treatment. I would recommend, however, that some of the trees be left a little taller than others, to avoid formality. This is very easily done, and as some kinds of trees which grow more fully to wood require to be allowed more scope, I would recommend that the standard fruit trees should be planted in the borders of the garden, &c. * * * Apple or pear trees for border standards should be grafted about three feet high, where it is intended that there should be a clear stem. I have planted them on the borders grafted close to the surface of the ground, allowing them to form three or four stems, and have found that several kinds of apples do remarkably well in this way, and I would recommend it in preference to a single stem. It is evident that more and finer fruit will be produced by trees of this shape than any other, as the branches being nearer the surface of the ground, enjoy a much freer circulation of sap than by one stem. It is indisputable that the system that produces the greatest quantity of fruit of a fine quality on the smallest tree is the best, and a little experience of the method I am desirous of advocating will, I feel assured, convince any one that it is the system most to be preferred.

The motto to the educational volume which stands second in our list, is from Hobbes' Thucydides, being in these striking because accurate and pertinent terms: "We have this also, that all things, from all parts of the earth, are imported hither; whereby we no less familiarly enjoy the commodities of all other nations than their own." The present importations consist of the "Coffee Plant," "Tea Plant," "Sugar Cane," "Palm," "Tobacco Plant,' the "Pine," and the "Indian-Rubber Plant;" a specimen of each being figured, while in well-arranged and accompanying compartments in the same print, there are pictures—the whole suitably coloured—illustrative of the various uses to which the plant is put, and the processes to which it is subjected in the numerous manufactures it is susceptible of. We can only avail ourselves of a specimen of the letter-press, which, combined with the engravings, furnishes a good example of the means of acquiring a knowledge of things as well as of words, of realities as correctly as of signs. The subject selected is the Date Palm:

there is a separate coloured engraving for the "Cocoa Nut Palm," over and above the seven already specified. The paragraphs which we cite give a distinct and impressive account of the great importance of many of the species included under the Palm:

This most remarkable order of plants comprises at least one thousand species, clearly distinguished from each other, but alike in the chief points, in which they differ from the other orders of the vegetable kingdom. Almost the whole of them are characterised by their great utility to man, and by their growing in those regions in which their products are most wanted. From no other plants does man receive so many and such various benefits—in no one of its developments does vegetable life indicate so clearly to our understandings the results of creative wisdom. The exact fitness of the camel for the services which he has to render to man in a sandy region, and under a burning sun, has often been pointed out. The Palm holds a similar place as a vegetable. The Camel and the Palm tree are eminently the blessings of the desert, and their presence alone makes many a spot habitable, which would otherwise be a barren waste.

It is not owing to the great variety of the species that their uses to men are so various. Many of the species seem in themselves to comprise all the blessings which the whole range of vegetables can confer upon the human race. Two of them are selected for the present notice, the Date Palm, and the Cocoa Nut Palm.

The Date Palm is the tree which seems most like the type of the whole order. * * * It is the one with which the ancients were best acquainted, and is the Palm tree of the Holy Scriptures, and of most classical and middle-age authors, when they use no distinguishing epithet. The abundance of Date trees gave the name Palmyra to the city founded by Solomon, and called by him Tadmor; and, in late times, the same tree was taken for the emblem of Judea, and may be seen overshadowing the figure of the subjugation of the chosen race to the Gentiles. At a still later period its cultivation has been introduced in the South of Europe, partly for the purpose of supplying branches of Palm for the celebration of Palm Sunday, to represent those branches with which the people welcomed the arrival of our Lord in Jerusalem.

The Date Palm is abundant in Arabia, Syria, and some parts of Persia, Egypt, and the North of Africa, and is generally found growing in clusters round the springs of the Desert. The stones are ground or bruised as food for their (the Arabs) camels, buffaloes, and other cattle. The stones are also made into beads, which are used in rosaries by the Christians of Syria. The leaves are employed for thatching houses, and cut into strips they make an excellent material for baskets and mats. The stems of the leaves, with some of the fibrous part of the leaf divided by bruising, form brushes. The hard wiry midrib serves as a needle or bodkin. A portion of the bark is used for making twine, cordage, and coarse sacking. A drink is obtained from the top of the tree, which the Arabs scoop out like a bowl, and the sap rises into it and soon fills it. This liquid is often drunk fresh, when it is of a sweet and pleasant taste; it is, however, more generally fermented, and

then forms a kind of arrack. By another process sugar is obtained from it. The trunk of the Date Palm is used as timber for common buildings and other purposes, when great strength is not required.

The manifold uses of the Date Palm hardly exceed in value and number those of the Cocoa-nut tree, which is far more extensively diffused over the world. * * * A fine tree will produce nearly a hundred nuts annually. * * * The leaves are used for writing on with an iron pen. The milk of the nut is a refreshing and nourishing beverage, and arrack is made of the sap in the same manner as of that of the Date Palm; but it is also sometimes obtained by cutting off the end of a young shoot, and suspending a vessel that the sap may drip into it. A substance closely resembling sago is obtained from the stem. The buds are a nourishing vegetable, and a useful oil is made from the nuts. From pieces of the trunk, scooped into a hollow form, the Africans are in the habit of making a rude sort of drum, and also a kind of boat. The husk of the Cocoa-nut is the famous coir, which is made into baskets, mats, hammocks, cordage, and a great variety of useful articles, while of the shell of the nut, drinking cups and other small vessels are formed.

Such is a specimen of the descriptive matter in the handsome thin quarto about "Plants of Other Lands," in which the practical as well as the pleasant has been successfully aimed at. It is a publication quite in accordance with the demand of the age for Pictorial Illustration, the subjects being particularly susceptive of such lights; the whole teaching truths and impressing facts calculated to set the mind on important trains of thinking, and to carry the attention and taste onward to the studies of the naturalist, to spheres of valuable secular knowledge, and not less forcibly to meditation on the ways and wisdom of God in the course of his endlessly particular providence.

"*Ruins* and Old Trees" is a capital title, for it at once and directly points not merely to subjects of a definite character, but subjects singularly attractive and suggestive. An undertaking of the present kind, however, has to encounter the difficulty and delicacy inseparable from themes so abounding and opulent in fact, circumstance, and association; the danger being that the author will say too much rather than be sparing and choice, and find it easier to cite and select than to reject and be austerely scrupulous or constantly subject to the exactions of a chastened judgment. In the mere business of description the pen is tempted to run riot; in regard to sentimentality the besetting danger will be the introduction of common-places, mawkishness, and excessive fine writing; while, as far as anecdote, historical association, legend and antiquarian notice are concerned, endless diffuseness and repetition must be apt to lead the writer astray; so that although uttering a vast deal too much, the proper things to be communicated and represented will either have been left out or inadequately impressed.

Now, we hardly dare to affirm that Miss Roberts has altogether escaped the dangers indicated by us. But this we are bound to declare, that she has eschewed the alluring perils with uncommon fortitude and self-denial; and that even when the ideas and talk amount to gossip, her recordings to the recapitulation of oft-told stories, and her feelings tend to sickliness, there is such earnestness in her veins, such eloquence in the diction, such warmth as well as vigour of manner, that the matter is always rendered both acceptable and illustrative. Upon the whole, besides, her subjects are remarkably well chosen, while the treatment is extremely felicitous. A more beautiful and interesting series of miscellaneous reading we nowhere can expect to meet with; the eye for description and the mind for reflection being in strict harmony and reciprocal attendance.

The volume opens with particulars touching Melksham Court, carrying us back to Danish and Saxon times and ancient annals of the land. The ruins of Bradgate Palace, the Oak of Glendower, the Oak of Ellerslie, and other romantic and picturesque spots and objects, with the interesting occurrences therewith, are in order introduced. We may instance the notices of the ruined villages in the New Forest, and of old trees in Hyde Park, as affording instinctive information and novelties worthy of being so elegantly described as we find them in Miss Roberts' volume. We have only further to state, before inserting a sample of the book, that it has in all mechanical respects been carefully brought out, and that the wood-cuts after designs by Gilbert are clever, serving to impress the associations belonging to many memorable events in our history with an effect such as the author must have contemplated and desired.

We need not go anxiously in search of samples, but take one or two which have been pointed out to us as available in our pages. Begin with the Beech of the Irish Common.

Let him who loves to mark the changes of the season, and to watch the alternations which spring and summer, autumn and winter, produce in the vegetable kingdom, stand beside one of those magnificent columns which spring from out the parent earth and bear on high a canopy of branches. Let him choose that season when the leaves are just beginning to expand, when the swelling buds assume a reddish tint, and here and there a young green leaf has unfolded in all its freshness and its beauty, as yet unsoiled by a passing atom or unbeaten by a single rain-drop. The clouds, how beautiful they look, and the deep blue sky above them!—for both are clearly seen though the ramified branches: the first, when driven swiftly by soft breezes from the West: the other, in all its grandeur and extent, as when the morning-stars rejoiced together, and it first appeared like a glorious pavilion based on the distant hills.

Such is the Beech of the Firth Common. It stands alone in the centre of a beautiful common, covered with wild flowers and short herbage, and the fragrant thyme, among which the industrious bee loves to nestle and to

gather in her harvests. The nest of the skylark is among the juniper-bushes that skirt the margin of the common; its joyous tenant is up in air, warbling and rejoicing, and making his high home resound with melody.

The beech tree, the elm, the oak, &c., are in turns employed by Miss Roberts for the purposes of anecdote, elucidation, and lesson of a scientific order, as the following paragraph exemplifies:—

Here then stands the beech-tree, in all its dignity and fair proportions, its firm trunk based in the earth, but with no gnarled roots upheaving the soil around and making it unsightly. When the celebrated Smeaton pondered within himself concerning the possibility of constructing a building on the Eddystone rock which might resist the tremendous violence of contending seas, which had swept away the previous erections of Winstanley and Rudyerd and left not a stone remaining,—seas which dash at least two hundred feet above the rock, and the sound of whose deafening surges resembles the continuous roar of thunder,—his thoughts involuntarily turneds towards the oak. He considered its large swelling base, which becomes reduced to one-third, occasionally to one-half of its original dimensions, by a gradual and upward tapering of the living shaft; and it appeared to him that a building might be erected on the model of the oak that would be fully able to resist the action of external violence. Thus thinking, he projected the lighthouse of Eddystone; which soon proved, amid the tremendous fury of contending elements, that he had not erred in taking nature for his guide. A beech or elm might have suggested the same thought, for in the trunk of every forest-tree the material is so disposed that the greater portion pertains to the base of the column: that part, especially, which rises from the root is thickest; and why is this? not only because a tapering column is far more beautiful than that of equal girth, but because the disturbing force at the top acts more powerfully on the lower sections than on the higher. It is needful that the base of the column should be strengthened, and it is equally necessary that the top should be of the same thickness as the base. Two purposes are consequently answered—the tree is rendered stronger and more elegant, and a certain portion of material is given to one part without weakening the other. A tree is, therefore, equally adapted by its construction to resist the fury of the tempest—of that unseen yet mighty force which comes against it when the fierce Northern blast howls through the forest, as also the load of snow which often presses heavily upon its topmost branches.

Trees of extraordinary bulk, and a striking mode of conveying the notion of their dimensions, whether in respect of girth or of far-spreading boughs:—

Our native woods often contain noble specimens of which the bulk is ten or twelve feet in diameter, a width greater by three feet than the carriage-way of Fetter Lane near Temple Bar; and oaks might be named on the block of which two men could thresh without incommoding one the other. The famous Greendale Oak is pierced by a road, over which it forms a iumphal arch, higher by several inches than the poets' postern at West-

minster Abbey. The celebrated table in Dunley Castle, which is formed of a single oaken plank, is longer than the wooden bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's Park; and the roof of the great hall of Westminster, which is spoken of with admiration on account of its vast span, being unsupported by a single pillar, is little more than one-third the width of the noble canopy of waving branches that are upheld by the Worksop Oak. The massive rafters of the spacious roof rest on strong walls, but the branches of the tree spring from one common centre. Architects can alone estimate the excessive purchase which boughs of at least one hundred and eighty-nine feet must have on the trunk into which they are inserted. Those of the Oak of Ellerslie cover a Scotch acre of ground; and in the Three-shire Oak its branches drip over an extent of seven hundred and seven square yards. The tree itself grows in a nook that is formed by the junction of the three counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby.

ART. VII.—*Solar and Lunar Lessons; or Rhymes for the Grave and the Gay.* By the Rev. JOSEPH JONES, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

READER! have you ever seen a pompous, heavy personage—one of your austere pragmatical wights, whose very frown is wisdom, whose slightest word is of decisive authority on any question—have you seen such an one, viz., in the conscious importance and value of his own emphatic being—a very Colossus of intellect—in his own opinion,—have you seen him approach with sedate gravity an unoccupied chair, drawing the attention of the company to his slowly-measured, considerate sort of step; till, having reached the convenience in question, he turned to the right-about with a severe yet negligent look of haughty indifference, threw himself backwards with an easy air of aristocratic *abandon*, expecting to luxuriate the sedent portion of his figure on the sleek, well-filled cushion which had invited his occupation; when lo, and alas! either through an indistinct calculation of the distance of the object of his intentions, or the sudden alteration of its *situs* by some unseen incident, he was confusedly tumbled hind-foremost, at the following instant, to the expecting floor,—his composed and self-satisfied stare vanishing, in a twinkling, into a sheepish, gaping sort of Sardonic grin, and the latter as suddenly disappearing under a ludicrous expression of vacant dread,—doomed, as the unhappy miscalculator knew himself to be, to a momentous collision with the hard, unyielding surface beneath, amid the unrestrained and universal laughter of the not undelighted observers. Reader! if you have ever witnessed an exhibition of this kind, you may readily and vividly picture to yourself the figure made by the author of this very small volume, when, in his endeavour to impose himself on your simplicity as a great poet

and moralist, he would seat himself in the chair of the erudite sage, and deal forth oracularly his experienced and inspired dictates of universal wisdom; and when, failing in the impotent attempt, he incurs a hearty tumble at the expense of the "sedent portion" before alluded to.

But we must do Mister Jones the justice to confess, that he is not one of those whom a single tumble or mischance would deter from any conceived purpose. His clumsy, persevering efforts to attain his point remind us of the unwieldly gambols of an enterprising cub elephant, as with ponderous pertinacity it aspires to imitate the lighter motions of some volatile monkey, or other stray participant of the wilderness. In his enduring, yet fruitless pursuit of the subject, he puts us in mind of a drunken fellow staggering from his night-huunt after some *will o'the wisp*, and mistaking the errant guide at every step for his wife or neighbour's lantern, which he therefore half-coaxingly, half-threateningly, calls upon to stop and be———. At one lucky moment he seems almost to lay hold of the tantalizing deceiver; but at the next it is as far from him as ever, and he finally plunges headlong and irretrievably into a mass of accumulated rubbish and mire.

Sooth to say, poor Mister Jones on his Pegasus cuts a "more picturesquer figure" than ever our old acquaintance of equestrian notoriety, to wit, "*Mr.* William Button, *Esquire*, of Cabbage Court, Goose Alley, Threadneedle Street, *Master*-Tailor." Nay, the immortal hero of our more classical recollections, *Captain* John Gilpin himself, must yield the palm of "noble horsemanship" to the subject of the present memoir, whose canonical hat and wig, as lost on the high-road of Parnassus on this most memorable occasion, may never henceforth be claimed and worn by any presuming rival. Mr. Jones and his Pegasus are each *sui generis*—there never was and never will be anything like either. By Saint George! if they had run a tilt at the Eglintoun tournament, we much doubt whether the sense of gravity would ever have been restored to the startled nerves of the astonished spectators. At all events the "laughing chorus" of Der Freischutz—that brilliant effort of the magic genius of a Weber—would have been but a *triste* performance compared with the prolonged and involuntary explosions of volleyed cachination that would have greeted their "*passage-of-arms*." Henceforth, should Mr. Dymoke—we beg his pardon, Sir Somebody Dymoke, for he is now a baronet,—want a substitute for the office of Coronation Champion, by every power of Nature! let him choose Mr. Jones for his *locum tenens*, and if he did not paralyze by the very cut of his canonical chivalry, any opponent that might call in question the rights of the sovereign, we would venture to swallow at one draught, the whole spiced contents of the Royal cup in which the monarch's health was appointed to be drunk!—Peace to the shade of Marmion!

We copy the following notice of Mr. Jones's "Rhymes" from the "Lunar Gazette."

"So many stars of more than first-rate magnitude are now appearing above the horizon, that we hail their ascension with no small doubt whether it will be in our power to do justice to the overwhelming claims they prefer on our notice. We shall be literally dazzled with splendour, and rather need diminishing glasses than telescopes wherewith to examine their portentous radiance. One of the largest of these—if not the leading luminary—is that under present observation, whose gigantic disc has just hove in sight, and already made Jupiter "pale his ineffectual fire. In short, it is "all up" with the old planetary bodies, and the sooner they get rid of their belts and satellites the better; such display being ill-accordant with their now so widely-eclipsed pretensions. The planet "Jones" may be seen every clear evening, till further notice, in close proximity to the lately-discovered "Morris," whose majestic orb (see "Nature a Parable" in one of our late numbers) still sheds a long tract of transcendant brilliancy through the Oxford quarter of the firmament."

We know nothing of Mister Jones but through his Lunar Rhymes, and the passage just quoted from the Lunar Gazette. But, from the evidence of these sources alone, it is sufficiently apparent that he is one of those shallow, conceited witlings, that *must* wriggle themselves into public notice, be the cost of their self-advancement what it may. No matter how laughed at, pitied, or scorned, they jostle their way with unabated front, and redoubled energy of purpose; ever predicting to themselves a "turn of the tide," or some favouring chance in the "long run," that may confirm their pretensions to public estimation. Nothing short of complete intellectual inanition could have operated to persuade the present small worthy of this class from destroying such silly attempts at poetical composition as those before us. But Mister Jones is a member of a large-descended family. We meet with its "varieties" alike in the great city and the small country-town; in the remote yet populous village, the sequestered and obscure hamlet, and the deeper recesses of loneliest seclusion. But, wherever discovered, they will be found the same feverish, meddling, priggish, pretending, bothersome people, busying themselves about the affairs of others; dictating here, cajoling there; ever alert and unwearied in their great design of persecuting the patience of those who see farther than they do, or have sufficient confidence in their own judgment to resist the fallacy of these upstarts' advice. How such creatures are tolerated, day after day, has ever been a mystery to us. It is, perhaps, for the sake of the snug, quiet laugh indulged in at their expense by their more civil neighbours, or of the hearty full-face sneer enjoyed by those of less courteous demeanour, that this eternal flutter of conceit—this abject striving, resembling the efforts of the frog to attain the size of the ox—is tacitly connived at. "It is meat and drink to me to see a

fool," quoth Touchstone; and we suppose it is some such feeling that makes the world in general look on with complacency, while such "fantastic tricks" are played "before high Heaven." Sure we are that the present performer might "make the angels weep!"

So worthless and abortive an endeavour to claim Parnassian honours as this was never yet put forth by any candidate whose name appeared invested with the academic distinction of M.A., on the title-page. No, not even "Nature a Parable," which came in for its due share of castigation in the pages of the Monthly Review a short time since, was so senselessly stupid, so ineffably absurd, as the effusions of the Lunar Rhymer. We had thought it actually impossible, that, in this enlightened age, so dull and preposterous a mistake could have been perpetrated with a moment's hope of success. Why, the veriest dunce of your village school—the most neglected and uninformed of God's humblest creatures—would detect the gross and clumsy delusion, and smile back his critical detection in the very face of the self-cheated and bungling impostor! Alas! good, dear, amiable, Lunar Jones! how could you opine that the stringing together of such a jumble of feeble stuff as this could have procured you aught save the designation of a lunatic? Unhappy Jones! had you confined the subject of your uncanonical strictures, like the worthy churchwarden in Foote's farce, to the "new lettering of the church fire-buckets," or some such "cute" matter, the world might not have taken notice of your imbecility. But

> "Quos Jupiter vult perdidi, prùis *dementat*;
> Quos tueri vult, suscitat."

We must now indulge the reader with a few extracts, premising that the author has evidently entered into a sort of compromise with himself, that he will never be so broadly facetious as to prevent the working up of pious reflections and scripture phraseology with his jokes; nor, on the other hand, so grave as to throw too heightened a contrast on the waggish peculiarities of his humour; the result, however, being (as might have been anticipated) far from satisfactory; since we are, at every third or fourth rhyme, perplexed to know whether he means us to laugh or to be serious. Such a medley of farcical and fanatical confusion is too much for our "dizzied arithmetic;" we throw down the book with a yawn of disgust, and strive to relieve our weariness with a few cordial maledictions on the vile chance that led us to take it up. But *ecce signum*;—

> Nor frown if I shall playful be,
> Uniting things that ill agree;
> Unfolding on my motley page,
> The sportive child and pensive sage.
>
> * * * *

This you admit—what costs no thought
Is, at the most, not worth a groat.
Now leave the porch, and walk within;
The music sounds; the lines begin.

The "lines" begin, truly enough; but where is the "Music?" Alas, we may wade through page after page, replete with dull, dreary couplets that shamble together in mean companionship, reminding us of the "creeping" creatures quitting the ark; but we shall stumble upon nothing that "goes the pace," as they say in Leicestershire; in short, there is no "jumping powder" in Mr. Jones's Pegasus,—his book is one weary Dutch level—a trim canal, or a line of stiff poplars, doing duty for the graceful windings of the "Alpheus," or the classic groves of Arcadia. And yet he has the modesty to tell us in his "proem,"—

I may, perchance, in rhyming hours,
Deal in some fruit as well as flowers;
And since you have sufficient skill,
You may collect it, if you will.

And again he says, with equal discretion and delicacy,—

If you, at times, be forced to pause,
Be sure there is some weighty cause;
For that which aids to make us wise
Chiefly beneath the surface lies.

We doubt not that the reader will find "weighty cause" enough to pause in his attempt to follow the heavily-ballasted course of our poetical Argo. In these days of improved naval architecture, and of steam navigation, we rate such a vessel as a meet convoy for a float of Newcastle colliers; with whose black sails the sombre hue of our modern Jason's equipment bears a mysterious analogy. The hint, too, at something "beneath the surface," points still more definitely at a carboniferous relationship. Let us now gaze on the majestic orb of day, as figuratively described by the classical Jones in a mood of peculiarly exalted fancy, and with pure Epic chastity of design:—

The King of Day, with roseate face,
Began, one morn, his wonted race,
With crimson kerchief round his throat;
A cloud of purple formed his coat.
But why should I describe his dress?
All know it well, or else can guess.

This beats the old sign of the "Jolly Waterman" at London Bridge; but the portrait is nevertheless improved some few stanzas afterwards:—

Anon he threw, elate in pride,
His kerchief and his coat aside,
And shone, too bright for mortal gaze,
With pure, unmitigated blaze.

And now let us take a peep at the Author's "Moon," which forms a companion-picture equally happy in its style of treatment, and characteristic elevation of sentiment:—

The Moon, kind sister, tender-hearted,
Sighed as her brother thus departed,
And wiped a tear-drop from her eye;—

Can the reader resist the tender sympathy—the melting pathos of the passage? For ourselves, we are prompted to complete the couplet thus—

Winked—blew her nose—and said, "Good bye!"

And "Good bye" we say to Mister Jones, thanking him, with such sincerity as the case will admit of, for the efforts he has made in the violent attempt to work out the promise of his motto in the title-page—

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."
HOR.

Pro-di-gi-ous!

ART. VIII.

1. *The Belle of the Family; or the Jointure.* Newby.

2. *Strife and Peace;* a Tale. From the Swedish of FREDERIKA BREMER. *The H—— Family.* From the Same. Smith.

3. *The Young Student, or Ralph and Victor.* By MADAME GUIZOT; from the French, by Samuel Jackson. Bogue.

4. *Lord Dacre of Gilsland.* By ELIZABETH M. STEWART. Newby.

MRS. GREY, who is favourably known as the author of "The Young Prima Donna," and other works, has in "The Belle of the Family" made very considerable advances beyond her former station among the lady-novelists of the day. Although the story have little that is new in it, whether of character or incident,—unless indeed we except the conclusion and results of the heroine's wilfulness, which teach a powerful lesson instead of ministering to a melodramatic and diseased taste,—yet the treatment of the triter things is so exceedingly felicitous, so graceful and frequently pathetic, even at times so forcible, that one is led to think more of the beauty of the delineation, more

to feel its truth, than to consider it a mere contribution to the circulating library or a composition of hackneyed art.

The story is that of a matchless beauty, the spoiled pet of the family, who being separated from the man she ardently loves, marries in a fit of wounded pride a veteran aged enough to have been the father of a much older girl. Emma was the lovely last-born, the child of a husband adored by his bereaved wife, [he had put an end to his existence.] "Mrs. Vassall's mind, enfeebled by sorrow, had no energy remaining for exertion; her only solace, her sole occupation seemed to be lavishing tenderness, morbid from its intenseness, upon this beautiful girl, who had been her father's idol. All seemed to join with the poor mother in assisting in this task of ruining the little Emma,—brothers, sisters, servants, all succumbed at once to every want and wish of the imperious little beauty. The two elder sisters had married well—the one to a rich banker, the other to the eldest son of a noble family, who upon the death of his father, would succeed to an honourable title, and to the possession of the extensive heriditary estates."

Now, what with the indulgence of the spiritless mother, the *management* of the kindly-disposed Mrs. Amyott—the pink of match-makers in her own conceit,—the counsels of the *wisely* rigid Mrs. Chetwood, whose self-installed office was to regulate everything by conventional rule, and the wilfulness of the Belle herself, the issue could not be other than grievous trouble and melancholy disappointment; and these results the surer, seeing that the spoiled one had a heart as well as a will, which the worldlings could neither accurately read, nor tenderly make allowance for.

Emma, on making her *debut*, experiences all the gaiety of a London season, and the homage of rival suitors; resisting every offer, however, but for reasons which her sisters do not conjecture, till it is too late to mend the matter, or to quell the mischief; for Everard Aylmer, the friend of the Hon. Mr. Amyott, is a handsome, gallant, and fascinating youth, just returned from his regiment in India to recruit his health, and is thrown much into the society of the Belle; so that a growing and engrossing mutual, although unuttered attachment unites their hearts never to be severed. But at length it needeth not the tongue to tell either to the world or to themselves that they love; while the fact, so stunning to the sisters, is doubly forced upon them by the Belle's refusal of the hand of a wooer of high rank and large possessions; a folly in their sight of the strangest order, seeing that Emma has beauty without money, and must shipwreck her prospects if she weds a man who has little but his sword and his honour to boast of. Accordingly it is resolved by the sisters that Everard himself be appealed to; and the following gives us a powerful idea of the interview:

"The reports to which I allude," she said, "must have reached you: they have gained strength of late by circumstances which I could not control; neither did I foresee them, or I might have acted more wisely. Thus, you see, Everard, that of the three, I have been most to blame."

She paused, but Everard Aylmer made no reply; he bowed, and a flush seemed settling on his brow. It had been gradually deepening from the first moment of their conversation, and now it fixed itself in one deep glow.

"I trust, however," Mrs. Amyott continued, "that it is not yet too late: had I not so suddenly and accidentally heard of your intention of exchanging into a regiment at home, I never should have found resolution or—or heart to—both Charles and myself have always had such a regard and affection for you. I am sure to Charles you are as dear as any brother could possibly be."

"I am not insensible," was the low reply—

"But," proceeded Mrs. Amyott, gathering courage even from that faint interruption, "my love for my sister, my anxiety for her welfare, and above all for her prospects, which I need not tell you, reports of this kind must tend to injure—all this has driven me to speak to you, and in short, Everard, to appeal to your best feelings, and to entreat you as long as she is under my care to—to—"

Mrs. Amyott had exerted herself thus far, but here she stopped—her feelings overpowered her, and her emotion choked her.

"I understand you, I think I do," said Everard Aylmer quickly; "I have listened attentively, and you have taken me by surprise; but still—I am perfectly aware of the wisdom—the policy," he continued with almost a bitter smile, "of what you would suggest. I know what you mean—and I see what my only plan should be. I must return to my regiment."

And as the last words were uttered, he placed his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands.

"Forgive me," said Fanny, trembling from head to foot, "but I have so much still to say—so much to say before I exonerate myself for the step I have taken—"

"On the contrary," exclaimed Everard hastily, "you have said enough, Mrs. Amyott! You have mentioned that your sister's welfare, and your sister's happiness—I don't know what I say, I cannot speak—I have no words in fact—but—I understand—trust to me and you shall not find your confidence misplaced."

* * * * * *

"Thank you for your candour: it has relieved my mind of more than I can express. But one question I must ask,—I ask it only for my own satisfaction, entirely in confidence,—has my sister any reason—have you given her any reason—to feel that those reports have foundation?"

"I have not," answered Everard in a tone of the firmest decision, while his lips suddenly quivered. I am too keenly alive to my position in the world ever to have done so; and, beyond that question, Mrs. Amyott, I trust you will not go. You have inflicted pain this day as gently and as kindly as was possible, and I trust you will spare me more."

"And about the exchange?" she asked, as he rose to take an abrupt leave.

"I shall withdraw the application—it is better—it is best"—he answered quickly. "By the time my leave expires, believe me, I shall be quite ready and most willing to go."

"But, Mr. Aylmer, what reason can you give for the change of mind?"

"Any or none!" exclaimed Everard, fairly roused at last. "Command me to deny myself my greatest privilege—command me to absent myself from your sister's society—teach me to shun every chance of a renewal of our acquaintance—and forbid me to think of her as more than the Miss Vassall, whose name I must hear and to whose praises I must listen from every common friend, more happy, more fortunate than myself—but there, my dear Mrs. Amyott, your power stops. You cannot oblige me to do, or to promise, more than that. You *cannot expect it.*" And with these words, Everard Aylmer, convulsively pressing Mrs. Amyott's hand, left the room.

And thus was Mrs. Amyott, under the full conviction that she was doing the best for her sister's future happiness and prosperity, taking the very step that was to render her miserable for life.

The season was now drawing to a close, and poor Emma, with the "one fatal remembrance clinging to her heart," went to spend a few weeks in the country with a friend. Here she remained for some time, where she met Sir Courtly Emlyn, a man about sixty years of age, a general in the army, and who, strange enough, had been an unsuccessful suitor of her mother's. He had ever continued to take an interest in the family of her who had been his first love, and it was with feelings of delight and happiness that he gazed upon the perfect beauties of the lovely girl before him, whose likeness to her mother awakened so many tender reminiscences in his heart. After staying a few weeks, Emma then set out for her mother's quiet dwelling; hither she was soon followed by Sir Courtly. It was the first time he had seen Mrs. Vassall since her marriage. They met as old and kind friends, and the visit at first was looked upon as one merely of ceremony; but how great was the astonishment of all when, after a few days' sojourn, the old general made a formal proposal for the hand of the young and beautiful Emma. When the matter was first mentioned to Emma herself, so great was the disparity of their years that she looked upon it as a joke. The solicitations of her family, however, were carried on with untiring zeal. It was represented to her what a splendid match in a worldly point of view it would be for her, and what an opportunity it would give her of assisting her family. These remonstrances would have been to no purpose, had not Mrs. Chetwood, her elder sister, told her that Everard Aylmer had positively stated, shortly after his conversation with her sister Fanny, "that all the love was on her side." This was enough, her pride was wounded, and she consented to bestow her hand on the General.

What we have quoted excites intense interest, and there are very many pictures as well as passages in the story which are equally effective and affecting. It reads as "an ow'r true tale," but one which no one but a woman could write,—so feminine yet truthful is the portraiture, so circumstantial yet so progressively accumulative the lesson and the concern created for the beautiful victim of *management* and ill-restrained temper. Nor is the purpose and power of the author the

less to be admired, that the truth taught is one deeply disparaging to the ways of fashionable life; the selfishness and the low moral standard of your May Fair folks. Not that Mrs. Grey affects the office of lecturer, everlastingly preaching abstract moralities, or indulging in sentimentalism of extreme refinement, exaction, and elevation. No, she goes frankly and earnestly forward with her narrative, trusting to the current of her scenes and incidents, the power of truth and feeling, and the adapting dress of her accomplished pen, for her effects; thus showing the skill with which she can turn to account the commonplaces of fiction, as well as the forbidding behaviour of the worldly and the artificial, of the traders in hearts and the miscalculators of whatever ought to be held most dear to the rational in thought and the exalted in spirit.

Well, the wedding with the old general is celebrated in due form, and a kind affectionate husband he proves, but at the same time exhibits so much jealous watchfulness, and dictates so many little restrictions, that Emma considers herself the most ill-used and the most miserable. We must not tell much more, but will introduce our readers to Sir Courtly's mansion in Belgrave Square, in order that they may learn something of the consequences of marrying well:

It was the close of the season: the Emlyns were going abroad, and had given their last grand entertainment, when, the morning after it had taken place, while Emma was busily employed in arranging her jewel-box, Mrs. Chetwood and Mrs. Amyott were announced. Well did Lady Emlyn know their mission; and placid was the smile on that beautiful young face, as, without pausing in her occupation, she listened to the alternate reproofs, injunctions, advice, and cautions, which issued in rapid turn from her sister's lips.

She continued composedly brightening up the costly gems before her, with her long black lashes resting on her cheek, which had once been wont to tell her every feeling, which now preserved its bright transparence without one additional tint of colour, until, after nearly an hour had been spent in the vain errand, the sisters paused; and then Emma looked up, and spoke—

"I thank you both, if this is meant in kindness; I thank you once more for your interference in my fate and prospects: but I intend it to be the last time you do so, and I beg you will remember that so it is to be! Fanny, I am not now addressing myself to you; it is to Elizabeth that I wish to call home her past behaviour on my account, and the long course of infamous treachery and unpardonable deceit of which she has made me the innocent victim; and after that, Mrs. Chetwood, preach to me of my conduct as a wife, and talk to me of my love for my husband!"

So completely was Mrs. Chetwood aghast at this passionate and abrupt disclosure, that even her presence of mind forsook her, and she had not a word to say.

"Yes!" continued Emma, with a smile of the bitterest triumph, "you have no longer to deal with a dupe. But on that subject my lips are closed

—fear no betrayal from me. I know all; and in your own heart I leave you to seek the rest of the sting conveyed in those words. But whenever you taunt and reproach me with my conduct to my husband, I rise against you. Who made me, by a shameful falsehood, Sir Courtly Emlyn's wife? —yourself. Who wrung from my existence every hope of happiness, and then dares to say I make him miserable, both at home and in the eyes of the world? You, Elizabeth!—and yet both of you, my sisters, made me marry this man!"

"Oh, Emma, not I!" burst from Mrs. Amyott's lips, which were white with agitation.

"You aided, Fanny—you supported the falsehood, which drew from me my agonized consent!"

"My dear sister," cried Mrs. Amyott, flying to the folding-doors that were open, and closing them, "if any of the servants of your husband should hear all this!"

"Let them—let him! That man for the last eighteen months of my life has tortured me by a succession of tyrannies, which I have borne in uncomplaining silence! yet here you reproach me for my conduct as a wife! You forget what has been said. There is a point to which I mean to go, but not one step beyond. I accompany him abroad this summer—I cling to him, to my misery, as long as I can: but the moment he tries me beyond my patience, beyond my power, so help me Heaven, as I stand before you both, I leave him for ever!"

It was a dreadful scene—it was a fearful lesson; and both sisters were shocked—even petrified!

"And this, then," said Mrs. Chetwood to her sister Fanny, who was weeping bitterly, as they drove home together, "this is the awful consequence of 'a *marriage de convenance*.'"

It may seem to increase the reader's interest in the story, and in the fortunes of the Belle of the Family, to have these two stanzas which occur at its close.

"I know not of her destiny,
Or where her smile now strays,
But the thought of her comes over me
With my own lost—sunny days.

With moonlight hours and far off friends,
And many pleasant things,
They have gone the way of all the earth
On Time's resistless wings."

Such is the ending notice of this impressive and absorbing tale; which possesses not only all the exquisite traits we have indicated, abounding with evidences of a familiar acquaintance with the heart and with life, but presenting many vivid descriptions, and arousing appeals to virtue.

Mrs. Grey's three volumes contain a second tale, entitled "Harry Monk," which, although written with still more sustained power than

the "Belle of the Family," and perhaps more regularly concocted and evolved, has yet less attractions to our taste, and less purpose, moral and imaginative. In short, it belongs properly to the Newgate school of romance too unequivocally for its hero and his fortunes to prepossess us in its favour; while a sort of regret forces itself upon us that the fine powers of the writer were not lavished upon far worthier themes. However, the story is one of far greater grasp and thrilling progress than could be expected from the graceful and touching genius of the author of the other creation, and more original than could have been foreseen after the race of your Jack Shephards and other such questionable heroes. It is strongly cast, carefully contrived, and elaborately developed. Perhaps its principal want is that of costume and a knowledge of contemporary manners, being of the time of the Commonwealth.

Frederika Bremer's novels are sure to become household books throughout our country and wherever the English translations of them can be read. Mr. Smith therefore, has wisely taken the start with his cheap editions; having this advantage besides over the version which has passed through a German medium, that his is directly from the fresh Swedish of the gifted authoress. "Strife and Peace" is here to be had for *eighteenpence*, "The H—— Family," for a *sixpence* more; and these are to be immediately followed by "The President's Daughters," "Nina," and others of Miss Bremer's works, which will be added in due course, forming certainly the most delightful series of prose fictions that have ever graced the foreign literature of modern Europe, and some of the most valuable pieces that have yet appeared in "Smith's Standard Library." It is proper to mention that the publisher is enabled to bring out these works at the extraordinarily low price, in consequence of the translations being from an American source, having been issued by Messrs. Munroe, of Boston. This further circumstance we are also authorized to make known, that besides being translated immediately from the original Swedish, many passages have been carefully restored, that are repressed in the German versions, which certainly must be a recommendation; for it is difficult to conceive of any thing that can come from this charming writer's pen that needs be expunged, or that will not lend lights towards a truer perception of her own nature and genius, as well as into the human heart and into national as well as domestic manners.

In truth, Miss Bremer is essentially the fire-side teacher; the cheerfullest of moralists; the most contented of sentimentalists. The pleasures which she would communicate and point to are all of a calm but sunshiny character; the duties which she would inculcate are of that steady, graceful yet earnest Christianity that become sublime in the hour of trial, triumphing over a world's heartlessness and hostility, and placidly smiling, firmly trusting, and nobly forgiving. And then her lessons are for all, because she speaks with unsurpassed

feeling and truth to every heart: she is all human, all nature, and therefore her appeals and her power must be universal.

It is this universality of perception and sympathy, descending into the minutest crevices of the heart, and probing it in the most faithful manner, that renders her characters inexhaustible as is the mind itself, and her pictures so acceptable, it mattereth not however humble be the individual, or apparently ordinary and unpretending the scene. In short you never fail of having the charm of the writer's genius shed vividly over whatever she touches, besides being made to apprehend perfectly what she wishes to bring out; and indeed the more unassuming the person introduced may at first seem, the satisfaction and the astonishment grow the greater, the more you find yourself becoming familiar with what passeth within and around such a subject. For example, in "Strife and Peace" we meet with a heroine in Susanna, a maiden in the service of a Norwegian family, and one of the plainest bodies that you can imagine. But then whatever tenderness there is in her nature—whatever prejudices—simplicity or earnestness characterizes her actions, and utterances are brought so truthfully out, that you see her as completely as you could have done after living twenty years in the same house with her, and liking her the better, trusting in her the more unreservedly, the longer you know her.

Susanna is every inch of her a stout Swede, as she never fails to let the Norwegian steward thoroughly to understand, with whom she is continually in a state of such friendly controversy as to end in matrimony. A more faithful and unsophisticated handmaid never existed, her entire heart, and to the uttermost extent of its commonplace capabilities, being in her duties, and to the fulfilment of her part. Her mistress is a poor disconsolate widow lady, who bears an irremovable weight upon her heart, her soul being embittered by the suspicion of crime having stained the life of her late husband. Besides, the story affords a complete view of the primitive sort of manners that prevail in Norway, nothing being more delicately touched or perfectly fresh in the range of art, whether by pen or pencil. But an extract will convey a far truer idea not only of Susanna's character, but of the skill and finish of the author, than pages of criticism and comment; nor can we do better than turn to that portion of the tale which gives us the persevering heroine full of the affairs of Christmas week, and most busy with the self-imposed strategies for the entertainment and wonder of her mistress and other friends.

Susanna had a great deal to do in Christmas week, and was often kept up very late at night, partly by her household occupations, and partly by some Christmas gifts which she was preparing, in the hope of occasioning some pleasant little surprises. And this was perhaps the reason, that the morning of the day before Christmas she overslept herself. She was awakened by the loud singing of a bird under her window, and her conscience reproached her, that, in the cares of the preceding day, she had

forgotten the birds, for whom she used to throw grains of corn and crumbs of bread upon the snow; and now they had come to remind her of it. Ah, were all such admonitions like the song of birds! With sincere regret for her forgetfulness, Susanna hastened to dress, and to draw aside the window-curtain. But see—before her window stood a tall, slender fir-tree, on whose green top, cut into the form of a wreath, stood a large bunch of golden oat sheaves, and round it fluttered, pecking and chirping, a host of sparrows and bulfinches. Susanna blushed, and thought, "Harold." The servants of the house laughingly answered to Susanna's questions about the fir-tree, that it was indeed the steward who had planted it. But the steward himself pretended to know nothing of the matter—was very much surprised by the sight of the tree with the oaten tuft, and could not imagine how it came there. "It must," said he, "have sprung up of itself in the night, and this can only proceed from the strength of the excellent Norwegian soil—every bit of it is pulverized primary rock. Only such a soil could bring forth such wonders." In the forenoon Harold went with Susanna to the farm-yard, where, with her own hands, she distributed oats to the cows, bread to the sheep, and to the poultry corn, in fullest measure. In the community of the chickens a great variety of character might be observed. Some seized greedily upon the corn, while they drove the rest forcibly back; others remained at a modest distance, and picked up contentedly the grains that fortune sent them. Some of them seemed more anxious to provide for others than for themselves. Of this noble nature was a young cock, with a high crest and brilliant plumage, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he yielded his share to the hens, hardly reserving to himself a single grain of corn, but looking down with an air of majesty upon the crowd that pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this noble behaviour, Susanna had called him the Knight, and this name he always retained. Among the geese she saw with vexation that the poor grey was still more oppressed than ever by his white tyrant. Harold proposed to have the grey goose killed, but Susanna insisted warmly, that if either of the rivals were to be sacrificed, it should be the white one. In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress of the mansion sits in darkness with her sorrow, can Christmas-eve bring but little joy. But Susanna had made her preparations to diffuse happiness. She had rejoiced in this thought the whole week through, in the midst of her many occupations; and the more, that her life would have been gloomy indeed, if the hope of giving pleasure to some one had not always glimmered, like a star, over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro were this day to taste the fruits of Susanna's night-watching; and when the evening came, and Susanna had spread the Christmas table, and had seen it set out with lutfisk, roast meats, chickens, plates of butter, tarts, and apples, and lighted with many candles; when the people of the farm assembled round the table with eyes that glistened with delight and appetite; when the oldest of the company began a song of thanksgiving, and all the others joined in it with folded hands and solemn voice; then did Susanna feel that she was no longer in a strange land. She joined in their song, and seated herself at the table, a cheerful, hospitable hostess; animated the strong to the performance of prodigies, and placed the most

delicate dishes before the weak and timid. Fru Astrid had told Susanna she wished this evening to remain alone in her room, and would take only a glass of milk. But Susanna was resolved to surprise her into pleasure, and to this end had laid a little plot against her peace. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried to her, a beautiful boy, dressed to represent Susanna's idea of an angel, and with a crown of light upon his head, was to enter her door softly and beckon her forth. The lady could not surely resist so beautiful a messenger, and he was to conduct her to the principal room, where, in a grove of fir-trees, a table was to be spread with the choicest productions of Susanna's skill; and behind the fir-trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and sing, to the well-known melody of the country, a song in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future happiness. Harold, to whom Susanna had communicated her plan, shook his head doubtfully at first, but afterwards agreed to it, and even lent his aid in its execution, by procuring the fir-trees and assisting at the toilet of the angel. Susanna was delighted with her beautiful little messenger, and followed him softly, as, with some anxiety for his head and his brilliant crown, he tripped lightly towards Fru Astrid's apartment. Harold opened the door softly for the boy. Within, they saw the lady seated in an arm-chair, her head bent down upon her hands. The lamp upon the table threw a dull light upon her mourning dress. Roused by the opening of the door, she looked up, and gazed with a wild look upon the apparition. Then she rose hastily, pressed her hands upon her breast, uttered a faint cry of terror, and sank lifeless to the ground. Susanna pushed her angel hastily aside, and rushed to her lady, raised her in her arms, with a feeling of indescribable anguish, and bore her to the bed. Harold, on his part, occupied himself with the poor angel, whose crown having lost its balance, the hot tallow was streaming over his forehead and cheeks, while he uttered the most piteous cries. Susanna soon succeeded in bringing her lady back to life; but for some time her senses seemed bewildered, and she uttered confused and disconnected sentences, among which Susanna could only distinguish the words' "apparition—unhappy child—dead." Susanna inferred that her pretended angel had terrified her, and cried out in a voice broken by sobs, "Ah! it was only John Guttornsen's little son, whom I had dressed up as an angel, to give you pleasure." Susanna saw now but too well how unfortunate this idea had been; but Fru Astrid listened with eager interest to Susanna's explanation of the appearance which had thus shaken her. At last her convulsive state yielded to a flood of tears. Susanna, beside herself with grief, that, instead of joy, she had been the cause of sorrow to her lady, kissed, weeping, her dress, her hands, her feet, with earnest entreaties for forgiveness. Fru Astrid answered in a gentle but reproving tone, "You meant it well, Susanna; you could not know what sorrow you would cause me. But never think again—never attempt again to give me pleasure; I can never more be cheerful—never more be happy; a stone lies at my breast that can never be lifted from it till the stone is placed over my grave. But go now, Susanna, I must be alone—I shall soon be well again." Susanna begged that she might bring her a glass of milk, and Lady Astrid consented; but when she had brought it she must again depart—her heart full of sorrow. When she rejoined

Harold, she poured out to him all her grief for the unfortunate issue of her project, and described to him the violent agitation, and repeated the gloomy, despairing words of the Oefwerstinna. Harold became pale and thoughtful, and seeing this Susanna was still more depressed. She had yet another little mine of pleasure still unsprung, and from its explosion she had promised herself great delight; but now this too failed of its effect. It is true, Harold laughed, when he drew the waistcoat from the loaf of wheaten bread; it is true, he thanked Susanna, and pressed her hand, but he had plainly so little pleasure in his Christmas gift, his thoughts were so evidently occupied with something else, that every gleam of Christmas joy now vanished for Susanna. As she sat alone at her window, and saw light streaming from every cottage in the valley; when she thought of the happy family groups within, old people, children, brothers and sisters, friends, all assembled round the Christmas hearth, then she felt painfully that she was alone in a strange land; and when she remembered how happy she used to make her Hulda on this evening—how well all her little plots to give pleasure had then succeeded—she drew forth a handkerchief which had once covered the neck of that dear sister, and covered it with hot tears and kisses. She passed a great portion of the night on the threshold of her lady's door, while she listened anxiously to the unceasing footsteps within. But though she heard many deep-drawn sighs, Susanna heard no expression of pain which could justify her in intruding upon the solitude of her lady.

Many such simply conceived and delightful views of life as it obtains in Norway are to be met with in the tale; at the same time that it abounds with variety, and introduces you to such diversities as belong to the climate, to the scenery, to the superstitions, and to the manners of the country; for very remarkable is the fecundity which Miss Bremer contrives to throw into the domesticities even of such a lonely house as that of the bowed-down widow. But it would be by no means satisfactory were we to hint how strife as well as peace and silence had its share in the family, or how the kind of quarrels that arose made way for perfect agreement and the best mutual understanding. It would in fact require to have the whole of Harold's, as well as Susanna's history copied out, as detailed in the pages before us, thoroughly to perceive the excellence and practicability of the moral inculcated, or of the delectable little turns which the story takes; being, as is uniformly the case with this extraordinary writer, framed upon no prescribed plan, nor indeed as if its current had been forethought, further than to let her humanities have perfect licence, and the inculcation of the virtues for daily life never be lost sight of.

"The H—— Family" has more of the romantic about its characters and its incidents, according to the usual meaning of the term, than is common in Miss Bremer's novels; and, therefore, may not be so acceptable to those who admire what we consider to be her prime excellence, viz., the truthfulness and feeling with which she delineates and recommends the plain personages and more ordinary passages,

that every one has witnessed. But even of such level subjects there is a goodly variety, the writer being as much in earnest as ever with whatever object is in hand. This is the quaint, yet descriptive opening of the tale.

About the end of February, in the year 1829, I found myself at the barrier one evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the Custom-house officer, who was to admit me into the Swedish capital. It was amid a violent drifting of snow, and in a small open sleigh, I sat there, frozen, tired, and sleepy, no very enviable situation, as my fair and gentle readers will allow. My poor steed, who had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The servant who drove my sleigh beat his arms across his body to warm himself; the storm howled, and the snow drifted about us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done in snow-storms, within as well as out of the house; and this I have always found the best way, if one cannot escape such evils. At last I heard the slow steps on the crackling snow. The officer approached with his lantern. He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy. I held a gold piece in my hand, and was desirous of transferring it unperceived into his, that I might secure for myself a quiet and an undisturbed ride. He drew his hand back. "It is not necessary," said he, dryly, but politely. "I will not give you much inconvenience," continued he, while he began to examine my carpet bag, and look over my packages. I found myself compelled, not without vexation, to alight. Out of humour, and with some malicious pleasure, I put my money back into my reticule, and thought,— "Well well, he is too proud to take anything for his trouble."

The red-nosed custom-house officer soon gains upon Miss Beata by his forbearing conduct, and upon the reader, seeing that he is a poor man with four children. She is on her way to the H—— family, to perform the duties of bridesmaid to her friend Emily, who is mightily perplexed about the concerns and the uncertainties of the married state, requiring all the common-sense views of the worldly-wise assistant to moderate her undue anxieties relative to the future. The family indicated by the initial letter contains several perfect originals, among whom we may mention the master, a worthy companion for Dominie Samson, who is drawn to the life. We must give a passage in which he figures as well as the remarkably timid bride, together with several other characters that are indicated by extremely delicate touches.

Some one now came in, and said the stairs and entry were full of people who wished to see the bride. A new trial for the timid Emily. She stood up, but quickly sat down again, and grew pale. "Cologne water, Cologne water!" cried Julia to me; "she looks pale, she is fainting." "Water!" cried the Colonel in a thundering tone. The tutor seized up the teakettle, and rushed forward. I do not know whether it was this sight, or the reaction of her spirits, but it had the effect of restoring Emily from her weakness; she arose quickly, and accompanied by her sisters went out, while she threw a glance of uneasiness and discontent towards Algernon,

who stood immovable at some distance, and looked at her with an unusual, almost severe earnestness. "Are you mad?" cried Uncle P., in a half whisper, as he pulled the arm of the master, who was still standing there, his eyes wandering, and the tea-kettle in his hand. The master in alarm turned hastily round, and knocked down the little Thickeys like two pins thrown over by the ball. The kettle slipped in his hand, burnt his fingers, and he let it fall, with a cry of pain, upon the unfortunate boys, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of steam arose. If the moon had fallen, greater confusion could not have been created, than was at the first moment produced by this catastrophe of the kettle. Axel and Claes made no noise, and their mother began to fear it was all over with them. But after Algernon and the Colonel had raised them up and shaken them, it was apparent they were all alive. They had been so surprised and frightened, that in the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water which was spilled upon them mostly came upon their clothes, and it was beside pretty well cooled, as tea had been over for half an hour. Only one spot on Axel's forehead, and one on the left hand of Claes, required treatment. The master was in despair, the children cried, they were carried to bed, and I promised as soon as I had time, to come and see them. The amiable disposition of Madame H., which would never allow her quietly to see a troubled face, led her to console the master. She succeeding in so doing by making him observe with what real Spartan sprit the boys had received the first shock, and by declaring that she considered it a decided proof of the excellent education he was giving them. The master was very happy, and grew quite excited, and said while he drew himself up, that he hoped to make real Spartans out of the lady's promising boys. The lady hoped this newly invented shower-bath of hot water might not be tried again, but she kept her hopes to herself. Meantime the exhibition of the bride had ended; and Emily, exhausted, had left the room, where according to the old and singular Swedish custom, it had been necessary for her to show herself to a multitude of curious and indifferent people.

Our readers must refer to the book itself for an account of how the married people behaved and fared after the wedding. They may believe us when we say that there is no lack of action and incident in the story, nor of those vivid and life-giving strokes of poetic truth which instruct while they delight and amuse. One cannot foresee the time when Miss Bremer's pages can become wearisome, even although her tales be constructed upon no critically correct plan, or according to any model that has been followed by the most famous English novelists.

"The Young Student; or Ralph and Victor," by Madame Guizot, derives a special interest from the circumstance of the gifted writer having been the wife of the present Prime Minister of France. We find it stated in the *Literary Gazette* that their union resulted from a kinship and congeniality of tastes and studies in the realms of literature; for that when he filled the position of editor of a journal she contributed some papers which were so excellent as to attract his

particular attention, and lead to a personal acquaintance and intimate friendship that terminated in wedlock. *The Young Student*, however, is a tale that stands in no need of any adventitious circumstance of birth, rank, or political influence to lend it celebrity; for it is a production of sterling merit, being altogether independent for its attractions of fustian sentiment and gorgeous colouring. It is a simple, pleasant, and graceful moral work, and doubly deserving of an English dress, inasmuch as it gives us life somewhat removed from what is conventional in England, and sketches that are suggestive for the young that are amongst us. How different from the mass of puerilities and impurities with which the French press of fiction teems; and it would appear from notices in the preface, that it has been long appreciated in the country of its birth, the French Academy having crowned it with its high praise, pronouncing it the work most conducive to morals that had appeared during the year of its publication.

The lesson taught is the importance of self-control and of obedience in the young, and also of the evil fruits resulting from parental sternness and exaction. Ralph de Foligny is the hero, who, after running away, is subjected to a great variety of adventures, which introduce the reader to many characters and striking scenes, all illustrative of France and of the French as well as of human nature. We like the book the better that it carries us beyond the soil of Britain, which is so much trodden by our lady and gentlemen novelists.

It is the novelty of the French sketches that will perhaps mainly help to give the book popularity in this country, although we must not overlook the fact that the colouring and current of the story furnish a model of minute and accurate delineation. Its aim is excellent and its execution adequate. Feminine yet terse and touching are its situations and portraitures. A firm and yet a delicate hand has managed the whole, being worthily named in junction with Marmontel's tales. And Mr. Jackson has done justice to it in his translation, albeit abridging where he deemed it probable that English tastes would not relish more didactic particularity.

It is not easy in a work of this juvenile kind to pick out passages that will manifestly support any general opinion which may be pronounced concerning it. The merit of the book lies too much in nice details and dovetailed adventure or sentiment to be briefly represented by extract. In these circumstances we have thought it proper to give specimens that shall indicate the prevailing style of the writer, rather than to convey a notion of the incidents or the characters that are crowded into the volume, which in its English garb is one of the most elegant that we have opened for a long time. Accordingly we dip first at the very opening, and next at the closing. Each of the twenty-eight chapters has a title, the first being named The Storm, and commencing thus:—

The weather was hot and sultry and the distant thunder announced a coming storm. M. de Foligny, seated on a bench which had been placed for him under a tree, at a little distance from his park, turned up the earth with the end of his cane, with a feeling of impatience, which rendered his aspect more than ordinarily severe. Near him sat his daughter Clementina, who timidly turned her eyes, first towards her father, and then towards the open country, apparently tormented by an anxiety which she did not dare to manifest. On a sudden she rose up, and ran towards two men, whom she saw in the distance, regarded them for some time as they drew nearer, and then sorrowfully returned to her seat, saying in a low tone, "It is not they!" A bitter smile of discontent depicted itself on the face of M. de Foligny, and Clementina cast her eyes down without even daring to look around her. That moment, a loud clap of thunder was heard. "Alas!" said Clementina, joining her hands, "what, if it should rain! Father," added she energetically, "try to support yourself by leaning on me; I assure you I shall be able to bear it till we reach the gate of the park."

"I fear your will exceeds your ability," said her father with a smile. He attempted, however, to rise up, leaning upon his daughter's shoulder, but the change in the weather had brought on a renewed attack of the gout. On attempting to put his foot to the ground, the violence of the pain made him involuntarily press Clementina's shoulder in such a manner as to cause her to shrink. M. de Foligny perceived it, and seemed pained at having made the attempt. Clementina regarded him with a look which she meant to be cheerful, but the transient smile was dispelled by grief and anxiety. M. de Foligny resumed his seat, observing that it was impossible. He kissed his daughter's forehead and then remained motionless, which was always the case when he was much excited.

Such is the unaffected and simple style in which the instructive narrative begins. We next copy out from The Return those paragraphs:

Tranquillity was at length restored; the pleasure of being together suspended all the remembrances which might have disturbed it. The weather was beautiful, and the gardens agreeable. The day was charmingly spent: M. de Foligny left his children to do the honours, and participated, as much as his health permitted, in the general pleasure.

In the evening, after the departure of the strangers, Ralph's adventures, and those of Victor and Agustine, furnished that food for conversation which is sometimes wanting between persons of different ages, and which is the sweetest bond of a well-sustained friendship. Ralph, from what he had seen, felt, and thought, had become able to converse with his father, whose affectionate kindness was exerted to make him feel at ease, and whose manners, a little grave, only made more apparent the consideration he exemplified towards his son.

Ralph, who was thought too far advanced to be continued longer in the second class, had spent the month of January in the study of rhetoric. At the end of the academical year, he learnt, with joy, that he was to finish his education at Paris, where M. de Foligny intended some time in perfecting

Clementina's talents. Henry was sent for thither by his father, who, having entered the regiment of the guards, was the more certain of never removing far from it.

After residing in Paris two years, during which period Ralph exerted his natural ardour and the strength of mind requisite to fit him for resuming, in a distinguished manner, the career he intended to follow; he passed his examinations in a brilliant manner at the Polytechnic school, which he wished to leave as officer of the engineers. Before entering it, he had spent some days at Foligny, whither his father had returned six months before, and felt so happy in the society which often surrounded him, that there is reason to believe it contributed, as much as the regimen prescribed him at Paris, to the very sensible improvement he felt in his health. Ralph was treated at his father's, and in the circle of his friends, as a man of some importance in society. The confidence M. de Foligny reposed in him was not merely that of a father at ease respecting his son's conduct, but that of a friend, who loves to communicate with his friend and discuss his opinions with him. One evening, the subject of education was brought forward by M. de Foligny. Ralph was silent, because he felt that his objections were too much opposed to the system which his father had pursued in his case; and after a pause of a few moments, M. de Foligny added, "It is possible, my son, that I may have been mistaken with respect to some things in your education."

"How so, father?" replied Ralph with a smile; "have I been ill brought up?" and then he added, "you are, perhaps, not satisfied with me?"

M. de Foligny was affected by this answer from his son; he reached him his hand, and said in a faltering voice, "I am satisfied, Ralph. My children," continued he, "I am happier now than I have ever been, or than I expected to be during my life, and I am so through you." His children bowed upon his hands, which they affectionately kissed; and he blessed them in his heart.

Henry was present; he had accompanied Ralph to Foligny. He regarded them with emotion. Immediately afterwards, Ralph, turning towards him, struck him gaily on the shoulder to rouse him from his reverie, and said to him, "we are happy here, are we not Terville?"

M. de Foligny smiled; Henry blushed; Clementina also blushed a little; for she had heard it said, or guessed, or imagined, during her stay at Paris, that the connection which was established between Henry's family and hers might probably one day lead to something more intimate betwixt her and the young man, who was the gentlest and most amiable she had yet met with.

During the journey, Ralph went to Grandval to visit the worthy Abbé. He had written to him on his return to the academy to tell him that, whilst deeply regretting his conduct, he had not ceased for a moment to feel towards him the most profound respect, and had received a reply full of exhortations and wise advice. The Abbé was delighted to see Ralph again so much improved, and congratulated himself on the interest he had taken in him. The marchioness was not at the Hall, which the Abbé mentioned with a smile to Ralph, who was glad of it, since he was afraid to present himself before her, until the somewhat ludicrous personage, who had taken

advantage of her prejudices in the affair, was banished in a greater degree from her memory.

M. Leblanc, yielding to Victor's pressing solicitations, made a little tour to pay him a visit, exactly at the time when Ralph was at Foligny. Ralph saw him again with that pleasure, which is felt on meeting those who have merited our esteem. "I told you that you were worth more than you thought," was M. Leblanc's salutation; and he added, "my dear friend, not to think of what we are worth, and to be ignorant of what we are able to accomplish, is almost always the cause of a man's losing himself."

"Lord Dacre of Gilsland" is a historical romance of the days of Queen Bess, dealing in those conspiracies to which the persecution of the Roman Catholics and the imprisonment of Mary of Scotland gave birth. It would be of no sort of service to sketch the outline of the tale. A number of real as well as fictitious personages and events are brought forward, but not uniformly with a strict regard to chronological order. Elizabeth stands boldly out and in all her remarkable dimensions and aspects. Burleigh and Walsingham, Leicester and others are cleverly drawn, and a lively notion is obtained of the costume and outside manners of the age. Adventure upon adventure presses, but rather in the way of description than dramatic action. The heroines are Gertrude Harding and Lucy Fenton. Gertrude is the daughter of a Catholic, and is connected with the hero, Lord Dacre, both in love and politics. The execution of the whole is better than the plot and plan. Many of the scenes have great power, testifying that the author may produce an important romance. Seldom have we met with a more startling and vigorous passage than that of the death-bed scene of the Virgin Queen, especially when one contrasts her prostrate condition with her majestic bearing before her council, the Cecils and others of established fame. We cite the powerful passage to which particular reference has been made, being awe-striking in the extreme.

The Queen lay in her bed; she had ordered her attendants not to draw the curtains over her windows, and she watched the leafless trees waving to and fro before them, and the ruddy flame of her fire, dancing upon the tapestry. Elizabeth had sunk into that partial torpor in which, though the mind has not altogether yielded to the influence of sleep, the memories, the visions that pass over it, have the indistinctness of a dream. A long train of shadows flitted before the mental eye of Elizabeth: there was the fair face of Gertrude Harding, and another face as fair; the features too of the ill-fated Essex rose to blight her in her sleep; but ever were those female faces present, even when the others had passed away. Suddenly Elizabeth started up—she was wide awake, but an unutterable horror had seized upon her soul—anything to escape from that bed! and when her dismal shriek had summoned her attendants to her apartment, they found her standing in her night-dress on the floor, her hands clenched, her eyes fixed as in a convulsion, and specks of foam upon her parted lips. It was a frightful specta-

ole, the strongly marked but withered features and stony blue eyes of the miserable Queen.

But what needs it to prolong the description of scenes so horrible; the struggle of a soul which had used its greatness to destroy; and which, summoned to quit the world it had too much loved, shrunk from the contemplation of its past career.

No entreaties could prevail upon the wretched Queen to return to her bed: she raved, screamed, and wept at the proposal. Cushions were brought and upon them she was extended; bitterly bemoaning her miserable fate, and refusing all refreshment and consolation.

Who does not know that for ten days the unhappy Queen thus remained, still refusing to enter her bed. The Bishops, and the Lords of the Council alike in vain entreated her to alter this resolution. To Lucy Willoughton, whom she still detained in attendance, she expressed strong indignation against Secretary Cecil, the son of her old favourite Burleigh.

"He telleth the people, Mistress Willoughton," said Elizabeth, "that I am mad: but I am not mad; oh, would to God that I were!"

Gracious madam, be comforted!" said Lucy, who was moved by the pitiable condition of the Queen.

"Do not thou mock me, fair dame, with such empty words," replied Elizabeth: "had thy poor cousin seen me thus, and had known me better than to talk of comfort. Alas, alas, why does her face still pursue me? God knows how bitterly I mourned her fate; but it cometh, it cometh for ever and still accompanied by another, which my soul sickeneth to behold."

While Elizabeth spoke, entered Sir Robert Cecil with the Lord Admiral, a relation of the Queen: they came to entreat that she would suffer herself to be conveyed to bed.

Elizabeth looked round, shuddering at her costly couch. "Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Cecil, if thou hadst seen there what I have seen, thou wouldst not drive thy mistress to that couch of horrors!"

"What has your Grace there beheld?" said Cecil; "have you seen the dwellers of another world?"

"Nay!" answered Elizabeth, "assuredly that is an idle question, and beneath our notice."

"In sooth your Grace must retire to bed," persisted Cecil, "if it be but to satisfy the affection of your people!"

At these words, the embers of an almost extinguished fire again blazed in the heart of Elizabeth, and lighted up her worn features with something of the dignity of old: she raised herself on her cushions,

"Must!" she exclaimed; is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. But, alas! alas!" continued the Queen, wringing her hand, and speaking in a tone of deep dejection, "thou art grown presumptuous, because thou knowest that I shall die!"

"Good madam, be comforted," said the Lord Admiral, again approaching the Queen.

She again raised herself with Lucy's assistance, and, grasping him by the hand, she looked piteously in his face; then bursting into tears, she ex-

claimed—"My Lord, my Lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck; I am tied fast, and the case is altered with me!"

From this time the Queen gradually sunk, falling into a lethargy which, released her from those mental torments which it had wrung the compassionate heart of Lucy to behold: during this lethargy she was placed in her bed. As her end was now evidently fast approaching, the Lord Keeper, the Admiral, and the Secretary Cecil, were deputed by the Council to learn Elizabeth's will with regard to her successor. Lucy Willoughton, whom the Queen during her intervals of consciousness had commanded to remain near her, stood by the side of the royal couch. The Queen took no notice when the Kings of Scotland and France were mentioned by those lords; then they spoke of the heir of the house of Suffolk, the Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford, to whom Elizabeth had always borne a strong antipathy. At this name she started, and the darkness of death seemed to vanish for a moment from her wild blue eyes; while she fiercely exclaimed—"I will have no rascal's son in my seat; none but a king shall sit upon the throne of Elizabeth! and who should that be but our cousin, the King of Scots?"

She never spoke again.

Elizabeth M. Stewart is not a name which is familiar to us; but she promises by her present performance to take a foremost rank, should she persevere, among the lady romancers of our time. She is deserving of warm encouragement.

ART. IX.—*Religion in the United States of America.* By the Rev. ROBERT BAIRD. Duncan & Malcolm.

MR. BAIRD is a minister of the American Presbyterian Church, but has visited Europe "for the prosecution of certain religious and philanthropic objects, and in this pursuit he has been employed during the seven years that have just elapsed," dating his Preface, Geneva, September, 1843. He has had occasion, he tells us, "in the course of that period, to visit repeatedly almost every country on the Continent, and has been led, also, to spend some time, more than once, in England and in Scotland, from the latter of which two countries his forefathers were compelled by persecution to emigrate two hundred years ago." The stout volume which he has produced is worthy of his prime object, of his position as a minister of the gospel, and as a descendant of fathers whom we must rank along with the Pilgrim Fathers who sowed so much good seed in a new and limitless country. It is a work of great comprehensiveness, and stamped throughout with the most evident proofs of a luminous philosophy and catholic charity. It is, so far as we know, the completest and most satisfactory book that has yet been published, relative not only to the history of the different religious bodies in

the United States,—of their spirit, efforts, condition, and prospects, but of the growth of power and civilization in that immense expanse of the New World. It is not necessary to subscribe to every opinion or sentiment entertained and urged by the cosmopolitan author, in order to arrive at the decided judgment we have pronounced about his work. But even when the reader may be inclined to differ from him he will respect his candour and firmness, his liberality and intelligence, and accept the book as a real authority, being produced by one who has not merely enjoyed peculiar advantages for selecting his materials, but who has exercised the largest share of mind and heart for the examination of all the circumstances belonging to his mighty theme.

The title in full of the volume gives promise of "an Account of the Origin, Progress, Relations to the State and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States,—with Notices of Unevangelical Denominations." The sensible and modest Preface furnishes somewhat more in detail the heads of the several divisions of the work, which we copy out. These are the *eight* parts:—

The first dedicated to preliminary remarks intended to throw light on various points, so that readers the least conversant with American history and society may, without difficulty, understand what follows. * * * The second book treats of the early colonization of the country now forming the territory of the United States; the religious character of the first European colonists —their religious institutions—and the state of the churches when the revolution took place by which the colonies became independent of the mother-country. The third treats of the changes involved and consequent upon that event—the influence of those changes—the character of the civil government of the States—and the relations subsisting between those governments and the churches. The fourth exhibits the operations of the voluntary system in the United States, and the extent of its influence there. The fifth treats of the discipline of the churches, the character of American preaching—and the subject of revivals. The sixth is occupied with brief notices of the evangelical churches in the United States—their ecclesiastical polity and discipline—the doctrines peculiar to each—their history and prospects. The seventh treats in like manner of the unevangelical sects. The eighth shows what the churches are doing in the way of sending the Gospel to other lands.

It hence appears that the scope of Mr. Baird's volume reaches much farther, and embraces a great deal more, than the merely religious history and condition of the United States. In fact it developes, in a clear and consecutive manner the causes that have operated to the creation and prevalence of those democratical principles and that voluntaryism in matters of ecclesiastical government which now distinguish the youthful country; or, in other words, the whole course of social, moral, and intellectual enlargement and amelioration to which it has been subjected, or of which it has been the instrument.

What a noble example and chapter of history does the Anglo-Saxon race supply us with in its settlement, perseverance, and manly progress in the wilds of America; and how deeply and lastingly must the latest and the coming might and magnitude of the States be held to be indebted to the stern virtues of the British Puritan emigrants! Just think of the conquests they at first achieved in spite of the most formidable obstacles, and of the process that is still going forward in the back settlements and on the frontier. We cite the picture of a single adventurer, which may stand for thousands that are annually bending their eyes and steps to the Far West.

A man removes to the west, he purchases a piece of ground, builds a house and devotes himself to the clearing and tillage of his forest acres. How long he has rescued a farm from the wilderness, and has reared a family upon it. He then divides his land among his sons, if there be enough for a farm to each of them; if not, each receives money enough to buy one as he comes of age. Some may settle on lands bestowed on them by their father; others, preferring a change, may dispose of their portion and proceed, most commonly unmarried, to "the frontier country" as it is called, that is, to those parts of the west where the public lands are not yet sold. There he chooses out as much as he can conveniently pay for, receiving a title to it from the district land office, and proceeds to make for himself a home. This is likely to be in the spring. Having selected a spot for his dwelling generally near some spring or where water may be had by digging a well, he goes round and makes the acquaintance of his neighbours, residing within the distance, it may be, of several miles. A day is fixed for building him a house, upon which those neighbours come and render him such efficient help, that in a single day he will find a log-house constructed, and perhaps covered with clap-boards, and having apertures cut out for the doors, windows, and chimney. He makes his floor at once of rough boards riven from the abundant timber of the surrounding forest, constructs his doors and erects a chimney. Occupying himself, while interrupted in out-door work by rainy weather, in completing his house, he finds it in a few weeks tolerably comfortable, and during fair weather he clears the underwood from some ten or twelve acres, kills the large trees by notching them round so as to arrest the rise of the sap, and sows the ground with Indian corn, or maize as it is called in Europe. He can easily make, buy, or hire a plough, a harrow, and a hoe or two. If he finds time he surrounds his field with a fence of stakes. At length, after prolonging his stay until his crop is beyond the risk of serious injury from squirrels and birds, or from the growth of weeds, he shuts up his house, commits it to the care of some neighbour, living perhaps one or two miles off, and returns to his paternal home, which may be from fifty to three hundred miles distant from his new settlement. There he stays till the month of September, then marries, and with his young wife, a waggon and pair of horses to carry their effects, a few cattle or sheep, or none, according to circumstances, sets out to settle for life in the wilderness. On arriving at his farm, he sows wheat or rye among his standing Indian corn, then gathers in this last, and prepares for winter. His wife shares all the cares incident to this humble beginning. Accustomed to

every kind of household work, she strives by the diligence of her fingers to avoid the necessity of going to the merchant who has opened his store at some village among the trees, perhaps some miles off, and there laying out the little money they may have left. With economy and health they gradually become prosperous. The primitive log-house gives place to a far better mansion, constructed of hewn logs, or of boards, or of brick or stone. Extensive and well-fenced fields spread around, ample barns stored with grain, stalls filled with horses and cattle, flocks of sheep and herds of hogs all attest the increasing wealth of the owners. Their children grow up, perhaps to pursue the same course, or as their inclinations may lead, to choose some other occupation, or enter one of the learned professions.

Now, conceive of a settlement having this infantile origin, in the forest, say in the northern part of Indiana, and of its appearance and condition some three or four years after, when a considerable number of emigrants have established themselves within a mile or two of each other. This is Mr. Baird's sketch of the growth that may have taken place:

Each clears away by degrees a part of the surrounding forest, and fences in his new fields where the deadened trees still stand very thick. By little and little the country shows signs of occupation by civilized man. In the centre of the settlement a little village begins to form around a tavern and a blacksmith's shop. A carpenter places himself there as a convenient centre. So do the tailor, the shoemaker, the waggon-maker, and the hatter. Nor is the son of Æsculapius wanting; perhaps he is most of all needed; and it will be well if two or three of his brethren do not soon join him. The merchant of course opens his magazine there. And if there be any prospect of the rising city, though the deadened trees stand quite in the vicinity of the streets, becoming the seat of justice for a new county, there will soon be half a dozen young expounders of the law, to increase the population, and offer their services to those who have suffered or committed some injustice. Things will hardly have reached this point before some one amid this heterogeneous population, some from different points of the older States, intermixed with wanderers from Europe,—Irish, Scotch or German,—proposes that they should think of having a church, or at least some place of worship. It is ten chances to one if there be not one or more pious women, or some pious man with his family, who sigh for the privileges of the sanctuary as once enjoyed by them in the distant east. What is to be done? Some one proposes that they should build a good large school-house, which may serve also for holding religious meetings, and this is scarcely sooner proposed than accomplished. Though possibly made of rough logs and very plain, it will answer the purpose for a few years. Being intended for the meetings of all denominations of Christians, and open to all persons who may be passing, word is sent to the nearest in the neighbourhood. Ere long some Baptist preacher in passing preaches in the evening, and is followed by a Presbyterian and a Methodist. By and bye the last of these arranges his circuit labours so as to preach there once in the fortnight, and then the minister of some Presbyterian congregation, ten or fifteen miles off, agrees to come and preach once a month. Meanwhile, from the materials of the in-

habitants, the congregations, on the Sabbath particularly, become too large for the school-house. A church is then built of framed beams and boards, forming no mean ornament to the village, and capable of accommodating some 200 or 300 people. Erected for the public good, it is used by all the sects in the place, and by others besides. For were a Swedenborgian minister to come and have notice given that he would preach, he might be sure of finding a congregation, though as the sect is small in America, and by many hardly so much as heard of, he might not have a single hearer that assented to his views. But it will not be long before the Presbyterians, Methodists, or Baptists feel that they must have a minister on whose services they can count with more certainty, and hence a church also for themselves. And, at last, the house, which was a joint-stock affair at first, falls into the hands of some one of the denominations, and is abandoned by the others, who have mostly provided each one for itself. Or it may remain for the occasional service of some passing Roman Catholic priest, or Universalist preacher.

One cannot figure to himself a stronger illustration of the growth of population in the frontier settlements, or of the unreasonableness of subjecting such a community at once to the restrictions and exclusiveness which obtain in an old established country, where society is in a state of comparative uniformity, than is afforded by the use and the multiplication of houses for divine worship. For example, we have this concerning the town of Montgomery in Alabama:

When in the State of Alabama, in February, 1831, I visited the town of Montgomery, in company with a worthy Baptist minister, in the course of an extensive tour through the western States, in behalf of one of our benevolent societies. It was then hardly more than a large village, and on the night of the second of the two days we spent in it, we preached in a large school-house, which, if I remember rightly, was the only place for holding religious meetings existing there at the time. We had a good congregation, though a circus was held hard by. Just three years after, when repeating the same tour, I spent a Sabbath and one or two days more at the same spot, but under amazingly different circumstances. In the morning I preached in a Presbyterian church built of frames and covered with boards, and every way comfortable, to at least 600 persons. The church, which reckoned 100 members, had got a young man as pastor, to whom they gave a yearly stipend of one thousand dollars. At night I preached in a Baptist church, built of brick, but not quite finished, which could hold 300 persons at least. Besides these there were one Methodist Episcopal and one Protestant Methodist church, each, in so far as I can recollect, as large as the Baptist church. Then there was an Episcopal church, not less in size, though probably with a smaller congregation, than the Baptist church. And withal there was a Roman Catholic church, though not a large one, I believe. All this after an interval of only three years. Eventful years they had been.

Our author, in the course of his early chapters, notices the fact of the variety of sources whence the civilization of America is derived, thus accounting for the want of national character that has been

alleged against the country. He at the same time maintains that never has there been witnessed so rapid a blending of people from different countries and speaking different languages, as there may be seen in the United States. Still he is forced to admit that in respect of the Voluntary system in religion, which he so much applauds, there are special obstacles to its thorough working, one of which necessarily arises from the vast emigration from foreign lands. But we rather stop for a moment to observe, that he attributes to Slavery very special interruptions to the proper development of the principle he advocates, one of the difficulties to be encountered arising "from the reluctance of slaves to worship in the same congregation with their masters," an embarrassment and a repugnance which he does not think that he has exaggerated. Now, we do not question the existence of this reluctance on the part of the African race, but could have wished that Mr. Baird had given equal prominence to the fact, that the Whites have, by a long course and a steady perseverance of exclusion of the coloured people, even in the non-slave-holding states, extending to schools and church-pews, displayed a repugnance far more unreasonable and unchristian than that of the poor creatures in bondage, and held in ignorance or apathy. However, we pass on to mention that Mr. Baird's representations of religion, both during the Colonial era and also that of the earlier period of the National, are minute and striking, conducting him to a very strong testimony relative to the dissolution of church and state union. He travels from one portion and territory of the country to the others, marking the dates and the effects of the change, from the times of its occurrence to its latter fruits. Thus, we have the following particulars:

In North and South Carolina, and in New York, though the disestablishment of the Episcopal churches, produced, as in other cases a kind of syncope for a time—from this they ere long recovered, and their prosperity is now incomparably greater than it ever was when they were supported by the state. That in the State of New York may be said to have entered on its present career of extraordinary prosperity, with the election and consecration of the late Rev. Dr. John Henry Hobart, as bishop of the diocese; previous to which its churches and ministers were few in number compared with the present time. Seldom has a church owed more to the energy and perseverance of one man.

But in no part of the United States was the proposal to disestablish the church received with more serious apprehension than in New England. The language in which the celebrated Dr. Dwight, president of Yale College, and author of a very valuable system of theology, as well as other distinguished men of this State, deprecated the measure, is still extant in pamphlets and in journals, and these have often been quoted in England by the friends, in opposition to the opponents of the church establishment there. But it ought to be known that not a single survivor at this day, of all who

once wrote against the separation of church and state in Connecticut, has not long since seen that he was mistaken, and has not now found to be a blessing what he once regarded as a calamity, and had not Dr. Dwight died just as the change came into operation, no doubt, he too would have changed his opinion. Twenty-five years have now elapsed since that time, and although I have been much in Connecticut during the last fifteen years, know many of the clergy, and have conversed much with them on the subject, out of the 200 or 300 once established ministers of that State, I am not aware of there being more than one Congregational minister in the State who would like to see the union of church and state restored in it. Indeed, the exception referred to, is probably the only one in the United States among the Protestant ministers at least. * * * Throughout the whole of the United States, truth stands on its own immutable vantage ground. So far as the civil power is concerned, there is not the slightest interference with the rights of conscience or with the religious worship of any one. Religious liberty, fettered by no state enactment, is as perfect as it can be. Nor is any sect or denomination of Christians favoured more than another.

Mr. Baird does not admit, that although the constitution of the Union declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," the general government therefore can do nothing whatever for the promotion of religion. However, according to his showing, this encouragement is lent only in an indirect fashion; religion in his country relying only, under God, "upon the efforts of its friends, acting from their own free will, influenced by that variety of considerations which are ordinarily comprehended under the title of a desire to do good." At very considerable length, and through the aid of a number of statistical calculations, he proceeds to argue that this voluntary instrumentality presents a mighty engine, not merely for the promotion of the knowledge of the gospel from one end of the country to the other, and throughout its *eighteen millions* of souls, but that it meets and supplies the increasing demands of a population, augmenting in a ratio to which the history of the world furnishes no parallel; nay, that the voluntary principle supplies and sustains energies which have set on foot a mighty sweep of missionary labour for the religious instruction of multitudes who dwell on the outskirts of civilization. But passing at present from this view of the free-will system, we proceed to cite important information with regard to the character of American *preaching*.

This, he says, varies exceedingly in the United States, both in *manner* and *substance*, but most in manner; while much of this difference arises from the circumstance of the preacher having or having not received a regular and college education in the classics, in natural and moral science, and in theology. The passage which we quote refers especially to Methodist ministers and the academically-trained clergy of the evangelical churches.

Those of the clergy of these evangelical churches in the United States, who have passed through a regular classical and theological course of education, and who, in point of numbers, may be estimated at about 7000, taken as a whole, would be pronounced less animated than the most celebrated preachers in Great Britain and Ireland, France and Germany, and I may add Denmark and Sweden. Not a few of these, however, are not wanting in fervour, and even *fire* in their delivery. But this is not the case with those of our ministers who have had a less complete education, and have been very differently trained. Our methodist ministers have a certain course of reading prescribed to them for the four probationary years preceding their being ordained elders or presbyters. During that time they have their circuit labours to perform; what they learn is put to instant use, and incorporated as it were with their very being. Now, this preparatory course has not tendency to keep down the eagerness for energetic preaching, so much felt by men who regard themselves as called by God to preach his gospel, but which is so much restrained by the precise knowledge and artificial rules of eloquence taught in colleges. Besides, as they generally preach to moderate assemblages, and these mainly composed of the poorer and simpler classes, they are far less apt to feel embarrassed than youths, who having first spent several years at a College, and then several more at a theological seminary, have acquired so nice a taste, and have become so nervously sensible to the slightest deviation from the strict rules of grammar and rhetoric, that they almost dread to speak at all lest they should offend against either. But the grand advantage possessed by the Methodist itinerant preacher, and one which, if he has any talent at all, he cannot fail to profit by, is, that he may preach in many or all of the eight, ten, or more places in his circuit, the discourse with which he sets out, and which he has been preparing during the rest afforded him while his colleague has been going his rounds. This frequent repetition of the same sermon is an inestimable means of improvement. Each repetition admits of some modification, as the discourse is not written out for preaching, and enables the preacher to improve what seemed faulty, and to supply what seemed deficient in the preceding effort. No men, accordingly, with us become readier or more effective speakers. Their diction, indeed, may not be so pure as that of men who have spent several years in the schools, yet it is surprising with what propriety most members of them express themselves, while in point of forcible and effective delivery they far surpass, upon the whole, preachers who have passed through the colleges.

The next subject to which we invite attention in this informing and deeply interesting volume is that of *revivals of religion*, as these have been witnessed in the United States of America. There is a long, and, we think, an highly satisfactory chapter on this question, furnished, Mr. Baird acknowledges, by the Rev. C. A. Goodrich, D.D., "who has long been a distinguished professor in Yale College, at Newhaven, in Connecticut."

Dr. Goodrich commences with stating that the extraordinary seasons of religious interest alluded to, which have existed in the American Churches from a very early period in their history, may

in a great measure attributed to the peculiar character and religious sentiments of the first settlers from Britain in the country. They were English Puritans, who accorded a prominence to *preaching*, and who also cherished a strong faith and expectation of *special answers to prayer*. He notices and describes a number of the "awakenings" which have occurred during the period that has been styled "the era of *modern revivals*." After a review of these extraordinary movements, he goes on to inquire, for deep practical purposes, as well as for the solution of the phenomena, first, What mode of presenting truth in the seasons of religious interest has been found most effectual to the conviction and conversion of sinners; and secondly, what is there in the fact that many are awakened *at once*, and are pressing *together* into the kingdom of God, which is peculiarly adapted (under the divine blessing) to secure the results? To those who refer the thoughtful inquirer to the valuable chapter, and the sterling value to which Dr. Goodrich has contributed, for answers to the questions, merely quoting on this subject certain general remarks relative to the two traits already mentioned, as being characteristic of the early Puritan settlers who took refuge in the wilds of North America. He thus delivers himself:

"To see the connexion of these traits of character with the spirit of revivals, we have only to ponder at the influence they would naturally exert at one of the most interesting crises which can ever happen to a minister and his church—I mean the commandment of increased thoughtfulness among the unconnected part of the congregation. Such seasons [illegible] at times, in every place where the gospel is faithfully preached. Some alarming providence, some general calamity which wakens for a time the attraction of worldly things, some impressive sermon, some instances of sudden conversion, may strike upon the consciences of considerable numbers at once, and awaken up that latent sense of guilt and danger which it is impossible for the most thoughtless wholly to suppress. At such a period, how has many a pastor felt, both in Europe and America, that if he could then enjoy the hearty co-operation and fervent prayers of the whole body of his church; if he could draw the impenitent around him in more frequent meetings, and hold their minds fixed in the steady and prolonged contemplation of divine truth, while the world was shut out from view, and the seriousness of one might spread by contact till it reached the hearts of many;—how has he felt, that by the blessing of God, this interest in religion might extend throughout the whole congregation, might rise to deep anxiety and pungent conviction; that the Holy Spirit might be present to renew the hearts of many; and that more might be done for the salvation of his people in a few weeks or months, then, under ordinary circumstances, in as many years. And what would this be, if his desires were realized, but a *revival of religion*, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as a result of the prayers and efforts of the people of God? Now I need not say how entirely the early settlers of New England were prepared, by the traits of character described above, to enter at once on this very course of action. Prayer and

preaching were the living principle of their institutions; special prayer upon special emergencies, with the confident expectation of direct and specific answers; preaching the most plain and pungent, enforcing those peculiar doctrines of grace which humble man and exalt God, and which have in every age been made powerful to the "pulling down of strongholds." There was much also in the state of their infant settlements to favour the desired result. They were a world within themselves, cut off by their distance and poverty from most of the alluring objects which seize on the hearts of the unconverted in a more advanced state of Society. They were all of one faith, there was none among them to question or deny the necessity of a work of the Spirit; and the minds of their children were prepared, by their early religious training, to bow submissive under the sacred influence. In these circumstances, how natural was it to multiply the means of grace upon any appearance of increased seriousness; to press with redoubled zeal and frequency to the throne of God in prayer; to urge their children and dependents with all the fervour of Christian affection, to seize the golden opportunity, and make their "calling and election sure;" to remove, as far as possible, every obstacle of business or amusement out of the way; and to concentrate the entire interest of their little communities on the one object of the soul's salvation! How natural that these labours and prayers should be blessed of God; that the truth preached under these circumstances should be made like "the fire and the hammer, to break in pieces the flinty rock;" that extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit should be granted; that there should be an "awaking," as it was then called, or in modern language *Revival of Religion.*

We return for a moment to attend to the energies which the voluntary principle stimulates in the human heart, in regard to propagating and enforcing religion on the frontiers and beyond the circle of a high civilization. There is a Home Missionary Society which, it seems, employed last year, no fewer than 791 missionaries, and at an expense of more than one hundred thousand dollars; while even the collections made by the missionaries themselves in their scattered congregations, for benevolent purposes, reached the sum of nearly fifteen thousand dollars. The system pursued by this society and others is a stimulating and self-begetting one.

The plan pursued by this society, and by all the other societies and boards established for the promotion of home missions, is never to support a missionary at its sole charges, if it can be avoided; but to give 100, or 150, or 200 dollars, rarely more than 100 or 200, to a young and yet feeble church, or two congregations near to each other, on condition of their making up the deficiency in the missionary's salary. Thus they are stimulated and encouraged to help themselves, and as soon as they can walk alone, if I may use the expression, the society leaves them for others which have been just organised, and which need assistance. In this way hundreds of congregations have been built up, and hundreds are at this moment emerging from the weakness of childhood into the vigour of youth and manhood. In no

case, however, does the society do anything towards the erection of church edifices. The people must find these for themselves, and this they willingly do. The cheapness of materials in the new settlements, and in the villages of the interior, renders it easy to erect such houses as will suffice until the flock gathers strength, and can do something more.

Every one knows that the United States present a remarkable array of charitable institutions, and that these are in general excellent in respect not merely of fundamental principle, but of practical superintendence and actual management. How noble must have been the designs of the early settlers, and how inestimable the seed that they planted, which has bequeathed to the present time, ay, and to a period and extent to which imagination cannot set limits, these self-sustaining and creative energies for good!

What better can we cite in proof of this than a statement relative to the national education; for without such a provision on an enlightened scale, what hope and what security for any other benevolent institution? Says Mr. Baird, and we conclude with the passage,—

The white population of the United States amounted in 1840 to 14,189,218; of which number it has ascertained that 549,693 persons, above twenty years of age, could neither read nor write. A large proportion of these must have been foreigners,—Irish, Germans, Swiss, and French,—as is evident from 13,041 of them being found in the six New England States, whose education is nearly as universal as can well be imagined. That a natives of either sex, in short, above the age of twenty, may be found in Connecticut or Massachusetts is not denied; but that there should be 526 such persons in the former of these States, and 4448 in the latter, cannot be believed by any one who knows the condition of the people there. The greater number were not native Americans, and even of those that remained the majority were idiots. By the census of 1840, it appears that the number of primary and common schools amounted to 47,209, attended by 1,845,245 scholars; of whom 468,264 were taught at the public charge, the remainder at that of their parents and friends. From this it will be seen that education in America depends very much on the voluntary principle; but though primary schools were in all parts of the country originated and sustained at first, as in most of the States it continues to be, by the people themselves, or rather by the friends of education, State after State is beginning to be induced by the efforts of these friends of education to make a legal provision to a certain extent at least, for the instruction of all who may choose to avail themselves of it, for in this they do not see that they violate any rights of conscience.

ART. X.—*The Choral Service of the United Church of England and Ireland; being an enquiry into the Liturgical System of the Cathedral and Collegiate Foundations of the Anglican Communion.* By the REV. JOHN JEBB, M.A. Parker.

How far the stir lately created in the Anglican Church by the Oxford Divines may have tended to the greater attention to the proprieties and external decencies of public religious service, which is manifesting itself in the Establishment, we do not at present undertake to inquire. One thing, however, is certain, that an unusual degree of anxiety begins to prevail in many quarters relative to these matters, extending not merely to such forms in worship, and such a precise regard to ancient observances as seem to many Churchmen to be identified with devotion and earnest adoration; but to the very architectural features of the houses in which the people assemble for sacred instruction, and to have their religious sentiments awakened, solemnized, and purified. We find, for example, that a number of books and pamphlets have recently issued from the press, relative to the music of the church; such as "The Psalter and Canticles, set and pointed to the Gregorian Tunes." "The Art of Reading Church Music;" "The National Psalmist;" and many others which need not be particularized. Even Mr. Jebb's volume shall not detain us at any considerable length; the present opportunity being seized chiefly for the purpose of affording some space for the views of a decided Churchman on the subject of "Congregational Responding and Chanting," as he conceives these services ought to be conducted and performed by the members of the same communion with himself. Still, it is right that the volume named at the head of our paper should be warmly recommended, seeing that it fully and learnedly enters into every branch of the subject indicated by its title; affording interesting information and offering valuable hints concerning the constitution, officers, choirs, and choral service of the Cathedrals, and many questions connected with the several portions of the Liturgical system. But now for the hints about Responding and Chanting:

There exists, in many minds, an unhappy, yet excusable, prejudice against chanting, in consequence of the imperfect and undevotional manner of its performance, which is but too general, even in cathedrals and colleges. Others, who desire its introduction in those portions of our service which are to be "said or sung," at least in the Psalms and Canticles after the Lessons, are deterred by its supposed difficulty. It is necessary to ascertain in what that difficulty consists, in order that it may be overcome; and that none, if any, of our congregations may be unable to join in chanting at least the Psalms, Hymns and Canticles of our Liturgy, appointed after the Lessons of the day. We believe that it will be found easier, with due attention, to

attain satisfactory correctness in chanting, than in the ordinary choral Psalmody (say, for instance, in the old 100th tune); and that a method, by which expressive and correct chanting would be secured, is necessary for the edifying discharge of *other* duties in our congregational worship. Is the ordinary *choral* Psalmody, adapted to our Metrical Psalms and Hymns, ever sung devotionally, or so guarded against faults as to assist devotion, unless great pains have been bestowed by the clergyman, as an important part of his professional attention, by the organist, or by some competent person? If they can effect good choral Psalmody, they can effect correct chanting.

Our position is this;—*that if a choir and congregation can, in a proper manner, join* in reading the responses, *they are also prepared to chant the said Psalms, Hymns, and Canticles.*

A parochial choir too generally takes no part in the service, except where they suppose their *singing* duties are called into requisition; and if they do so in the early part of the service, they are often silent in the latter; and at least leave the Litany to the clerk. In other cases, sometimes even in cathedrals, they so take their part in the responses, and even in the chanting, as to make one wish they were either silent, or would condescend not to show their ignorance and thoughtlessness by disturbing, instead of aiding, the devotions of the congregation. Too generally the clerk alone delivers the responsive sentences, and the alternate verses of the Psalms; but he ought not to do this alone, for he is only intended to be a leader to the congregation, as one of them. If, however, he does this with any moderate degree of propriety, we may say, adopting the language of St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv.) that he is not "a barbarian" to him that "occupies the seat of the unlearned;" for we cannot then say, that such a one "knows not the meaning of the voice." Even if the choir and congregation audibly join, but some more rapidly than the clerk, others more slowly, a most unedifying confusion arises, which is often felt rather a hindrance than aid to devotion. If there is no distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" Except the congregation "utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for they shall speak unto the air." We are to pray and sing "with the understanding, that we may teach others also," and "excel to the edifying of the Church." (See 1 Cor. xiv.)

In order to this, some special rule, and settled principle, artificial it may seem to some at first sight, and yet necessary, must be adopted. Now, such a principle is really laid down in Scripture; and the laws of the human voice, and the construction of human language, render it easy and natural to act on that principle, so that we shall not incur the rebuke, "thou verily givest thanks well, but the other is not edified." We thus read in 2 Chron. v. 13:

"It came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of musick and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord."

A Christian congregation will be *ready* to make *one* sound to be heard."

if they *utter the words together*. And this will be secured, if the *strongly accented syllables* are pronounced by all *together*.

Every person speaking naturally, or reading correctly, does, by means of those accented syllables, really divide what he utters into *musical bars*, or equal divisions of time; the stops and pauses in speaking, like the longer or shorter rests in music, filling up the time of the several bars. In *verse*, the rhythm is *fixed*, and the lengths of the several strains are uniform, whether they run in *triple* or *common* time. In *prose*, both the rhythm and the time are perpetually changing; and the degree of rapidity or slowness is also varied, so as to be *accelerando* or *retardando*, *allegro*, *andante*, &c., according to the subject, or as suggested by the feelings and habits of the speaker.

The clerk, then, the choir, and the whole congregation, should be *as one* in uttering together each strongly accented syllable, whether they join after with, or in response to, the minister. This will be most easily and distinctly done, if a *monotone*, or keeping on the same note, be adopted, without any of the *inflections of voice* which might best express the feelings of an individual at the moment. But even this is of comparatively little consequence, *if the accented syllables are pronounced together*.

If that be neglected, the result is a confused buzz, as in a large company, when some dozen separate knots of persons are talking together on different subjects.

Of course, if there is a congregational clerk, he has undertaken the duty of guiding the congregation, as one of them, and as their appointed and understood leader. If he does not speak in unison with a well-trained choir, and they with him, the congregation cannot *audibly* join without confusion.

But we are sure, and say from experience, that any first class in a Sunday or week-day school, may very speedily, (say in four weeks,) be trained to respond in a proper and edifying manner. Their having learnt to read properly, will prepare them to respond, and chant; and their doing this will, in certain respects, improve and confirm their reading. The choir and the clerk may do the same, if they will learn what may be, in some cases, a hard lesson. But if they really are incapable, or, as may be often the case, so obstinate, that the clergyman, acting cautiously, slowly, and prudently, cannot effect what he wishes, we should prefer the "perfecting praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," if nothing else can be secured.

If all present can respond accurately together, only one other particular is requisite, in order to *chant*, as well as respond, "decently, in order and to edifying."

An individual *speaker* uses certain rising or falling inflections of the voice, by which he rises or falls through a succession of musical notes; and naturally speaks thus, as his taste or feeling prompt him. Very few *read* in monotone; but many read in a monotonous manner, or rather have a regular set of inflections for every sentence; that is, in other words, they *chant* every sentence. In professed reading, where we expect variety of inflection, this is unpleasing; but it helps to show, that chanting may be defined to be—"musical reading, in which a *fixed* inflection or tune is employed, so that a number of persons may *musically read*, i. e. chant *together*."

When *responding* has been correctly attained by a Class, keeping (and at first even *beating*) time together in *monotone*, by pronouncing the accented syllables together, they have only to adopt the *changing tone* of any chant, and they will keep together with equal correctness.

It will at once be seen, that we strongly protest against that still very general practice of chanters, by which they gabble over a number of words in the longer clauses of a Psalm with unintelligible and offensive rapidity; and frequently leave many wholly unuttered! This may and ought to be avoided.

Each strain of the chant begins with what is called the *holding* note, on which, according to circumstances, more or fewer words are recited. We deem it essential, as the fundamental principle, that every *stop* be minded, every intermediate *pause* made, every primary or principal *accent* receive its proper stress of the voice, that so all may recite together, in proper time, as exactly as in the reading of an individual, or in the monotone responding just spoken of. In the longer passages, however, it will be desirable to recite in as quick time, as is compatible with such distinct and intelligible utterance. For chanting ought to be as intelligible as the congregational responses; and it may be so, if the organ merely guides and supports, without overpowering or drowning the voices. There can scarcely be too little of the organ heard, in accompanying the chant.

Attention must next be paid to the *moving* notes of the Chant; of which there are *three* in the first strain, and *five* in the second. An old rule, still retained in many places, uniformly assigns the last three syllables of the former part of the verse and the last five of the latter part of it, to the said notes respectively. This rule, however simple, is constantly causing such barbarous pronunciation of syllables and words, as to be worse than unsatisfactory. Different modes are in use, deviating from that rule to a greater or less extent, one of which, called by Mr. Gray the Bangorian, nearly coincides with the time in which the words may be recited on one note, or be read in the ordinary way. But the change of notes generally requires a more deliberate utterance; so that the Bangorian method, carried to its full extent, produces an unpleasant rattling effect. We generally, perhaps, utter the latter syllables of a clause or sentence more slowly than the preceding ones; and hence, as well as from the necessity of the case, words, which would have been musically *recited* in half a bar to the holding note, may require a whole bar of the moving part of the Chant. Frequently, when the words are too few to occupy the entire time of one of the strains of the Chant, a still slower utterance is unavoidable; and then, that particular portion of the Chant assumes the character of Choral singing, employing single notes to a succession of perhaps unaccented syllables. In some cases, it may be necessary to give a whole bar, and in some extreme cases, nearly the whole strain, to a single syllable.

Doubtless, the syllable to which the first moving note is to be sung, should be fixed, and uniformly adopted in any particular congregation. To this point many have directed their attention, and very numerous publications have been issued, giving an adaptation of the words to the moving notes, with different degrees of judgment and propriety. We conceive this of less importance than to secure, *as a first principle*, the correct recitation on the

holding note. In fact, after a few weeks' practice, a class of school children, who have attained precision in responding, will follow a leader correctly, however he may adapt the latter words to the moving notes of a Chant. The recitation will also have considerable influence in deciding the best syllable on which to change the note; but other considerations must also be kept in view.

It is desirable, of course, to deviate as little as possible from the correct and usual pronunciation of the several syllables and words. But in order to this, attention must be paid, not only to the accent with which each word, as a *separate* word, is marked in Walker's pronouncing dictionary, but to the influence which its connection with other words in the sentence, and the particular purport of the sentence, may have in modifying, or even, in case of a contrast to be expressed, in altering the place of the accent. Very frequently, the accented syllable is pronounced more rapidly, because it is accented; and unaccented syllables require a longer time, because of a preceding accent, or a confluence of consonants. And in distinct Chanting, as well as in articulate reading, the great secret is to secure the pronunciation of the *consonants;* in regard to articulation, the vowels then take care of themselves. The consonants are the wings of reading or Chanting utterance. The perfect chanter must be a perfect reader; acquainted even with the niceties of English pronunciation; and, above all, guiding his rapidity of utterance, and his accentuation, by the sense of the words he is delivering.

Another consideration will not be without its use in enabling us to accentuate properly, and also to cause a greater and edifying interest, whether in reading or chanting the Psalms.—They are Hebrew *poetry*; and, as that poetry is not characterized by regular poetic metre, or by rhyming terminations, the Psalms retain the features of their own peculiar mode of poetry, even in an English translation, in which perhaps the ear of every one has been sensible of a difference "from the common style and tone of prose." The mode of alternate chanting is supposed by Bishop Lowth to have originated this style of poetry; and the chant, thus originating in the Jewish, and continued in the Christian, Church, is probably the most ancient mode of singing, and obviously best adapted to the Psalms, of which no rhymed metrical version can perhaps be successfully made. In the following couplet:

Praise ye the Lord, for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

The second line is *parallel* to the first, repeating and enlarging the same general idea. The 95th Psalm begins with two couplets, occupying the two first verses, in which the same general idea is repeated four times, but amplified by varying and additional particulars. Sometimes there is a contrast introduced, as in many passages of the Proverbs and in some of the Psalms. This peculiar style of poetry pervades the books of Psalms, Proverbs, Canticles, Ecclesiastes, the Prophets, the Apochryphal books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, and very many passages of the Gospels and Epistles, as Bishop Jebb has shown in his Sacred Literature. The Liturgy, also, largely partakes of the same parallelism which characterizes most of the devotional and didactic parts of Scripture. Those who wish to understand minutely the doctrine of *Parallelism*, must refer to the works of Bishops Lowth and Jebb,

and Mr. Boys, and Mr. Hemel's introductions. These brief hints on the subject must here suffice.

In any illustrative arrangement let the parallel verses be placed in couplets, or, when they so occur, in triplets. When triplets occur, the compilers of our Liturgy sometimes have assigned the two first lines, but more generally only the first, to the former strain of the chant, as indicated by the colon (:) which is used as a musical division, not as a stop. It appears therefore most proper to keep the lines so entirely distinct in chanting, as only to introduce the moving note in the second of the triplets assigned to that strain of the chant. In some instances one of the verses, properly constituting only one line, should be assigned the entire single chant. Instances of this occur in the *Te Deum*, the *Magnificat*, and the *Nunc dimittis*. Perhaps this might have been avoided; and in some instances a change in the position of the words, or the substitution of the Bible version of the Psalms, might have facilitated chanting; but unless the divisions alluded to are amended by authority, it is best to adhere to them as they now stand.

It would be of use were the principal accented syllables of all the parts of the service in which the clerk and congregation join, simply marked. Such a method is adopted by Sheridan, Howlett, and others; and we have seen it used throughout the whole of a Latin Service book, printed at Vienna. The parts usually chanted in parish churches, should also be accented in the same manner for reading, as well as barred for the chant, and the accents would show the chanter where he should give any stress or emphasis. If a class first read in monotone according to those accents, they might immediately proceed to chant what they have read. The time of a minim, or half bar of the chant, might be indicated, throughout the whole line, by alternate Roman and Italic letters; the air or moving part by bars also. The slight pauses which a reader would make, besides the grammatical stops, might be indicated by (,), if the previous minim should be shortened, and by (') if the one that follows it.

Waiving many observations which might be made upon several points, in order to guard against possible errors, there is one which it is necessary to make, in order to meet an obvious objection suggested by Mr. Lebb, that while he acknowledges the utility of such guides for beginners, and to the occasional attendant upon choral worship, and the advantage of possessing some such authoritative standard, "strict dependance on such a formulary might lead to a heavy mode of chanting, that jerking performance," which would "hinder that easy flow which is so essential to its graceful effect." There is a danger of producing this extreme, while we endeavour to obviate the opposite one. We must, therefore, earnestly caution the chanter to avoid this. While the principles above explained are intended to prevent a grabbling recitation, and to produce simultaneous utterance, let it not prevent an equally careful attention to smoothness, evenness, and freedom of enunciation, such as would characterize a chaste and natural, yet suitable and impressive mode of simple reading.

In no part of our service is attention more requisite than in the general Confession, which we too frequently hear carelessly and irreverently shouted out by clerks and choirs, yea, even in cathedrals. The Church directs us to use an "humble voice." Let the utterance be universal and audible; but

subdued, soft, and humble, as befits the solemnity of confession. When we are about to rise to praise, it may swell to a louder tone, and reach its loudest at the Gloria Patri.—The clause "humble voice," should be also used in the responses of the Litany, and after the Commandments; and indeed in all other cases of confession and humble supplication.

Perhaps one of the best introductory exercises in chanting, is to apply the chant to a *metrical* Psalm or Hymn; not in the slow mode of choral Psalmody, (which is generally *too* slow), but in the time of appropriate reading.—In some churches only the Gloria Patri is chanted; and we have recently heard it chanted more slowly than the Old 100th Psalm; the effect of which was alike unsuited to the chant, and to the work of praise.

"*Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.*"—Col. iii. 15, 16, 17.

ART. XI.—*The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Present Time.* By THOMAS STEPHEN. Vol. I. Lendrum.

MR. STEPHEN is Medical Librarian, King's College, London, and is reputably known as the author of several works bearing upon the constitution and practice of the Episcopal Church. This first volume contains, as the Address briefly states, "the commencement of the Reformation, with the sufferings of the first martyrs and confessors—the establishment of Knox's Superintendents and titular Bishops—the rise and introduction of the Presbyterian system, and its early contendings under the guidance of Melville—its establishment and subversion—Queen Mary's sufferings and death—the restoration of the titular bishops, with the consecration of Spottiswood and others—the Solemn League and Covenant—the General Assembly of 1638—the restoration of the Presbyterian discipline—and the abolition of Patronage." The second volume is to traverse the seventeenth century; and the third will carry us over the ground from about the period of the Revolution, down to the most recent movements and agitation in the Establishment.

Our author is decidedly an episcopalian in his principles and representations; and even leans much more favourably to the persecutors who strove to crush the rise and early progress of the Reformation in Scotland, such as Cardinal Beaton, than will accord with the sentiments of those who put faith in the Presbyterian accounts, or who have formed their opinions upon the facts that have heretofore been promulgated. But Mr. Stephen professes and promises not

merely to adhere strictly to the truth of history, without respect of persons and without garbling quotations, but to have taken advantage in the fairest manner of the discoveries of late years, so as to give the most complete and correct view that has yet appeared of the severe and protracted struggles between Episcopacy and Presbytery, from the time of the Reformation, which have characterized the northern division of the island.

We have felt at a loss how to deal with this first volume; for while thoroughly convinced of the writer's honesty and sincerity,—pleased with the research and care which he evinces,—and so often delighted with the clear simplicity, the easy strength, and not seldom picturesque gracefulness of the style, there is so much in the book that goes contrary to our existing impressions, and the proofs that have come to our intimate knowledge of the excellent working of the Scottish Presbyterian system, that we should only involve ourselves in interminable and threadbare controversy, were we to attempt to set ourselves right with the author, or him with the general reader. Besides, when Mr. Stephen has gone through the period of Episcopalian persecution, and next delivered himself on the non-intrusion question, we shall be in a much better condition to pronounce upon his competency as a historian,—to say how far he is or is not entitled to the character of being unprejudiced and dispassionate, than in the present stage of the work can possibly be the case. One observation, however, we may here venture upon, viz., if Mr. Stephen is mainly right in the views he has already put forth, the vast majority of the people of Scotland have for generations been mainly wrong.

But still we are far from looking upon this new history with a regretful and repulsive sentiment, or as being the reverse of meriting welcome. Undoubtedly details and facts belonging to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland have recently come to light, that ought considerably to modify previously prevalent opinion, and to moderate the feelings which have been generally infused by Presbyterian writers. The Scotch are an obdurate race, being apt to fly to greater extremes the more they are reasoned with and opposed. Theirs is a strong and a reluctant soil, requiring repeated ameliorating processes, ere it be softened and rendered willing to bear kindly fruit. Episcopacy and the sufferings of the Covenanters are themes, for example, that rouse these sturdy combatants beyond any other ecclesiastical and national events. Each too had their faults and errors, so that it is hardly possible, by the advocates and apologists on either side, to avoid strong unwarrantable statements respecting these events, seeing that a fierce theological warfare was for the period carried on between the supporters of the Presbyterian establishment, and the members of the rejected church, when much personal bitterness and acrimony were evinced by both parties, as Mr. Lawson himself admits

in his "History of the Scottish Episcopal Church." We are also bound to subscribe in part to the statement of the same respectable writer, when he says that his Church "is continually assailed in the most rancorous bitterness, although its members exhibit no proselyting spirit. Every act," he continues, but in too unmeasured terms, "is misrepresented or perverted, to prejudice the unthinking and the wrong-thinking. The names of individual divines in England are applied in the most sectarian spirit; their alleged theological opinions are maintained as openly avowed by the Scottish clergy; and the old charge of an inclination to Romanism is repeatedly brought forward." These are some of the circumstances which Mr. Lawson adduces as having influenced him when writing his volume, his purpose being to narrate the "persecutions, depressions, vicissitudes, and present state" of the Scottish Episcopal Church, in order to remove much misconception. The same reasons which swayed the one writer may legitimately have guided Mr. Stephen; and therefore it is but fair that we let him be heard also in our pages to some extent; for by so doing, more thorough examination may be directed to very important passages in the ecclesiastical annals of the country.

We begin with notices of Cardinal Beaton: this of his accession and early exercise of power:—

1540.—Archbishop David Beaton was the second subject of the crown of Scotland that had held the papal rank of legate; Ralph Wardlaw, who sat bishop of Glasgow from 1368 to 1389, being the only other prelate who had ever enjoyed this unecclesiastical rank, to which Beaton was elevated in December, 1538, by the title of *Cardinal of St. Stephen in Monte Cœlio;* and which conferred on him absolute power in the church. Beaton was firmly attached to the papal interest; and the pope could not have bestowed his titles on one more worthy of the honour, or one better fitted from his talents and inclination to preserve the papal power and influence in Scotland.

At this period, the reformers carved out abundance of work for the ecclesiastical courts,—few days passed without some commitments and prosecutions for heresy; but the hotter and more violent the persecution, the greater was the increase of the converts. Immediately on his translation, the cardinal assembled a splendid company of the nobility and churchmen at St. Andrews; to which place he had at the same time cited Sir John Borthwick. Being seated in the cathedral on a throne or elevated chair of state in his right as a Cardinal, and surrounded by the most illustrious of the nobility and prelates, he expatiated on the dangerous tendency of the new doctrines to the Catholic faith, and the necessity of their suppression, and concluded by desiring their assistance on the trial. The indictment contained all the usual charges; but in particular, that Sir John had dispersed heretical books, and maintained that "the *Church of Scotland ought to be governed after the manner of the Church of England*," and that "*the English liturgy was commendable*, and ought to be embraced by all Christians." It is worthy

of remark, that all our early reformers held Episcopacy as a fundamental principle, and never had any intention of throwing off the Episcopal government; the clearest proof of which is, that Sir John Borthwick was arraigned on an accusation of heresy, in which his declared attachment to the *doctrine, discipline,* and *liturgy* of the Reformed Episcopal Church of England, constituted two distinct charges. Sir John fled to England, then the common sanctuary of the Scottish Protestants, and thereby preserved his head. He was called in court, but not appearing, the charges against him (thirteen in number) were held as confessed. He was condemned on the 26th May to be burnt as a heretic; his goods were confiscated, his *effigy was burnt* in the market place of St. Andrews, and all men were inhibited from harbouring or protecting him, on pain of *damnation*, and forfeiture of their effects. Sir John was graciously received by Henry VIII. and sent by him on a mission to the Protestant princes of Germany, to concert a confederacy between them, in defence of their common profession.

Then what saith Mr. Stephen of the death of the Cardinal, and what is the summing up of his character?

Soon after the burning of Wishard, cardinal Beaton passed over the Tay to the castle of Findhaven, to marry one of his own illegitimate daughters, Margaret Beaton, to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, with whom he gave a dowry of 4000 marks. While enjoying the marriage festivities, he received authentic intelligence of an intended attack on his castle of St. Andrews by an English fleet, and he hastened back to put it in the most formidable state of defence. He summoned the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews to draw out their powers for the defence of the coasts, and took *bands of manrent* of various chiefs; but particularly of Forman Leslie, of whose fidelity he had cause to entertain suspicion. Leslie had formerly done many services to the cardinal; but meeting with some disappointment he left his castle and service with keenly excited and vindictive feelings, but which were concealed under the plea of revenging the death of Wishard. His uncle, John Leslie, openly vowed that the murder of "Master George" should not go unrevenged, and threatened that his hand and dagger should be both priest and confessor to the cardinal. Accordingly, on the 29th of May, the two Leslies, Kircaldy of Grange, Melville of Carnbee, Peter Carmichael, and several other conspirators, with their military followers, surprised the castle. They silently turned out all the labourers who were at work on the ramparts, secured the gate, and went directly to the cardinal's apartment, the door of which they burst open. He reminded them of his sacred function, saying, "I am a priest;" but sacrilege and murder were crimes of such common occurrence amongst the higher classes of society at that period, that such an appeal fell pointless on his ruthless assailants. The ruffians rushed upon him and stabbed him repeatedly, although he earnestly implored their mercy. In the meantime the citizens became alarmed at the accounts given by the discharged workmen and the provost came, with the whole population of the city at his back, clamorously demanding that the lord cardinal should be set free. They were enraged at the derisive replies which they received from the

conspirators, and became more determined to see him. The ruffians therefore dragged his naked and bleeding body to the spot, and suspended it over the wall by a sheet, exclaiming, "There is your god; and now that you have seen him, get home to your houses," a command with which they complied, in silent sorrow and indignation.

Such was the end of this illustrious and great man; with whom fell the last prop of the papal church in Scotland, by a sacrilegious murder, in the prime of life, being only in the fifty-second year of his age. He was a man of first-rate ability, and a politician of the highest order; but, says Keith, "it were to be wished the same praise could be given him with respect to his *morals*. Mrs. Marion Ogilvy, a daughter of the predecessor of the Earls of Airly, *bore him several children*; some of whose descendants, both of the male and female line, are known to be persons of good note in our country at this day." He was zealously attached to the papal interest, and indeed it may be said that he was its entire support and its only remaining buttress in Scotland. "For," continues Bishop Keith, "as several of our nobility found it their *temporal* interest as much as their spiritual to stay with the new opinions as to religious matters, so the cardinal found it *his interest* to bear down the same with all his might. For this purpose, he in all his administrations, both ecclesiastical and secular, treated the preachers and their abetters with great severity; that being, as he thought, the surest method to suppress the growing evil. What might have proved to be the issue of such procedure, had he enjoyed his life for any considerable time, I shall not pretend to judge. Only this seems to be certain, that by his death the reins of the government were much loosened; and some persons came to be considerable soon after, who, probably, if he had lived, had never got the opportunity to perpetrate such villainy under the cloak of religion, as it is certain they did; *he being at least* no less a statesman than a clergyman."

Our next gives the character of Mary Queen of Scots. It would be a waste of time to go into the controversies about this interesting and unfortunate woman. The reader will see that Mr. Stephen writes like a keen partisan, and therefore he must be handed over to some one of the many who maintain that Mary was unfortunate chiefly because she was foolish, profoundly deceitful, and highly criminal.

Mary was unquestionably one of the first women of the barbarous age in which she lived. While young, beautiful, and accomplished, she had filled and adorned the throne of France. She was well qualified for business, and capable of making extraordinary bodily exertion; she was actuated by a frank and generous spirit; with a quick vivacity, both of mind and body, as even her bitterest enemies acknowledged, and she was also endowed with a ready and graceful eloquence. The death of her husband, the French king, compelled her to return to her native kingdom, which was distracted by religious rancour, and the royal authority set at nought by a barbarous nobility, who, from so many and recent minorities of the crown, had become nearly independent princes, and waged with each other the most deadly and murderous feuds. The Protestant ministers of the period were most bigotted

and uncharitable; of a dictatorial, censorious habit, in their speech and conversation; and often guilty of the most petulant rudeness and familiarity to their sovereign. Yet, with a charity and moderation unknown to the age, and certainly never practised by her enemies, and with a discretion which shows the superiority of her understanding, she confirmed the Protestant religion by proclamation, on her first arrival from France, when she found it to be the established profession of the majority of her subjects. She only claimed for herself the free exercise of the religion of that church in which she had received her christianity, and in which she firmly believed she should find salvation. She solemnly protested, in her reply to the superintendents' and ministers' petition, that she "did not in any time coming intend to force the conscience of any person, but to permit every one to serve God in such a manner as they are persuaded to be the best." Nevertheless, the bigotted ministers, in their infuriated zeal against popery, would, by no persuasions, allow the same toleration to their sovereign, which she, unsolicited, and out of native goodness of her heart, freely permitted to the meanest peasant in her kingdom.

Of course, while cherishing such romantic notions relative to the lovely Mary, as we find in the passage just cited, Mr. Stephen is not likely to express himself in other sorts of terms than are to be met with in our next sample. We have only further to say concerning this and other paragraphs, that if our author, who, when it serves him, makes hearty use of Tytler's authority, would consult that eminent historian on all occasions, we apprehend there would be a more sparing employment of mere conjecture and assertion. However, let us quote.

The conspirators, Moray, Morton, and Lethington, by whom Mary was surrounded, were constantly plotting her destruction, and these again were mere tools in the hands of the queen of England, who was the instigator of all the deeds of blood and treason which were entered into by these remorseless traitors. She was continually plotting with Mary's subjects, and kept the whole kingdom in a state of rebellion and resistance to the lawful authority of its natural sovereign, by all the arts of perfidy, hypocrisy, jealousy, and vindictiveness, which could incite the infuriated heart of a disappointed woman and a jealous rival. By the instructions of that master spirit, the earl of Moray, Lethington forged Mary's name to documents destructive of the lives of her best friends; and in order to destroy her reputation, he and Buchanan forged letters and sonnets of impassioned love for Bothwell, whom she deserted. He forged her name to public documents, to answer the plans of ambition and treason of his villanous employer; and that junto of traitors had the address to attach the whole infamy of their untheard-of treasons, murders, and villanies, on the guiltless head of their too easy and generous sovereign. With the assistance of Buchanan and the author of Knox's history, they have handed down their calumnies to posterity as historical facts, but which have been triumphantly confuted by the laudable exertions of several modern authors. That Bothwell committed the double crime of abduction and rape on her person, cannot admit of doubt;

and that she was compelled to marry him through force and constraint, will admit of as little doubt. That the perjured traitors who plighted their knightly honour at Carberry hill and broke it, who imprisoned her in Lochleven Castle and deprived her of the sovereignty, intended also to have consummated their villany by murder, is proved by the debates in the pretended parliament, and the menacing words of the regent Moray, when the captive queen entreated, that as a brother he would spare her life and reputation: "The latter," said he, "is already lost; but as to your life, the parliament must look to that." And the brutal Lindsay, says Leslie, "most grievously, with fearful words, and very cruel and stern countenance, threatened her, that unless she would subscribe," (the deed of abdication) "*she should lose her life.*"

Mary, however, escaped from the fangs of her enemies; but the imprudent rashness of her friends lost the decisive battle of Langside. In an unhappy moment of misplaced confidence, she took refuge in England, and solicited the protection of Elizabeth, who had secretly conspired with her brother and the seditious ministers, and who was at that very moment supporting Moray's ambitious views. Mary was now at her mercy, within her power, and presented one of the most glorious opportunities of acting towards a fallen queen with generosity and honour. But Elizabeth was so involved in the guilt of the times, that she suppressed every sentiment of honour and heroism, and seized the unsuspicious queen as her prey, imprisoned her, and brought her to trial as a criminal.

The hopes of the Roman Catholics were naturally fixed on Mary, and as that body of christians had entered into several plots against Elizabeth, with the avowed intention of seating Mary on her throne: advantage was taken of one of these, entered into by one Babington, which served as a plausible excuse for consummating the long list of crimes against that unfortunate queen. Different opinions prevailed in the English council; some advised to despatch her by poison, but others recommended the course of law; which opinion prevailing, "certain noblemen, councillors, and judges, were chosen for the business," who, repairing to Fotheringay Castle, summoned her majesty before them, and charged her with being concerned in that conspiracy. With heroic fortitude her majesty refused to acknowledge the authority of the court, declined to answer, or to be tried as a subject; being herself the sovereign of an independent kingdom. Her doom, however, was fixed before; the court had merely to go through the necessary forms to preserve the appearance of legality. They found her guilty, and pronounced sentence of death, which was shortly afterwards confirmed by Elizabeth and the three estates of the English parliament.

In the following and last of our extracts in a dispassionate tone, or very far removed from the presumption of those who take it upon themselves to interpret the providence of God, and to tell when it is special? A humbler method might have been to set down the violent deaths to the distractions of a barbarous age, when in the vicissitudes of the lives of public and turbulent men, it was a most ordinary thing for him who was in the ascendant to-day to come to a fearful end to-morrow.

Not one of the bad men that committed the long list of enormities against queen Mary, murdered her husband, and at last usurped her power, died the death of all men: every one came to a violent death, and the inferior actors were all executed by the bloody policy of the chiefs, to prevent their revealing to the world the real perpetrators and instigators of the atrocious murder of king Henry. On the scaffold, every one of the inferior actors in the gunpowder drama laid the guilt on Moray, Morton, Bothwell, and Lethington; they also unanimously acquitted the queen "of being participant or ware thereof." Lord Herries directly accused the earl of Moray of the king's murder, at his own table, and challenged him to single combat; but conscious guilt deterred the regent from accepting. Moray was a man of unbounded ambition, and was by no means scrupulous of the means of attaining his object. He made religion a cloak for his repeated rebellions; and while appearing to be zealous in the support of the protestant religion, he actually robbed the church of much of its property. He was latterly of a suspicious, cruel, tyrannical disposition, as his usage of his sister and sovereign fully shows. She was much attached to him, and trusted implicitly in him; so much so, "that shortly after our sovereign's hame coming fra the realm of France, in Scotland; the earl of Moray having respect then, and as appears yet, by his proceedings, to place himself in the government of this realme, and to usurp the kingdom; by his counsel caused the queen's majesty to become so subject unto him as her grace had been a pupil, in such sort that her highness's subjects had not access unto her grace, to propone their own causes, or to receive answer thereof, but by him only; so that he only was recognosced as prince, and her majesty but a shadow." For his treachery to those who confided in him, and his cruelty to all the queen's loyal adherents, especially the Hamiltons, whom he oppressed and harassed, he became universally hated by the queen's followers, and it is said that he himself became jealous, cruel, and fearful of assassination. His unrelenting persecution of the queen gave Elizabeth that sovereignty over Scotland, which the most warlike and illustrious of her predecessors had never been able to acquire by the sword. He tacitly acknowledged the crown of England to be paramount, by prosecuting an independent sovereign for actions falsely alleged to have been committed within her own dominions, in the courts of a foreign sovereign; and he thereby constituted Elizabeth a judge over the crown of Scotland, which had ever been independent, and owned no superior but God only. Such is the consequence of guilty ambition; a lawful sovereign, however weak or wicked, would never have dishonoured the crown as Moray certainly did, in order to promote his own ambition.

We have now only to add that Mr. Stephen's work is illustrated with very beautiful steel engravings of the leading characters who figure in its pages; and that when completed it will be an exceedingly handsome and desirable work, abounding with permanent interest for the general reader.

We have sometimes been led to fear that in the flood-tide of modern literature, amid the numerous works of fiction and fancy, the easy narrative, the minute display of petty passions and fine shades of character and feeling, in which the writers of the present day excel, the standard works of ancient literature would fall into neglect, and be, for all practical purposes, forgotten by our reading public.

We do not entirely acquit ourselves and our fraternity of all blame in aiding the tendency to this result. We have, or are supposed to have, to do only with that which is new and fresh before the reading public. We are expected to be their tasters at the sumptuous and varied feast served up out of the fresh products of each abundant year; to invite their attention to what is savoury and wholesome on the wellspread board, and to warn them against all that is noxious or insipid. Labouring in this our vocation, we seldom ourselves find leisure to look back upon the past,—to revel in the rich productions of other ages and other climes,—and we feel nothing of the glow of original conception, no pride as the discoverer of hidden merit, when we commend those writings of high antiquity which need not the sanction of our judgment, because they have been consecrated by time.

We do not feel a blind veneration for antiquity, however much we may admire all that is excellent in what has been transmitted to us from remote times. We cannot but be struck with the vast inferiority of the ancients in all that relates to the physical sciences; and we are advised that they had in their day and generation multitudes of trashy writers, as well as we—who, like Lucillius, could compose two hundred verses standing upon one leg—but their chaff has been long since given to the winds, and they have left us only the winnowed grain.

There is one point of view in which we look with delight on some of the relics of antiquity, which would else, perhaps, in our eyes have but common merit. It is that they show us, both in great and in little things, in the highest aspirations of thought and feeling, as well as in the most common amusements and frivolity, the absolute identity of our race, and that man is now just what he was in the earliest age to which we can trace him, even in the very dawn of his history. Greatly as the circumstances in which he is placed are changed, and though the external man be moulded and modified to adapt itself to that which surrounds him, yet in all that goes to make up the being, in the unity of character, in the actions arising out of any given condition in which we find or place him, we see him to have been then just that which under like conditions we feel that he is now. Thus through the long lapse of ages, in remote lands and in different climes, in the first dawn of history, in the earliest

poem and in the oldest proverb, we recognize the developments of the same nature which is still our own, and instinctively claim fellowship with the shadowy memories of the past.

We do not propose to write a dissertation upon ancient literature, or to institute a comparison between ancient and modern writers; but, led by the reflections which we have sketched, and with them for our apology, we invite our readers to sit down with us for one short hour, and renew his schoolboy acquaintance with one of the most beautiful writers and one of the most adventurous and generous spirits of antiquity—the bold, the simple, the elegant and classic Xenophon.

Xenophon was one of the scholars of Socrates, and imbibed deeply the opinions and philosophy of that extraordinary man. He lived at the time when Athens had fallen under the dominion of Sparta, and that iron power ruled in Greece—when the Persian Empire under Darius and Artaxerxes, his son, was in all its glory, and the Emperor was known among the States of Ionia and Greece as the "Great King"—when the Carthaginians ruled in Western Africa and Spain and were conquerors in Sicily, and when Rome, which has since slowly risen, spread wide its empire, lived out its appointed day, and crumbled to pieces and fell, so as to be itself among the remembrances of the long past, was an inconsiderable city of a rude and barbarous people, almost unknown and unnoticed by its more polished neighbours. Yet in searching the papers of this accomplished author, we enter into his thoughts and feelings as if he were of our own time—we sympathise with him as a friend whom we know and love, and feel that we could with him, or such as he was, pass a convivial hour very happily and much at our ease, and (all conventional forms aside) find him a gentleman, well fitted to adorn the social circle, to improve by his intelligence and delight by his wit; and we almost forget the mighty chasm of ages on ages of perishable States and Empires, and still more perishable man, which separates him from us.

The first thing that strikes us in the writings of Xenophon, indicative of his character, is the love and veneration which he bears to the person and memory of Socrates, and his care and attention to all that remains of him. While Xenophon lived in his native city, in his youth and early manhood, he was a constant follower of Socrates, devoted to his person and obedient to his counsels. During this period occured most of those conversations which he has given in his "Memoirs of Socrates." They are narrated with much spirit, and contain in them, as we have reason to suppose, much more of the "father sage" than do similar notices from the pen of his other celebrated pupil, Plato. Xenophon indeed intimates in one of his epistles, that there is more of poetry than truth in Plato's account of the sayings of that philosopher, though he seems to speak, not

without some slight tincture of rivalry. Writing to Lamprocles, son of Socrates, he says:

I have a design to collect the sayings and actions of Socrates, which will be his best apology, both now and for the future, not in the court where the Athenians are judges, but to all who consider the virtue of the man. If we should not write this freely, it were a sin against friendship and truth. Even now there fell into my hands a piece of Plato's to that effect, wherein is the name of Socrates, and some discourses of his not unpleasant. But we must profess that we heard not, nor can commit to writing any in that kind, for we are not poets as he is, though he renounce poetry.

And in writing to Cebes and Simmias, he says:

Plato, thouhg absent, is much admired throughout Italy and Sicily for his treatises; but we cannot be persuaded they deserve any study. I am not only careful of losing the honour due to learning, but tender also of Socrates, lest his virtue should iucur any prejudice by my ill relation of it.

Yet it is just to suppose that he was jealous of the honour of his master, rather than of the comparative success of his own and Plato's treatise concerning him. His declared purpose was to appeal in behalf of Socrates, to the tribunal, "not where the Athenians were judges, but to all who consider the virtue of the man," and he was unwilling that this stern virtue and practical wisdom should be discoloured or tinged by even a glow of poetic fancy.

In the first book of his Memoirs, he incidentally details a conversation between Pericles and Alcibiades, in which we find, in substance, Sir William Blackstone's definition of law. Alcibiades, then a youth, having requested Pericles to explain to him "what a law is," Pericles replies:

"Your request, my Alcibiades, is not difficult to be complied with; for that is a law which the people agree upon in their public assemblies, and afterwards cause to be promulgated in a proper manner, ordaining what ought, and what ought not, to be done."

"And what do they ordain; good, or evil?"

"Not evil, surely, my young friend."

"But what do you call that," said Alcibiades, "which in states where the people have no rule, is advised and ordained by the few who may be in power?"

"I call that likewise a law," replied Pericles; "for laws are nothing but the injunctions of such men as are in possession of the sovereign authority."

But the young inquirer led the experienced statesman into those intricate mazes of social and political obligation, in which so many have been bewildered in our own times, and through difficulties inherent in the nature of government, for which a written constitution is the only remedy, and that, perhaps, not always effectual.

"But," said Alcibiades, "when a tyrant is possessed of this sovereign authority, are the things he ordains to be received as laws?"

"As laws," returned Pericles.

"What then is violence and injustice?" said Alcibiades. "Is it not when the strong compel the weak, not by mildness and persuasion, but by force, to obey them?"

"I think it is."

"Will it not then follow, that what a tyrant decrees, and compels the observance of, contrary to the will of the people, is not law but violence?"

"I believe it may," answered Pericles; "for I cannot admit that as law, which a tyrant enacts, contrary to the will of the people."

"And when the few impose their decrees upon the many, not by persuasion, but by force, are we to call this also violence?"

"We are: and truly, I think," said Pericles, "that whatever is decreed and enforced without the consent of those who are to obey, is not law, but violence."

"Then ought that which is decreed by the people contrary to the will of the nobles, to be deemed violence, rather than law?"

"No doubt of it," replied Pericles. "But, my Alcibiades, at your age we were somewhat more acute in these nice subtleties, when we made it our business to consider them."

In the same book, in a conversation with Aristodemus, an atheist, Socrates gives a brief but striking outline of that view of natural theology which Mr. Paley has so fully elaborated in his work on that subject.

"Tell me," said he, "Aristodemus, is there any man whom you admire on account of his merit?"

Aristodemus having answered, "Many"—

"Name some of them," said Socrates, "I pray you."

"I admire," said Aristodemus, "Homer for his epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambics, Sophocles for his tragedy, Polycletes for statuary, and Xeuxis for painting."

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration. Aristodemus; the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence, or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued not only with activity, but understanding?"

"The latter, there can be no doubt," replied Aristodemus, "provided the production be not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance."

"But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we cannot say of others, to what purpose they were produced, which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?"

"It would seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those whose fitness and utility is so evidently apparent."

"But," replied Socrates, "it is evidently apparent, that He who made man endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes wherewith to behold whatever was visible, and ears to ear whatever was to be heard. And say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odours be prepared, if the sense of smelling were denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, savoury and unsavoury, unless a palate had been given, conveniently

placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not tha Providence in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it, which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not the eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but as a penthouse, is prepared to turn off the sweat falling from the forehead, which might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? That the fore teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it in pieces? That the mouth, through which the food is conveyed, is placed so near the nose and eyes, as to prevent the passing unnoticed, whatsoever is unfit for nourishment? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like these should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?"

In the feast of Callias, we are made present almost in very deed at a fine scene of ancient conviviality. To this we will take leave to introduce our readers.

During the feast of Minerva, there was a solemn tournament, whither Callias, who tenderly loved Autolicus, carried him, which was soon after the victory which that youth had obtained at the Olympic games. When the shows were over, Callias taking Autolicus and his father with him, went down from the city to his house in the Pireum, with Nicerates, the son of Nicias. But upon the way meeting Socrates, Hermogenes, Critobulus, Antisthenes and Carmides, discoursing together, he gave orders to one of his people to conduct Autolicus and those of his company to his house; and addressing himself to Socrates and those who were with him, "I could not," said he, "have met with you more opportunely: I treat to-day Autolicus and his father; and, if I am not deceived, persons like you, who have their souls purified by refined contemplations, would do much more honour to our assembly, than your colonels of horse, captains of foot, and other gentlemen of business, who are full of nothing but their offices and employments." "You are always upon the banter," said Socrates; "for, since you gave so much money to Protagoras, Georgias and Prodicas, to be instructed in wisdom, you make but little account of us, who have no other assistance but ourselves to acquire knowledge." "'Tis true," said Callias, "hitherto I have concealed from you a thousand fine things I learned in the conversation of those gentlemen; but if you will sup with me this evening, I will teach you all I know, and after that I do not doubt you will say I am a man of consequencer."

Socrates and his party accepted the invitation, and we soon find them seated at the supper-table, which, like all other entertainments, whether called supper or dinner, was at the beginning dull enough. "A profound silence was observed, as though it had been enjoined."

By and by, a buffoon entered, who tried to raise a laugh, but failed. After the first course, and they had made "effusion of wine in honour of the gods, a certain Syracusan entered, leading in a handsome girl, who played on the flute, another that danced and showed very nimble feats of activity, and a beautiful little boy, who danced, and played perfectly well on the guitar." Socrates became talkative. He complimented Callias on the liberality and good taste displayed in the entertainment; said some happy things in praise of the wives of Critobulus and Nicerates, two married gentlemen of the party; he recited some poetry, and the dancing-girl's elegant performance drew from him some fine observations on the comparative beauty of objects at rest and in motion, together with a whimsical declaration that he himself was determined to learn to dance. The Amphytrion, Callias, called out all his guests, by requiring each to tell what he most valued himself for; and, as an interlude to this, Socrates banters Carmides, a young man of the party, about his excessive fondness for his mistress, Amandra, and taxes him with having snatched a kiss from her in his presence; and he sagely advises Carmides, if he would preserve the liberty of his soul, to abstain from kissing handsome women. Carmides retorts, and effectually turns the tables upon the old philosopher.

"What," said Carmides, "must I be afraid of coming near a handsome woman? Nevertheless, I remember very well, and I believe you do too, Socrates, that being one day in company with Critobulus's beautiful sister, who resembles him so much, as we were searching for a passage in some author, you held your head very close to that beautiful virgin, and I thought you seemed to take pleasure in touching her naked shoulders with yours."

Then follows a humorous contest between Socrates and Critobulus for the prize of beauty. Socrates gives the challenge.

Critob. Come, I will not refuse to enter the lists for once with you: pray then use all your eloquence, and let us know how you prove yourself to be handsomer than I.

Socrates. That shall be done presently: bring but a light, and the thing is done.

Crit. But, in order to state the question, will you allow me to ask you a few questions?

Soc. I will.

Crit. But, on second thought, I will give you leave to ask what questions you please first.

Soc. Agreed. Do you believe beauty is no where to be found but in man?

Crit. Yes, certainly, in other creatures too whether animate, as a horse or bull, or inanimate things, as we say, that is a handsome sword, a fine shield, &c.

Soc. But how comes it then, that things so very different as these, should yet all of them be handsome?

Crit. Because they are well made, either by art or nature, for the purposes they are employed in.

Soc. Do you know the use of eyes?

Crit. To see.

Soc. Well! it is for that very reason mine are handsomer than yours.

Crit. Your reason."

Soc. Yours see only in a direct line: but as for mine, I can look not only directly forward, as you, but sideways too, they being seated on a kind of ridge on my face, and staring out.

Crit. At that rate, a crab has the advantage of all other animals in matter of eyes.

Soc. Certainly; for theirs are incomparably more solid and better situated than any other creature's.

Crit. Be it so as to eyes; but as to your nose, would you make me believe yours is better shaped than mine?

Soc. There is no room to doubt, if it be granted that the nose was made for the sense of smelling; for, your nostrils are turned downwards, but mine are wide, and turned up toward heaven, to receive smells that come from every part, &c.

And thus for some time in detail taking off the uncouthness of his own person, in a better vein than it was ever done by his bitter satirist, Aristophanes. The world is not ready to admit that a man when he is once dubbed a philosopher, can ever after say anything in sport; but we make him, whether he will or not, always speak oracles. So it has fared with many of the ludicrous paradoxes of Socrates, uttered in the humour of the moment, by way of parrying a jest, or of showing the skill with which he could handle the light weapons of the sophist. At the banquet he was rallied by one of the guests upon the intolerable temper of his wife, Xantippe; and his pleasant reply has induced half the world to believe that he really married a vixen by way of improving his own temper.

The concluding incident of the banquet is referred to by Mr. Addison in one of his Spectators (No. 500), but he attributes to the eloquence of Socrates, in a discourse on marriage, the effect which was produced by a scene between Bacchus and Ariadne, as exhibited by the party of the Syracusan.

Xenophon's account of the Expedition of Cyrus and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand is, in our opinion, a most perfect specimen of historic writing, containing also much of the interest of personal narrative. Upon this we must touch but briefly; premising, however, a general outline of the condition of the parties engaged in that enterprise, and the causes which involved them in its perils.

The ascendency which Sparta held in Greece at the time of this expedition, was partly acquired by the alliance and aid of the rich and voluptuous court of Persia. At the same time the Persian held

a doubtful empire over the maratime states and cities on the borders of the Hellespont, the eastern coast and many of the islands of the Archipelago, and the adjacent shore of the Mediterranean sea. Darius Ochus died: Artaxerxes, his son, ascended the throne, and Cyrus, brother of Artaxerxes by the same mother, became satrap of the western portion of the empire, and "general of all the people assembled in the plain of Castolus." In the wars which the Persians were constantly waging with their half-conquered provinces in the west, large bodies of Greek adventurers, won by Persian gold, formed their most effective troops. These naturally fell under the command of Cyrus, who seems to have formed a high estimate of their military skill and prowess; and he kept for many years a large number of these mercenary troops in his pay, with a view of employing them in an attempt which he had long meditated upon his brother's crown and throne. Affairs being at last ripe for action, he collected at Sardis his Grecian force, about thirteen thousand strong, where they were joined by about a hundred thousand Asiatics, with the ostensible purpose of marching against the Pisidians, a mountain race not yet subjected to the Persian yoke. Xenophon, in his third book, explains the manner in which he was drawn into this enterprise.

There was in the army an Athenian, by name Xenophon, who, without being a general, a captain or a soldier, served as a volunteer; for, having been long attached to Proxenus by the rights of hospitality, the latter sent for him from home, with a promise, if he came, to recommend him to Cyrus; from whom, he said, he expected greater advantages than from his own country. Xenophon having read the letter, consulted Socrates, the Athenian, concerning the voyage, who fearing lest his country might look upon his attachment to Cyrus as criminal, because that prince was thought to have espoused the interest of the Lacedemonians against the Athenians with great warmth, advised Xenophon to go to Delphos, and consult the oracle concerning the matter. Xenophon went thither accordingly, and asked Apollo to which of the gods he should offer sacrifice and address his prayers, to the end that he might perform the voyage in the best and most reputable manner, and, after a happy issue of it, return in safety. Apollo answered, that he should sacrifice to the proper gods. At his return, he acquainted Socrates with this answer, who blamed him because he had not asked Apollo whether it were better for him to undertake the voyage, in the first place, than to stay at home; but, having himself first determined to undertake it, he had consulted him on the most proper means of performing it with success; but since, said he, you have asked this, you ought to do what the god commanded. Xenophon, therefore, having offered sacrifice to the gods according to the direction of the oracle, set sail, and found Proxenus and Cyrus at Sardis, ready to march towards the upper Asia Here he was presented to Cyrus, and Proxenus pressing him to stay, Cyrus was no less earnest in persuading him, and assured him, as soon as the expedition was at an end, he would dismiss him; this he pretended was against the Pisidians.

The Greeks, all except Clearchus, the Lacedemonian general, who was no doubt from the first in the counsels of Cyrus, were led on by various artifices, until it became more dangerous to return than to go forward; then they at last consented to move forward on the actual expedition against the Great King.

His narrative of the march is brief, but full of interest; but our limits will not permit us to touch upon any of its incidents. At length the army of Artaxerxes appeared, covering, with its locust swarms, an immense plain between the Euphrates and Tigris, about one hundred miles above the city of Babylon. The battle was joined, and the account which Xenophon gives of it calls to our recollection forcibly the remarks of M. Cousin, of the myriads of men who meet and contend in battle in Asia, and of whom and of whose deeds the history of their country retains no trace. There, indeed, the individuality of man is swallowed up in the mighty ocean of being, and they therefore have no history. At the first onsetCyrus fell; but the Greeks drove the enemy opposed to them from the field: they encamped on the battle-ground, and made fires to dress their food of the darts and arrows of the Persians and the wooden shields of the Egyptians; and for two days they believed Cyrus to be alive and conqueror.

The conduct of the Persians subsequent to the battle, satisfies us that their first object was to get the Greeks in their power, by any artifice, and make such fearful example of them as would prevent the future march of their armies into Persia; but if this were impracticable, to lead them where they could find their way, through many difficulties, out of the kingdom, and to harass, but not cut off, their retreat. For this purpose they first negotiated: they furnished the Greeks provisions, and led them down the Tigris many days' march out of their route, partly that they might see the numerous army which was marching from Susa and Ecbatana, to the aid of the Great King, and partly that, on failing to ensnare them, they might dismiss them by the shortest way out of the kingdom into the mountains of the Carduchians, where they would probably perish by the rigour of the climate and by the swords of that warlike people.

The night after, the commander, Clearchus, and the other principal officers of the Greeks were taken by treachery and put to death, and when the Greeks lay disheartened in their camp, without officers and without order, not knowing what to do, expecting an attack and unprepared for defence, Xenophon says he "was of the number, had his share in the general sorrow, and was unable to rest."

However, getting a little sleep, he dreamed: he thought it thundered and a flash of lightening fell upon his paternal house, which upon that, was all in a blaze. Immediately he woke in a fright, and looked upon his dream as

happy in this respect, because while he was engaged in difficulties, he saw a great light proceeding from Jupiter.

That the sleep of Xenophon on that fearful night should be short and troubled, we can well believe. That the young wanderer, (for we are satisfied he was then a youth, though this is disputed by the learned; and what will not the learned dispute?) that the young wanderer, on such a night, should dream or think of his paternal house, and that his dream or reverie should be tinged with the dark hue of all around him, is perfectly consistent with the philosophy of the human mind; and his firm and courageous spirit, the buoyancy of youth and hope, might well dictate the happy interpretation to his troubled dream. Then follows a council of officers and men—the choice of generals, in which Xenophon was chosen on the part of the Athenians—the march, and the means taken by the Persians to force the Greeks into the Carduchian mountains.

The snow, two fathoms deep, which they encountered in this inhospitable region, has caused much discussion and some doubt, but we do not perceive that it is at all wonderful. It was in the midst of winter—they had approached the latitue of 43 degrees—those mountains are the most elevated part of western Asia, for they give rise to the Euphrates and Tigris, and the rivers which flow northward into the Caspian and the Euxine seas, and the climate, which throughout nearly all Europe is insular, rendered [redacted] by the western breezes from the Atlantic, is here far removed from their influence, and corresponds with the same parallel of latitude and the same elevation in the interior of the American continent.

The army suffered much; but they felt their capacity to overcome every difficulty, and face every danger that awaited them; and they met them cheerfully. One encounter of wit between Xenophon and Cheirosophus, the Lacedemonian general, is worthy of notice.

While they were marching through the country of the Chalybians, they saw the natives in great force posted on a hill to dispute their passage. Cheirosophus proposed to attack them—Xenophon objected, and advised that they should "*steal a march*" on them under cover of the night, and take possession of a hill which commanded that on which the enemy was posted.

"But why," said he, "do I mention stealing, since I am informed that among you Lacedemonians, those of the first rank practise it from their childhood, and that instead of being a dishonour, it is your duty to steal those things which the law has not forbidden: and, to the end that you may learn to steal with the greatest dexterity and secresy imaginable, your laws have provided that those who are taken in theft shall be whipped. This is the time for you to show how far your education has improved you, and to take care that in stealing this march we are not discovered, lest we suffer severely."

Cheirosophus answered, "I am also informed that you Athenians are very expert in stealing the public money, notwithstanding the danger you are exposed to, and that your best men are the most expert at it; that is, if you choose your best men for your magistrates—so this is a proper time for *you* to show the effects of *your* education."

In passing through the country of the Taocheans, a wild mountain race, who inhabited fastnesses, into which they had conveyed all their provisions, the Greeks suffered much with hunger.

At last the army arrived at a strong place, which had neither city nor houses upon it, but where great numbers of men and women, with their cattle, were assembled: this place Cheirosophus ordered to be attacked the moment he came before it.

At length the fastness was stormed.

And here followed a dreadful spectacle indeed; for the women first threw their children down the precipices and then themselves; the men did the same. And here Æneas the Stymphalian, a captain, seeing one of the barbarians, who was richly dressed, running with a design to throw himself off, caught hold of him, and the other drawing him after, they both fell down the precipice together, and were dashed to pieces.

It does not appear, that Xenophon kept a regular journal of his marches and the incidents which occurred on either the Expedition or Retreat. It is probable the account was written many years after from memory, and that hence some geographical errors crept in, which have so much puzzled his commentators. But his general accuracy is confirmed by modern travellers; and ancients, as well as moderns, from the age of Marcus Crassus and Mark Anthony down to the present time, concur in fixing the same character to the wild and primitive, and it would seem unchanging, inhabitants of the mountain regions through which he passed.

Perpetual occupancy appears to belong to a mountain race. Their barren hills, which are fruitful in no product

But man and steel, the soldier and the sword,

seldom invite the inroads of the conqueror, while the passionate love of the mountaineer for his wild fastnesses and still wilder freedom, forbids him to wander in search of fairer lands and milder climes. Hence the unmixed and primitive Britons are still found, after so many ages, (conquered but not expelled) in the mountains of Wales. A kindred people of the Celtic race, in spite of Gothic and Moorish conquests, still occupy the mountains of Biscay in Spain, and the Pyrennean portion of Catalonia is held by a still more ancient people, who are believed to have occupied it before the Phenician navigators pushed their discoveries to the shores of the Peninsula.

So it is universally, whenever a mountain region of great extent is once possessed by a people far enough advanced in civilization to provide for their own sustenance and to know the arts of war, they and their posterity hold it for ever.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. We cannot even refer to the various other productions of our author; but we earnestly recommend him to our young readers, as one whose works are full of interest, and as the master of a style which for neatness, perspicuity, and beauty, has never been excelled.

ART. XIII.—*Paris and its People.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," etc. etc. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

OUR worthy friend Mr. Grant has betaken himself to Paris, after exhausting the "Great Metropolis." We like the man not only for his talent and services to the light reading public, but for that genuine and Scottish self assurance which lends character to whatever emenateth therefrom as well as a presumption that there is novelty in the matter. That a man like Mr. Grant, who is confessedly a stranger to the French language, should write a more inferming and amusing book about Paris than any other existing author, is remarkable; nay that what is new and from himself, with the aid of little more than an hotel-intrepreter, hired at a parsimonious rate, is more graphic and illustrative than the most profound of modern statiticiens or sketchers have rendered it, is no small praise. Really, if we were to choose a guide to the French capital, and an off-hand philosopher to boot, we should like the author of these two handsome volumes. We have no time for particularity, and quote that which we find others have quoted, as proofs of the esteem in which the work should beheld. First as to Parisian *arcades*,—

> The arcades of Paris ought not to be passed over in a chapter devoted to general observations on the place. They are much more tasteful in their architectural aspects than the arcades of London. You feel, too, that you can breathe more freely in them. In walking through our arcades in warm weather, you experience something of a suffocating sensation, which makes you hurry out of them as fast as you can. In the Parisian arcades I never felt any sensation of this kind. They are not only light and lively in appearance, but efficiently ventilated. As regards the shops, again, those in the arcades of Paris are incomparably more pleasing to the eye than the shops in the arcades of London. The exquisite taste, to which I have before referred as so characteristic of the shops in the streets is, if possible, still more strikingly displayed in the shops in the arcades. Here the taste and the fancy of the French appear in perfection. You might gaze at one of these shops for days together, and inspect every article in it in detail, and

yet not be able to detect a single instance of defective taste. You can hardly believe, as you look at the windows, either that human hand has made the diversified articles which delight your eye, or that human hand has sufficed for the admirable manner in which they are arranged. You involuntarily associate the idea of fairy workmanship and fairy arrangement with the more fanciful shops in the arcades of Paris. To see one of the better class of these arcades, when lighted up on a winter's evening, is a sight which, were it not to be had for nothing, people would most willingly pay to witness.

Mr. Grant a philosophicthe orist:—

The question is often asked, how happens it that that the Frenchwomen are so far before the women of all other countries in their style of walking? One of two answers is generally given to the question. Some persons account for the fact from the circumstance of their streets being so badly paved, and of their consequently being obliged, in passing along the streets, to make those short quick steps which are so much admired in their walking. This cannot be the reason; because in many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the causeway is as rough and the pavement as bad as in Paris; and yet we see nothing of the light, graceful, elastic mode of walking. among the women of our provincial towns, which is the admiration of all foreigners who visit Paris.

The other usual mode of accounting for the French women's mode of walking is, to attribute it to the absence of carpets in the Parisian houses, and the circumstance of the floors being constantly rubbed over with soap, which renders them very slippery to walk on. This cannot be the right hypothesis any more than the other; for it is a well-ascertained fact, that English ladies who have gone to reside in Paris when they were very young, and before their style of walking could have been formed, hardly ever acquire that elegance of carriage and elasticity of step which all admire so much in the Parisian ladies. My own theory is, that the graceful walk of the French women is the result of that lightness of heart which is so marked a characteristic in the French character, and most of all in female character.

Lastly, a portraiture of Jules Janin,—

Though a severe critic, and a capricious man, I do not think there is any thing constitutionally unkind about him. I met with him in Paris, and liked his manner exceedingly. He is in private what he appears in all his writings—a lively, pleasant, light-hearted man, with a great flow of animal spirits, and having all the appearance of one who is utterly indifferent as to what people think or say of him. When the servant ushered me into his room, I found him engaged in an active search through his library for a book, and humming a song to himself, evidently to his very great delectation. He resides in apartments in a house nearly opposite the entrance to the Luxembourg Gardens. The house, like most houses in Paris, is very high, and Jules Janin lives nearly at the top. I was quite out of breath before reaching the apartments of the critic.

Literary men, in Paris, are rather proverbial for giving a preference to apartments near the top of the house; and Jules Janin rejoices, I am told, in the fact of his rooms being on the fourth or fifth story, I do not remember which. The walls of the apartment in which I found him were nearly all covered with tapestry of the most beautiful kind, after the manner of the Cartoons of Raphael. Some of these cartoons are, I have no doubt, of great value, though my knowledge of the fine arts is not sufficiently great to enable me to speak in positive terms on the subject.

The personal appearance of Jules Janin is very remarkable. Those who have seen him once will never forget him. He is rather, if any thing, below the middle height, and very stoutly and compactly made. His complexion is exceedingly dark; quite as much so as that of the generality of Italians. His face is unusually full; and its expression, on the whole, is pleasing. He has a singularly fine forehead, which attracts attention the more readily on account of the large quantity of jet-black hair, either brushed up or naturally disposed to stand erect, with which it is surmounted. I have rarely seen a more quick or piercing eye; it is full of fire and intelligence. A patch of hair, which is never allowed to attain a greater growth than about a quarter of an inch, is always to be seen on the lower part of the chin. What may be the technical term, if there be one, for this fragment of a beard, I do not know; it is much larger than the tufts, or imperials, which we sometimes meet with in this country. I refer to it particularly because I do not remember to have seen anything like it in Paris, and because it imparts a very peculiar expression to the critic's countenance. The appearance of Jules Janin forcibly reminded me of that of Sir Charles Napier, the hero of St. Jean d'Acre; only that Jules Janin is much the better formed man of the two, and possesses much more regular features. His age, judging from appearance, I should suppose to be about forty-five; but he may be a year or two older or younger. Though he reviews English books which have never been translated into French, and cuts them up without mercy, he cannot talk nor read a word of English. He deeply regrets that he did not make himself acquainted with our language in early life. And as I was in pretty much the same predicament in reference to French, we should have looked very awkward when together, but for the presence of a third party who is acquainted with both languages.

ART. XIV.—*Life of Gerald Griffin. Esq.* By his Brother. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE biography of a man of very considerable genius written with a fraternal fratiality. Poor Griffin's Metropolitan experience teaches a strong and touching lesson to *litterateurs*, especially all who have no other staff to lean upon than their pen and the outpourings, it most ordinarily is, of a brain pressed for the moment. He had besides, the wayward pride or vanity which has beset many men of gifts, and he suffered accordingly. We should wish to point the notice of the young and the aspiring, who have been smit

with a passion for writing, to the disappointments which this warm but strangely-constructed hearted Irishman was martyred to endure while in his noviciate in London. Hungry, unclothed, and almost houseless was he for many a day,—his fond driven driven to the winds,—his proud heart warring against the charities. We do not go into his history, nor into the moral of the book, interesting and instructive as it certainly is; but cite such things from it as will send many of our readers, we dare to hope, to its pages for incident of a peculiar nature, and character still more out-of-the-way. Griffin was a dramatic writer, but doomed at first to be disappointed, as witness a letter of his to his parents in America.

This disappointment sent me into the contrary extreme. I before imagined I could do any thing; I now thought I could do nothing. One supposition was just as foolish as the other. It was then I set about writing for those weekly publications; all of which, except the *Literary Gazette*, cheated me abominably. Then, finding this to be the case, I wrote for the great magazines. My articles were generally inserted; but on calling for payment, seeing that I was a poor inexperienced devil, there was so much shuffling and shabby work that it disgusted me, and I gave up the idea of making money that way. I now lost heart for every thing; got into the cheapest lodgings I could make out; and there worked on, rather to divert my mind from the horrible gloom that I felt growing on me in spite of myself, than with any hope of being remunerated. This, and the recollection of the expense I had put William to, and the fears—that every moment became conviction—that I should never be enabled to fulfil his hopes or my own expectations, all came pressing together upon my mind, and made me miserable. A thousand and a thousand times I wished that I could lie down quietly and die at once, and be forgotten for ever. But that, however, was not to be had for the asking. I don't think I left any thing undone that could have changed the course of affairs, or brought me a little portion of the good luck that was going on about me; but good luck was too busy elsewere. I can hardly describe to you the state of mind I was in at this time. It was not an indolent despondency, for I was working hard, and I am now—and it is only now—receiving money for the labour of those dreadful hours. I used not to see a face that I knew; and after sitting writing all day, when I walked in the streets in the evening it actually seemed to me as if I was of a different species altogether from the people about me. The fact was, from pure anxiety alone I was more than half dead, and would most certainly have given up the ghost I believe, were it not that, by the merest accident on earth, the literary friend who had procured me the unfortunate introduction a year before, dropped in one evening to "have a talk" with me. I had not seen him nor anybody else that I knew for some months, and he frightened me by saying I looked like a ghost. In a few days, however, a publisher of his acquaintance had got some things to do—works to arrange, regulate, and revise; so he asked me if I would devote a few hours in the middle of every day to the purpose for 50*l.* a year. I did so; and among other things which I got to revise, was

a weekly fashionable journal. After I had read this for some weeks I said to myself, "Why, hang it, I am sure I can write better than this at any rate." And at the same time I knew that the contributors were well paid. I wrote some sketches of London life, and sent them anonymously to the editor, offering to contribute without payment. He inserted the little sketches, and sent a very handsome sum to my anonymous address for them, desiring me to continue, and he would be always happy to pay for similar ones. This put me in great spirits; and by the knowledge I had acquired of literary people and transactions altogether, I was enabled to manage in this instance so as to secure a good engagement.

This of the profession of literature.

This is one of my buoyant days; but do you know that I am generally most miserable? The tormenting anxiety of a literary life—such a one as I lead—is beyond all endurance. When I send off my bundle of papers for the evening, I sit down here sometimes to think on my future prospects, and go to bed at last actually feverish with apprehension. There is nothing but doubt and uncertainty about it. No profession, no hold on society, no stamp, no mark, and time rolling on, and the world growing old about one. However, we must only work on as we can.

London printers, and their deciphering skill.

You tax me with my illegible writing; but I fear I cannot amend it, for I must not stay to shape my letters, and I have, I believe, got a bad habit from the facility with which the printers here make it out. I verily believe, if I shut my eyes or flung the pen at the paper so as to make any kind of mark, the London printers would know what I intended to say. They always send me back my manuscript with my printed proofs for correction, and I actually have repeatedly been unable to make out what I had written until I had referred to the same articles in print.

How to review books:

He was at the time regularly engaged in writing articles for some of the periodicals, and devoted his spare hours, either to the tales afterwards published under the title of "Holland Tide," or to the composition of an opera for Mr. Arnold's theatre. Occasionally some newly-published works were sent to him for review, or some manuscript ones for his opinion as to the probability of their success if published. This occupation of reviewing and of passing judgment on unpublished manuscripts gave him little trouble, and the remuneration was liberal. He was often highly amused at receiving from the editor of some periodical three volumes of a newly-published novel, accompanied by a request that he would not cut the leaves. This, which he at first conceived so very ridiculous, and so apparently impossible with any justice to the author, he eventually found was almost a matter of necessity with many of the publications sent to him. They were of so trashy a description, that no one of ordinary taste could possibly get through even the first few chapters. His usual plan was to glance through the early part of a work so as to obtain some notion of the plot; a peep here and there in the second volume gave him an idea of the skill with which it was developed;

and a slight consideration of the latter end of the third, or slaughter-house as he used to call the concluding part of a disastrous story, or fifth act of a tragedy, satisfied him both as to the genius of the author and the merits of the performance. He no doubt made a more intimate acquaintance with his subject when his first hasty supervision gave him reason to believe it was written by a person of more than ordinary talent, and did not appear to feel conscious of having done any injustice during the short period he was engaged as a professional critic.

A good way of composing:

When engaged in composition, he made use of a manifold-writer, with a style and carbonic paper, which gave him two and sometimes three copies of his work. One of these he sent to the publisher; the others he kept by him in case the first should be lost. He had his sheets so cut out and arranged, that they were not greater in size than the leaf of a moderate-size octavo; and he wrote so minute a hand that each page of the manuscript contained enough of matter for a page of print. This enabled him very easily to tell how much manuscript was necessary to fill three volumes. His usual quantity of writing was about ten of these pages in the day. It was seldom less than this, and I have known it repeatedly as high as fifteen or twenty, without interfering with those hours which he chose to devote to recreation. He never rewrote his manuscript; and one of the most remarkable things I noticed in the progress of his work, was the extremely small number of erasures or interlineations in it, several pages being completed without the occurence of a single one. His practice in writing in London no doubt gave him much facility in this respect. His manuscript being of a very convenient size, he generally put it in his pocket; and during his rambles took it out on the hill side, or wherever he had a moment's leisure, and wrote on. It was a singular proof of the great power I have noticed above, to witness the nature of the occupations amid which he was sometimes accustomed to follow his favourite pursuit.

Art. XIV.

1. *Selections from the Kur-án, commonly called in England the Koran.* By E. W. Lane. Madden.
2. *Mohammed the Prophet, his Life and Doctrines, &c.* By Dr. Gustave Weil. Williams & Norgate.

Mr. Lane, who has made his name so famous by his work on "The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and the translation of "The Thousand and One Nights," has, in the volume before us, given selections from the bible of the followers of the Prophet, arranged in chronological order, with an interwoven commentary from the best authorities, and illustrated by notes chiefly from Sale's edition. He has also prefixed an Introduction, which is of great value, were it but as showing what was the condition of the people of Arabia at the time when Mohammed arose, and distinctly pointing out how they were prepared to receive his doctrines and put faith in

his representations; and along with these important matters there is a great variety of interesting information of a collateral nature, all tending to shed light upon the system of religion which the Prophet taught, and upon the manners and previous beliefs of the tribes which he converted. The following affords a view of several of the great families, their descent, genealogies, and fortunes, who inhabited the region where the new faith was to take such deep root, and was in a short time to send its shoots so far over Asia and into Africa:

The tribe of Tasm were the posterity of Lâwadh (or Lud), the son of Sâm (or Shem); and Jedees, of the descendants of Jâthir (or Uether). These two tribes dwelt promiscuously together under the government of Tasm, till a certain tyrant made an infamous law with respect to the maids of the tribe of Jedees; whereupon this tribe formed a conspiracy, and inviting the king and chiefs of Tasm to an entertainment, privately hid their swords in the sand, and in the midst of their mirth fell on them and slew them all, and extirpated the greatest part of the tribe. However, the few who escaped, obtaining aid of the king of El-Yemen (then, as is said, Dhoo-Habshân Ibn-El-Akran), assaulted Jedees, and utterly destroyed them; and scarce any mention has been made from that time of either of those tribes. The former tribe of Jurham (whose ancestor, some pretend, was one of the eighty persons saved in the ark with Noah, according to a Muslim tradition) was contemporary with 'Ad and utterly perished. The tribe of 'Emleck or Emlâk, or Amalek, were descended from Amalek, the son of Eliphaz the son of Esau; though some of the oriental writers say Amalek was the son of Ham the son of Noah; others, the son of Azd the son of Shem; and others, the son of Lâwadh (or Lud). The posterity of this person rendered themselves very powerful, and before the time of Joseph conquered Lower Egypt, under their king El-Weleed, the first who took the name of Pharoah, as the eastern writers tell us; seeming by these Amalekites to mean the same people which the Egyptian histories call Phœnician Shepherds. But after they had possessed the throne of Egypt for some descents, they were expelled by the natives, and at length totally destroyed by the Israelites. The surviving races of Arabs, according to their own historians, are sprung from two stocks, Kahtân (the same with Joctan the son of Eber), and 'Adnân, a descendant in a direct line from Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar. The posterity of the former some call el-'Arab el-A'ribeh, that is, the genuine or pure Arabs; and those of the latter, el'Arab el-Mustaaribeh, that is, the naturalised or insititious Arabs: but others reckon the ancient extinct tribes to have been the only pure Arabs, and therefore call the posterity of Kahtân el-Arab el-Mutaarribeh, which likewise signifies the insititious Arabs, though in a nearer degree than Mustaaribeh; the descendants of Ishmael being the more distant graft. The posterity of Ishmael have no claim to be admitted as pure Arabs, their ancestor being by origin and language an Hebrew, but having made an alliance with the tribe of Jurhum, by marrying a daughter of Mudâd, and accustomed himself to their manner of living and language, his descendants became blended with them into one nation. The uncer-

tainty of descents between Ishmael and 'Adnán is the reason why they seldom trace their genealogies higher than the latter, whom they acknowledge as father of their tribes; the descents from him downwards being pretty certain and uncontroverted. Besides these tribes of Arabs, mentioned by their own authors, who were all of the race of Shem, others of them were the posterity of Ham, by his son Cush, whose name is in Scripture constantly given to the Arabs and their country, though our version renders it Ethiopia. But strictly speaking, the Cushites did not inhabit Arabia, properly so called, but the banks of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, whither they came from Khoozistán or Susiana, the original settlement of their father. They probably mixed themselves in process of time with the other Arabs; but the eastern writers take little or no notice of them.

With regard to the Selections themselves, it is only needful to observe, that they present the passages of chief interest in the Koran, and are treated with singular care and competency, as one example will manifest:

"God; there is no deity but he, the ever-living, the ever-subsisting: neither slumber seizeth him, nor sleep. To him belongeth whatsoever is in the heavens, and whatsoever is in the earth. Who is he who shall intercede with him, unless by his permission? He knoweth what [hath been] before them, and what [shall be] after them; and they shall not comprehend aught of his knowledge, save what he willeth. His throne compriseth the heavens and the earth, and the preservation of them burdeneth him not; and he is the high the great. (Chap. ii. v. 256.) With him are the keys of the secret things: none knoweth them but he; and he knoweth whatever is on the land, and [what is] in the sea: and there falleth not a leaf but he knoweth it, nor a grain in the dark parts of the earth, nor a moist thing, nor a dry thing, but [it is noted] in a distinct writing (on the preserved tablet). And it is he who taketh your souls at night (when ye sleep), and knoweth what ye have gained in the day; then he resuscitateth you therein, (restoring your souls in the day-time), that a determined period (the term of life) may be fulfilled. Then unto him shall ye return (at the resurrection): then will he declare unto you what ye have done, and recompense you for it. And he is the predominant over his servants, and he sendeth watchers over you (angels who register your deeds), until, when death cometh unto any of you, our messengers (the angels commissioned for that purpose) take his soul, and they fail not in that which they are commanded to do. Then they (the creatures) are returned unto God, their Lord, the true, that he may recompense them: (doth not judgment belong unto him?) and he is the most quick of those who reckon. He will reckon with all creatures in the space of half a day, of the days of the present world, according to a tradition. Say, O Mohammad, to the people of Mekkeh, Who delivereth you from the darknesses of the land and of the sea, when ye supplicate him humbly and in private, saying, If thou deliver us from these dangers, we will assuredly be of [the number of] the thankful and believing?—Say unto them, God delivereth you from them, and from every other affliction: then ye attribute partners to him. Say, he is able to send on you a punishment from above you (as stones, or a vehement sound, from

heaven), or from beneath your feet (such as clearing of the earth), to confound you [by making you] sects, and to make some of you to taste the violence of others. (Chap. vi. vv. 64-65.)

In this way much of the obscurity which the reader of Sale's version encounters is removed, and the source whence the impostor took many of his ideas, as well as the imitations which he so dexterously introduced, are made manifest.

We avail ourselves of certain passages as they have been translated in the *Athenæum* from the work of Dr. Weil—a work which contains a much fuller, and, no doubt, far more correct account of the life of the prophet, than has hitherto obtained in Europe. The author has gone back to original authorities, consulting them for himself; and has also exercised an independent power of disquisition on the doctrines which he propagated. There has been a remarkable neglect on the part of modern writers with regard both to the events of this extraordinary man and of the purport or qualities of his composition, seeing that both in a political and religious sense he was destined to produce such mighty revolutions, and found an empire of such vast and lasting extent, to the overthrow of long-established monarchies. Dr. Weil says, that when he had occasion, as Professor of Arabic literature at Heidelberg, being a distinguished oriental scholar, and having for several years resided at Cairo, he found only one work that could in any way serve him as a guide to the life of the Prophet, and that this was the ill-digested biography of him by Gagnier, which appeared in 1732, and which has served for the groundwork of all later European biographies; many fabulous legends being confounded with historical facts, anachronisms introduced, and a general want of that sort of historical criticism exhibited, which a subject of such importance and magnitude demands. We quote part of the introductory view taken in the first chapter of the work, both of the condition of Arabia and also of the Prophet's progress. Says the Professor,—

We hear nothing further of Mohammed for the next five years, save that he grew fonder and more fond of solitude, and retired for many days together, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Kadija, to a tavern of Mount Hara, and where, after the exemple of his grandfather, Abd Almelitalib, he passed the entire month Ramadan engaged in devotional offices and pious meditations. Here he had ample leisure for musing over the different religions of his time, and detecting their prominent defects. We may easily conceive, too, that during his journeys, as well as in Arabia itself, where very many Jews and Christians abode, he, without having even read the Holy Scriptures, might have become acquainted with their contents. This intercourse, as well as his own reflections, must have convinced him, that the idol or star-worship, which prevailed in Mecca, was an error and a superstition; but at the same time the dark side of both the other religions, as taught in his day, did not escape his observation. When, also, he

decked (Arab to Abraham, who, though neither a Jew nor a Christian, was accounted as a true believer, a Muslim (a man of God), and not only admitted by Jew and Christian to *be* a holy prophet, but adored by the Arabs as the father of Ishmael and the builder of the Caaba, he naturally came to the conclusion, afterwards so frequently avowed and declared, that Holy Writ had been partly falsified—in part falsely interpreted, and thus he might feel himself called upon to re-establish a purer faith, such as we find it in the time of Abraham and in the Old Testament. Having in the way of reflection reached this point, his ardent imagination could not long remain inactive, and he soon, whether in night or day dreams, saw an angel sanctioning with divine revelation, what he had satisfied his own mind to believe. Such self-deception on the part of Mohammed is the less surprising, when we reflect that, being at one time, epileptic he, in accordance with the received opinions of his time, considered himself "possessed," and that unconsciousness, which succeeded to his frequent intense mental excitement, might make him suppose, that during the continuance of this lethargy he had been holding communion with angels in another world, and after awakening from this trance look upon whatever was clearly present to his soul, as a divine revelation.

We made use of the term *impostor* a little while ago; but according to Dr. Weil's view, the *self-deluder* would be a more appropriate phrase. However, it is of the nature both of imposture and delusion to proceed from the smaller to the greater, frequently even to the inconsistency of gross contradiction. The Prophet's religion, which commenced in peace, meditation, and apparent humility, and endurance, at length breathed war and strove for worldly dominion. Having called Abd Allah Ibn Jash, he bid him with eight, or as some say twelve men, to take the road to South Arabia. But

In order to avoid all discussion, or difficulties that might be started, as to carrying on a war during the holy month Rajab, for such it was, perhaps also to insure the more obedience in the undertaking of so dangerous a mission, he gave him, instead of verbal instructions, a sealed letter, which he enjoined him to open on the third day of his journey, and bestowed on him as the price of his services, or rather as a bribe, the honourable distinction of Commander of the Faithful (Emir Al Mo'menin), a title which afterwards Omar was the first califf who assumed. Abd Allah complied with the will of the prophet, and when on the third day he broke the seal of the letter, he found therein an order to repair with his companions in arms to the Valley of Nachla, that lay between Mecca and Taif, and there to lay wait for the caravan of the Koreishites. Abd Allah communicated to his comrades the contents of this letter, and inquired who would follow him; for, added he, the Prophet has expressly enjoined me not to force the inclinations of any one; as far as concerns myself, I am resolved, even if I must do so alone, to execute the commands of the messenger of God. He thereupon continued on his way and all his followers with him. But a camel, on which rode two of his soldiers (Saad and Otba), went astray on the road; they on that account, remained behind to look for it, whilst Abd Allah and the remaining

six or ten men, pursued their journey towards the Valley of Nachla. Having reached their destination, they saw the camels of the Koreishites laden with cubebs, leather, and other wares, pass along under the guard of only four men. Abd Allah followed at some distance in their rear until they made halt, and perceiving that he excited their suspicions, caused one of his number to cut close his hair, and go a round-about way to meet them, so that they believed him to be a pilgrim, who had returned from fulfilling the rite of Umra. Whilst, however, anticipating no danger, and trusting to the sanctity of the month Rajab, they neglected all further precautions for their safety, Abd Allah fell upon them with his band, killed one of them (he was the first Arab who fell by the hand of a Mussulman), made two others prisoners, and only the fourth escaped, and sought for help. This, however, came too late, for Abd Allah, with his two prisoners and his booty, lost no time in returning to Medina, which he reached in safety. The first news of the desecration of the holy month caused such discontent even among the Mussulmans in Medina, that Mohammed, dissatisfied with himself, endeavoured to lay the blame on Abd Allah, telling him that he had not commanded him to shed blood during the holy month, and refused to accept the fifth part of the booty offered. But as these brave soldiers were much blamed, and although Mohammed said they had exceeded his instructions, it went abroad through all Arabia, that Musselmans sanctioned robbery and murder during the holy month; nay, more, that Mohammed, utterly to destroy the commerce of the people of Mecca, grudged them four secure months in the year: then appeared the following verse from the Koran, "They will ask you (so spoke God to Mohammed) about the holy month (namely), about waging war in it: answer, war is a grievous thing, but to withold men from the path of God, to disown him, and to drive away the faithful from his holy temple, is a far greater sin in the eyes of God; revolt (against him) is worse than murder, therefore you shall not cease from battle till they renounce their faith if they can. He, however, among you, who becomes an apostate and dies an unbeliever, his works, both in this world and that to come, are of no avail, and he shall be among the companions (*Gefærten*) of hell, in which he shall abide for ever." After the circulation of this verse Mohammed took his share of the plunder. He demanded of the Koreishites eighty okk of silver as a ransom for the two prisoners; one of them, however, was converted to Islam, the other he did not send back to Mecca until Saad and Otba had arrived in Medina.

We can only make room for one passage more, from a work that is certainly deserving a complete English dress, judging by the specimens that we have read. What we now quote is taken from the summary of Mohammed's character, and relates to his merits as a teacher and reformer.

The doctrine of a Supreme Being, and the high destination of man, which Mohammed disseminated over a land sunk in the grossest idolatry, and almost without a conception of the immortality of the soul, must in despite of his defects and weaknesses, reconcile us to him: the rather, because his own life exercised no disadvantageous influence on the converts to his faith;

for, far from holding himself up as an example to his followers, he wished to be regarded, and was indeed, ever more and more regarded, as a person privileged by God himself to overstep all established laws. We must, indeed, be unjust or blinded by prejudice, not to acknowledge that his people were indebted to him for very many truths, blessings, and virtues. He united, in the belief of one God and one brotherhood, the innumerable hostile tribes of Arabia; he substituted, for arbitrary self-government, for redress of injuries by violence or bloodshed, an appeal to justice, which laid the foundation-stone of all the laws of the Islamite Empire; he limited blood revenge *(Blut-rache)*, which, before his time, was carried down to the remotest generations, to the individual convicted before the judges of his crime. Mohammed deserves, in an especial manner, the gratitude of the fair sex; for not only did he put an end to the barbarous custom, then prevalent, of female children being murdered at their birth by their own fathers, but protected widows against the next of kin of their deceased husband, by whom they were considered as heir-looms; and women in general against ill treatment by their husbands. He set bounds to polygamy: inasmuch as he limited the faithful to four wives, instead of eight or ten, as had been the custom before his time, particularly in Medina; and even this smaller number was only allowed to such as had the means of supporting them respectably. He forbade also that one should be preferred above the rest; and this law was so difficult to observe, that very few men could take more than one. * * Slaves, also, though slavery was not altogether abolished by Mohammed, found in the Koran many ordinances in their favour. Their emancipation is represented as a work pleasing to God, as an expiation for many transgressions, and their equality with the free in the eyes of God distinctly affirmed. Nor were the poor forgotten; for not only does the Koran contain repeated admonitions to charity, but provision is made for them by a formal tax, as well as by a stipulated share of the booty and tribute. But the prohibition of gaming, wine and other intoxicating liquors, many crimes and misdemeanors, not to speak of quarrels and broils, were repressed. Cruelty, pride, arrogance, lying, extravagance, avarice, ostentation, and other vices that debase human nature and disturb the peace of society, were, in energetic terms, denounced as ungodly. Philanthropy, humility, forbearance, integrity, chastity in word and deed, and, before all, truth and honesty, were enjoined as the first and greatest of virtues. Thus, if we do not acknowledge Mohammed to have been a true prophet, because he adopted forcible and unlawful means for the propagation of his faith; if he was fallible and weak, and set himself above his own laws; and if, in spite of his declaration that God might substitute a better revelation for his, he styled himself the seal of the prophets; yet inasmuch as he planted the finest precepts of the Old and New Testament among a people unenlightened by a creed, Mohammed, even in the eyes of unbelievers in Islam, must still be considered as a messenger of God.

ART. XV.—*Ned Myers; or, a Life before the Mast.* Edited by J. F. COOPER. 2 vols. Bentley.

LITTLE requires to be said of these volumes further than that Mr. Cooper vouches for them as containing a real and genuine narrative of their hero Ned Myers, an old shipmate of the novelist, and that they abound with adventure, hairbreadth escapes, and sailorlike character. Indeed many of the things which the rough narrator details in the longwinded fashion of his order, surpass the scenes which Cooper has so often crowded into his marine stories and pictured with such startling effect. But yet one does not take a very deep interest in the character of the man whose life before the mast is here described, being a very different result from that which follows the perusal of Dana's story. In that instructive book, it is rather in the person than in what he relates that the interest is felt; whereas in the present instance whatever charm there is in the volumes belongs to the strange and exciting passages of Myers's experience, and not to himself either as a being of a finer or loftier nature than the generality. He has the rude and reckless features which are common to persons of his profession, but little of that stout generosity which the mind loves to associate with a Jack tar. He does not even stand prominently out in respect of bravery, nor of gallantry, nor of any of those broad joyous sentiments which one inclines to fancy in the history of a sea-faring person. The stories even in respect of adventure are for the most part *yarns* in the sense of tough and prolonged spinning; and therefore the effect in respect of graphic power is impaired, even although Mr. Cooper has no doubt pruned them of their more wearisome paragraphs, and lent them his finishing touches. We will now quote one of the best old stories in the book, at the same time that it narrates one of the most exciting scenes.

The ship which is the subject of the passage was a schooner called the *Scourge*, one of a fleet lying in a lake, and on the watch against Sir James Yeo's squadron. The particular evening set in with such loveliness and calmess that it was deemed unnecessary to do any thing in the way of securing the guns for the night, only that the men were to sleep at their quarters, and thus would be ready both to engage with the English if a breeze sprung up, and to attend to their engines of war as the case might require. But although such tranquillity existed in the heavens and on the face of the waters, a terrific change was at hand and a fearful catastrophe impending. We need now do nothing more with "a Life before the Mast," than cite the passage to which reference has been made.

The schooner, at this time, was under her main, jib, and fore-top sail. The foresail was brailed, and the foot stopped, and the flying-jib was stowed. None of the halyards were racked, nor sheets stoppered. This was a pre-

caution we always took, on account of the crafts being so tender. We first spliced the main brace, and then got our suppers, eating between the gunst where we generally messed, indeed. One of my messmates, Tom Goldsmith, was captain of the gun next to me, and as we sat there finishing our suppers, I says to him, "Tom, bring up that rug that you pinned at Little York, and that will do for both of us to stow ourselves away under." Tom went down and got the rug, which was an article for the camp that he had laid hands on, and it made us a capital bed-quilt. As all hands were pretty well tired, we lay down with our heads on shot-boxes, and soon went to sleep. * * * I was soon asleep, as sound as if lying in the bed of a king." How long my nap lasted, or what took place in the interval I cannot say. I awoke, however, in consequence of large drops of rain falling on my face. Tom Goldsmith awoke at the same moment. When I opened my eyes, it was so dark I could not see the length of the deck. I arose and spoke to Tom, telling him it was about to rain, and that I meant to go down and get a nip, out of a little stuff we kept in our chest; and that I would bring up the bottle if he wanted a taste. Tom answered, "This is nothing, we're neither pepper nor salt." One of the black men spoke, and asked me to bring up the bottle, and give him a nip, too. All this took half a minute, perhaps. I now remember to have heard a strange rushing noise to windward as I went towards the forward hatch, though it made no impression on me at the time. We had been lying between the starboard guns, which was the weather side of the vessel, if there were any weather side to it, there not being a breath of air, and no motion to the water; and I passed round to the larboard side, in order to find the ladder, which led up in that direction. The hatch was so small that two men could not pass at a time, and I felt my way to it in no haste. One hand was on the bitts, and a foot was on the ladder, when a flash of lightning almost blinded me. The thunder came at the next instant, and with it a rushing of winds that fairly smothered the clap. The instant I was aware there was a squall, I sprang for the jib sheet. Being captain of the forecastle, I knew where to find it, and threw it loose at a jerk. In doing this, I jumped on a man named Leonard Lewis, and called on him to lend me a hand. I next let fly the larboard, or lee-top-sail-sheet, got hold of the clew-line, and, assisted by Lewis, got the clew half up. All this time I kept shouting to the man at the wheel, to put his helm "hard down." The water was now up to my breast, and I knew the schooner must go over. Lewis had not said a word, but I called out to him to shift for himself, and belaying the clew-line, in hauling myself forward of the foremast, I received a blow from the jib-sheet that came near breaking my left arm. I did not feel the effect of this blow at the time, though the arm has since been operated on, to extract a tumour produced by this very injury. All this occupied less than a minute. The flashes of lightning were incessant, and nearly blinded me. Our decks seemed on fire, and yet I could see nothing. I heard no hail, no order, no call; but the schooner was filled with the shrieks and cries of the men to leeward, who were lying jammed under the guns, shot-boxes, shot, and other heavy things that had gone down as the vessel fell over. The starboard second gun from forward, had capsized, and come down directly over the forward hatch, and I caught a glimpse of a man struggling to get past it. Apprehension of this

gun had induced me to drag myself forward of the mast, where I received the blow mentioned. I succeeded in hauling myself up to windward, and in getting into the schooner's fore-chamber. Here I met William Deer, the boatswain, and a black boy of the name of Philips, who was the powder-boy of our gun. "Deer, she's gone," I said. The boatswain made no answer, but walked out on the fore-rigging, towards the mast-head. He probably had some vague notion that the schooner's masts would be out of water if she went down, and took this course as the safest. The boy was in the chains the last I saw of him. I now crawled aft, on the upper side of the bulwarks, amid a most awful and infernal din of thunder, and shrieks, and dazzling flashes of lightning; the wind blowing all the while like a tornado. When I reached the port of my own gun, I put a foot in, thinking to stop on the muzzle of the piece; but it had gone to leeward with all the rest, and I fell through the port, until I brought up with my arms. I struggled up again, and continued working my way aft. As I got abreast of the main-mast, I saw some one had let run the halyards. I soon reached the beckets of the sweeps, and found four in them. I could not swim a stroke, and it crossed my mind to get one of the sweeps to keep me afloat. In striving to jerk the becket clear, it parted, and the forward ends of the four sweeps rolled down the schooner's side into the water. This caused the other ends to slide, and all the sweeps got away from me. I then crawled quite aft, as far as the fashion-piece. The water was pouring down the cabin companion-way, like a sluice; and as I stood, for an instant, on the fashion-piece, I saw Mr. Osgood, with his head and part of his shoulders through one of the cabin windows, struggling to get out. He must have been within six feet of me. I saw him but a moment, by means of a flash of lightning, and I think he must have seen me. At the same time there was a man visible on the end of the main-boom, holding on by the clew of the sail. I do not know who it was. This man probably saw me, and that I was about to spring; for he called out "Don't jump overboard!—Don't jump overboard! The schooner is righting."

It came across me that if the schooner should right she was filled, and must go down, and that she might carry me with her in the suction. I made a spring, therefore, and fell into the water, several feet from the place where I had stood. It is my opinion the schooner sunk as I left her. I went down some distance myself, and when I came up to the surface, I began to swim vigorously for the first time in my life. I think I swam several yards, but of course will not pretend to be certain of such a thing, at such a moment, until I felt my hand hit something hard. I made another stroke, and felt my hand pass down the side of an object that I knew at once was a clinch-built boat. I belonged to this boat, and I now recollected that she had been towing astern. Until that instant I had not thought of her, but thus was I led in the dark of the best possible means of saving my life. I made a grab at the gunwale, and caught it in the stern-sheets. Had I swam another yard, I should have passed the boat and missed her altogether! I got in without any difficulty, being all alive and much excited. My first look was for the schooner. She had disappeared, and I supposed she was just settling under water. It rained as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and it lightened awfully. It did not seem to me that there was a breath of

Ned did not follow the advice which was so friendlily meant; and the account proceeds thus:

air, and the water was unruffled, the effects of the rain excepted. All this I saw, as it might be, at a glance. But my chief concern was to preserve my own life. I was cockswain of this very boat, and had made it fast to the taffrail that same afternoon, with a round turn and two half-hitches, by its best painter. Of course I expected the vessel would drag the boat down with her, for I had no knife to cut the painter. There was a gang-board in the boat, however, which lay fore and aft, and I thought this might keep me afloat until some of the fleet should pick me up. To clear this gang-board, then, and get it into the water, was my first object. I ran forward to throw off the lazy-painter that was coiled on its end, and in doing this I caught the boat's painter in my hand, by accident. A pull satisfied me that it was all clear! Some one on board must have cast off this painter, and then lost his chance of getting into the boat by an accident. At all events, I was safe, and I now dared to look about me. My only chance of seeing was during the flashes; and these left me almost blind. I had thrown the gang-board into the water, and I now called out to encourage the men, telling them I was in the boat. I could hear many around me, and, occasionally, I saw the heads of men struggling in the lake. There being no proper place to scull in, I got an oar in the after rullock, and made out to skull a little in that fashion. I now saw a man quite near the boat; and, hauling in the oar, made a spring amidships, catching this poor fellow by the collar. He was very near gone; and I had a great deal of difficulty in getting him in over the gunwale. Our joint weight brought the boat down so low, that she shipped a good deal of water. This turned out to be Leonard Lewis, the young man who had helped me to clew up the foretopsail. He could not stand, and spoke with difficulty. I asked him to crawl aft, out of the water; which he did, lying down in the stern-sheets. I now looked about me, and heard another; leaning over the gunwale, I got a glimpse of a man struggling, quite near the boat. I caught him by the collar, too; and had to drag him in very much in the way I had done with Lewis. This proved to be Lemuel Bryant, the man who had been wounded by a hot shot, at York, as already mentioned, while the commodore was on board us. His wound had not yet healed, but he was less exhausted than Lewis. He could not help me, however, lying down in the bottom of the boat, the instant he was able. For a few moments, I now heard no more in the water, and I began to scull again. By my calculation I moved a few yards, and must have got over the spot where the schooner went down. Here, in the flashes, I saw many heads, the men swimming in confusion, and at random. By this time little was said, the whole scene being one of fearful struggling and awful silence. It still rained: but the flashes were less frequent, and less fierce. They told me, afterwards, in the squadron, that it thundered awfully; but I cannot say I heard a clap after I struck the water. The next man caught the boat himself. It was a mulatto, from Martinique, who was Mr. Osgood's steward, and I helped him in. He was much exhausted, though an excellent swimmer; but alarm nearly deprived him of his strength. He kept saying, "Oh! Masser Ned—Oh! Masser Ned!" and lay down in the bottom of the

boat, like the two others; I taking care to shove him over to the larboard side, so as to trim our small craft. I kept calling out, to encourage the swimmers, and presently I heard a voice saying, "Ned, I'm here, close by you." This was Tom Goldsmith, a messmate, and the very man under whose rug I had been sleeping at quarters. He did not want much help, getting in, pretty much, by himself. I asked him if he were able to help me. "Yes, Ned," he answered, "I'll stand by you to the last; what shall I do?" I told him to take his tarpaulin, and to bail the boat, which, by this time, was a third full of water. This he did, while I sculled a little a-head. "Ned," says Tom, "she's gone down with her colours flying, for the pennant came near getting a round turn about my body, and carrying me down with her. Davy has made a good haul and he gave us a close shave; but he did'nt get you and me." In this manner did this thoughtless sailor express himself, as soon as rescued from the grasp of death!

Having cited this lengthy passage, it is unnecessary to adduce more proofs to show that reality is sometimes more strange and startling than it has ever entered into the mind of the most imaginative to conceive or to clothe in fiction.

INDEX.

A.

Aaron, and Mount Hor, his burial place, 30.
Acre after its capture, 290
Alençon, Duke of, his courtship to Queen Elizabeth, 122
Allen's Diary of a March through Sinde, &c. 459
Alps of Savoy, Forbes's travels through, 11
American War, Stedman's History of, 256
Ancient Egypt, Gliddon's, 275
Animal Physiology, Dr. Carpenter's, 413
Assonam, and recollections of Bruce, 27
Aunt Martha, or the Spinster, 132
Augurs, Etrurian, their influence, 154
Australia and the East, Hood's, 115
Austria, &c., Kohl's, 135

B.

Barnaby's in America, the, 56
Banker's Wife, Mrs. Gore's, 382
Bedford, Correspondence of John, the fourth Duke of, 33
Belle of the Family, 484
Ben Bradshawe, 52
Bay of Naples, 22
Bennock, Francis, the Storm and other Poems, 130
Blind, system of writing for the, 126
Bloom's Notices of the Castle and Priory of Castleacre, 128
Book of Scottish Song, 412
Bouquet of Wild Flowers, by E. Snow, 427
Bremer, Frederika, her President's Daughter, 224. Strife and Peace; the H—— Family, 484
British and Foreign Institute, Buckingham's Inaugural Lecture, 131
British and Foreign Traveller's Guide, 130
Brougham, Lord, his Sketches of Statesmen, 441
Buckingham's Inaugural Lecture, 131
Buddhist inscription, 167
Burgomaster of Berlin, the, 224
Burn's Works, with Notes, &c., 413

C.

Cairo described by Mr. Morris, 25
Caliph Omar and the Koran, 366
Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, 207
Campbell's Excursions in Ceylon, 243
Cartoons, 108
Cartwright, Dr., Memoir of his Life, &c: 214
Catholic priesthood of Ireland, 371
Castleacre, Bloom's Notices of the Castle and Priory of, 128
Cheyne, Dr., his Essays on Partial Derangement, 167
Col du Gérant, Forbes's visit to, 16
College Society, 339
Champolion le Jeune, his hieroglyphical discoveries, 279
Child, Mrs., her Letters from New York, 300
Commission of Fine Arts, the Royal, 108
Congestion of the Liver, Mosgrove's Treatise on, 250
Cooper's Wyandotte, 224; Ned Myers, 551
Corporation of London and Municipal Reform, 345
Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, 33
Cortés, Dispatches of, 210; his personal life and character, 423
Church of Scotland, Stephen's History of, 419
Custime, Marquis de, his Empire of the Czar, 1
Chemistry, Liebig's Letters on, 376
Chapman's Weekly Magazine, 411
Carpenter, Dr, his Animal Physiology, 413
Choral Service of the Church, 513
Czar, De Custine's Empire of, 1
Cardinal Beaton, 521

D.

Davidson, Lieut. Col., his Diary of Travels in Upper India, 459

Derangement, Dr. Cheyne's Essays on, 167
Diary of Travels in Upper India, Col. Davidson's, 459
Dispatches of Hernando Cortes. Folsom's, 210
Diary of a March through Sinde and Affghanistan, Allen's, 459
Dusantoz's Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer, 411

E.

Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, Knight's, 399
Electrotype plates, Raimbach's remarks upon, 357
Emigrants, barracks for at Sydney, 117
Empire of the Czar, 1
English Universities, the, Newman's, 329
Essays on Partial Derangement, Dr. Cheyne's, 167
Engraving and Engravers, 348
Etruria, Mrs. Gray's History of, 152
Events of a Military Life, Hervey's, 100
Excursions, &c., in Ceylon, by Col. Campbell, 243
Extracts from the Presbytery Book of Strathbogie, 323

F.

Feigned and Factitious Diseases, Dr. Gavin's, 157
Fergus O'Conner, his début, 370
Felix Summerley's Excursions, 127
Folson's Dispatches of Hernando Cortés, 210
Forbes's Travels through the Alps of Savoy, 11
Fouché and Talleyrand, 449
"Far West" settlers, 504
Fielding, the Duke of Bedord's friendship for, 41
Fine Arts, the, 105
Flaccus and the Jews of Egypt, 363
Fox family, peculiarities and great qualities of the, 447
Flower Girl, the, by Maria Willan, 130
Friend or Foe? Miss Pickering's, 382

G.

Gardener's Liebig's Chemistry, 376
Gavin, Dr. or Feigned and Factitious Diseases, 157
"Gentleman," Huber's definitio of a *well-educated*, 336
Glaciers of the Alps 13
Gliddon's Ancient Egypt, 275
Gore, Mrs., her Banker's Wife, 382
Grant's Paris and its People, 538
Granville, Lord, his plan for ruling Ireland, 39
Gray, Mrs., her History of Etruria, 152,
Griffin, Life of Gerald, 549
Gwilliam's Rambles in the Isle of Wight, 132

H.

Halls' Week at Killarney, 171; Ireland 171
Hall on the Western States of America, 261
Handbook of Taste, 105
Hay on Proportion, 390
H——Family, the, Frederika Bremers, 484
Hints and Reflections, for Railway Travellers, 452
Henry's Events of a Military Life, 100
Hints for consulting Physicians, 169
History of Egypt under the Romans, Sharpes, 358
History of Etruria, Mrs. Gray's, 152
History of the Conquest of Mexico, Prescott's, 415
Holland, Dr. his Vital Statistics of Sheffield, 306
Hughes's Stenographic System of Embossing, for the blind, 126
Huber on the English Universities 329
Holmes's Oakleigh, 46
Hood's Australia and the East, 115
Human sacrifices of the Aztecs, 424
Huss, notice of, 138

I.

Improvement of Towns and Houses, Maslen's Suggestions for the, 340
Inaugural Lecture, for the opening of the British and Foreign Institute, Buckingham's, 131
Indian hunting, 83
Indian hailstorm, 467
Ireland and its Rulers; since 1829, 365
Ireland, its scenery and character Halls', 171
Irish beggars, 173
Impostures, simulation of diseases, 160

J.

Jamaica: its Past and Present State, Phillippo's, 432
Jebb's Choral Service, 513
Jeffreys' Statics of the Human Chest, 294
Jones's Solar and Lunar Lessons, 479
Jules Janin pourtrayed, 539

K.

Candyan models of agriculture, 247
King Henry the Second. An Historical Drama, 145
Knight's Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, 399

Knight's William Shakspere; a Biography, 314
Kohl's Austria, &c., 135

L.

Lane's Selections from the Kur-'án. 543
Lawrence's Short Treatise on Life Assurance, 131
Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer, Dusautoy's, 411
Letters from New York, Mrs. Child's, 300
Liebigs Letters on Chemistry, 376
Lord Dacre of Gilsland, by E.M. Stewart, 484
Life Assurance, Lawrence's Short Treatise on, 131
Life in the Ranks, 273
Life of Jerald Griffin, 540
Lives of the Queens of England, 121
Local Historian's Table Book, Richardsons, 199
Lowe, Sir Hudson, his vindication, 105

M

Magazine Writing, 242
Mary of Scotland and her detractors, 523
Mary Stuart, a tragedy from Schiller, 182
Masden on the Improvement of Towns and Houses, 340
Memoir of Dr. Cartwright, 214
Memoirs of Abraham Raimbach, 348
Mexico in the time of Cortes, 211
Mexican manuscripts, 421
Millenium, the, 111
Mohammed the Prophet, Weil's Life and Doctrines of, 543
Monomania, 132
Montaigne's Works, edited by Hazlitt, 176
Moraines of the Alps, 14
Morris's Tour through Turkey, Greece, &c., 21
Mosgrove on the Liver, 250
Mount Sinai, Morris's visit to, 29

N

Napoleon at St. Helena, 102
Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, Simpson's, 76,
National Education, remarks on, 174
Ned Myers, by Cooper, 551
Negro Nomenclature, 436
Negroes, mental capacity of, 438
New South Wales, climate, natural features, &c., 120
Nicholas, the Emperor, his character drawn by the Marquis de Custine, 6
Notes of a tour through Turkey, Greece, &c. by Mr. Morris, 21
Notes on the Western States of America, Hall's, 261

O

Oakleigh, or the Minor of Great Expectations, 46
O'Connell as an advocate, 367
Olin, Dr. his Travels in Egypt, &c., 206
Oxford, description of its exterior appearance, 337

P

Palace at Westminster, the, and the Fine Arts, 108
Papyrus, different kinds of Ancient, 364
Paris and its People, 539
Parks, to encircle London, projected, 342
Phillipo's Jamaica, 432
Pitt, the elder, and the Duke of Bedford, 34
Placard Printing in Vienna, 143
Plants of other Lands, 468
Prague and Female beauty, 140
Presidents Daughters, the, by Frederika Bremer, 224
Proportion, or the Geometric Principle of Beauty, Hay's, 390
Punctiuncula Stenographic System of Embossing, Hughes's, 126

R

Realism and Nominalism, conflicts in the 12th century, 334
Relics in the Cathedral of Prague, &c., 137
Reminiscences of Syria, Lieut. Col. E. Napier's, 289
Railway Reform, 59
Raimbach, Memoirs of Abraham, 348
Rambles in the Isle of Wight, Gwilliam's 132
Reign of Terror, 1
Religion in the United States, Baird's, 502
Religion in Jamaica, 433
Richardson's Local Historian
Rigby, his correspondence with the Duke of Bedford, 35
Rome under Paganism and under the Popes, 85
Rome, remains of Ancient, 179
Rosetta Stone, inscription on, 278
Robespierre, his power of Oratory, 451
Russell, Lord John, his Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford, 33
Russia, 1
Ruins and Old Trees, by M. Roberts, 468

Scottish Heiress, the, 224
Selectious from the Kur-án, 543
Scriptural Communion with God, Townsend's, 124

Shakspeare's Plays, dates of, 316
Sharpe's History of Egypt under the Romans, 350
Sheffield, Dr. Holland's Vital Statistics of, 306
Shiloh's Sceptre, Watson's, 111
Short Treatise on Life Assurance, 131
Sir Cosmo Digby, St John's, 382
Siéyes, anecdote of the Abbe, 452
Slave Market of Stamboul 22; of Cairo, 27
Smith on the Management of Forest Trees, 468
Smiths, the, a novel, 42
Solar and Lunar Lessons, 479
Stanley, Lord, as Secretary for Ireland, 373
Statesmen of the Time of George III. Lord Brougham's Sketches of, 441
Stamboul, the Slave Market there, 22
Statics of the Human Chest, 295
Statistics of Bethlem Hospital, Websters, 395
Stedman's History of the American War, 256
Stephen's Church of Scotland, 519
Sterling's Strafford, a Tragedy, 90
Storm, the, by Francis Bennoch, 130
Strife and Peace, Frederika Bremer's, 484
Strafford, Sterling's Tragedy of, 90
Strathbogie, Extracts from the Presbytery Book of, 323
Strickland, Agnes, her Lives of the Queens of England, 121
Studies of the New Testament, 267
Sydney, first Impressions of, 118
Sydney, Lieut. Col. E. Napier's Reminiscences of, 289
Szegedin, Italian Captives in, 138

T.

Tales of Glendevon and other Poems, 410
Taylor, his Life in the Ranks, 273
Theatres in Shakspeare's time, 322
Tlascala, Cortés' description of the town of, 211
Tour through Turkey, Greece, &c., Morris's, 21
Townsend's Scriptural Communion with God, 124
Travels through the Alps of Savoy, Forbes's, 11
Travels in Egypt, &c, by Dr. Olin, 206
Treatise on the Management of Forest Trees, Smith's, 468
Trollope, Mrs., her Barnabys in America, 56

V.

Vital Statistics of Sheffield, Dr. Holland's, 306

W.

Watson's Shiloh's Sceptre, 111
Webster, Dr., his Statistics of Bethlem Hospital, 395
Week at Killarney, Mrs. Hale's, 171
Whiteboyism, 175
Wilkie, anecdotes of, 354
Willan, Maria, her Flower Girl, 130
Williams, Miss, her Tales of Glendevon, 410
William Shakspere; a Biography, Knight's, 314
Works of Burns, 413
Works of Montaigne, by Hazlitt, 176
Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll, by Cooper, 224
Xenophon. An Essay, 527
Young Student, the, by Madame Guizot, 484